THE

Retrospective Review.

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FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. VII.

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1823.

XUM

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. VII. Part I.

Art. I.—*Chillingworthi Novissima; or, the Sicknesse, Heresy, Death, and Buriall of William Chillingworth, (in his own phrase) Clerk of Oxford, and, in the conceit of his fellow Souldiers, the Queen's Arch Engineer and Grand Intelligencer. Set forth in a Letter to his eminent and learned Friends; a Relation of his Apprehension at Arundell; a Discovery of his Errours in a Briefe Catechism; and a short Oration at the Buriall of his Hereticall Book. By* Francis Cheynell, *late Fellow of Merton Colledge. Published by authority. London,* 1644.

The period which extends from the Reformation to the Revolution forms a tract of historic territory, into which the prosecution of our retrospective wanderings often leads us. It is a period rich, indeed, in events, which no English mind can contemplate without emotions various, deep, and agitating.—This, however, is not the only, nor, as it respects the purpose of our labours, the principal article of its wealth. It is rich, supereminently rich, in the phenomena which are developed and exhibited by the workings of the human mind. It has been well remarked by the historian, to the honour of the English character, that the wars between Charles and the Parliament, stained as they necessarily were by the blood of friends and fellow-citizens, were yet "less distinguished by atrocious deeds, either of treachery or cruelty, than were ever any intes-

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tine discords which had so long a continuance." But there is a merit of a different and of a more positive nature, which equally distinguishes the period in question. Amidst the vast variety of minds which the circumstances of the times had roused into active exertion (and after the two houses had voted all conventions for neutrality illegal, not one individual but partook largely of the general bustle), the philosopher will, if we are not mistaken, find more of sterling strength of intellect, and more of sterling honesty of principle, than an equal portion of the annals of any other country can display. We acknowledge the severity and the extent of the ravages that were produced by the conflicting powers of fanaticism, and hypocrisy, and prejudice, and ambition. We feel, with keenness, all that nervous impatience of the mind, which is excited by a perusal of the history of any period of civil distraction: yet still we can single out from this particular tract of our own history many an instance of private worth, which the heart embraces with fondness, and on which the imagination loves to dwell. Nor do we confine this exception to the case of individual virtue, unconnected with the exercise of those mutual charities, which are the first to merge beneath the waves of civil contention. On the contrary, though the war was as much, if not more than as much, a war of religious as of political interests,—a circumstance which, while it accounts for the rancour and bad faith, of which we do find many instances in the period we are contemplating, enhances in a high degree the estimation with which we are to regard examples of the opposite conduct,—we think we are not mistaken in our position, that not a few minds escaped the general contagion, and still blossom in freshness on the page of the historian, amidst the scorched and gnarled branches of those sturdier plants, that withstood more angrily, but less effectually, the scathing power of the storm.

It would lead us far beyond our limits, and almost beside our subject, to attempt the more complete establishment of our opinion, by an enumeration of individual cases: but this much we deemed it necessary to say, in order to prepare for the fitting introduction of Master Francis Cheynell, the facetious author of the singular production before us. It is written in the very midst of the burning period of the parliamentary wars:—it is composed by a determined religious opponent to the person whose last moments it professes to describe:—it is full to overflowing of bigotry and prejudice:—it is in some parts ludicrously extravagant in enthusiasm:—and yet we are almost ready to quarrel with ourselves for entertaining one hostile feeling against its honest author.

The name of Chillingworth has been written in association

with terms of praise almost unqualified, by some of the most distinguished ornaments of English literature. Tillotson, and Locke, and Clarendon, have united in expressing their admiration of the high reasoning powers of this man, of whom we are informed by Anthony Wood, that "it was the current opinion of the university, that he and Lucius Lord Falkland had such extraordinary clear reason, that if the Great Turk or Devil were to be converted, they were able to do it."

Not so easy, however, was it to convince the redoubtable Cheynell. Six years after the appearance of Chillingworth's great work, *The Religion of Protestants a safe Way to Salvation*, Dr. Cheynell produced his *Rise, Growth, and Danger of Socinianism*, in which he charged not Chillingworth alone, but Laud and Hales of Eton with this heresy. Unhappily for us, but most fortunately for Cheynell, his greatest opponent was now declining in life and strength, and the beginning of the following year closed the tomb over that body which had been animated by a spirit of the purest intelligence. What was the real strength of the grounds on which Chillingworth was charged with Socinianism, we know not. To the eye of Cheynell's mind, it might be demonstration enough of Chillingworth's Socinianism, that he had dared to assert the prerogative and power of reason in determining the limits of *some* points of our belief. With a strange confusion of mind, he has seized upon the word, tradition, which Chillingworth had used, somewhat incautiously, to express that kind of evidence on which our belief of the authenticity of the Scriptures is founded, and forthwith charges upon him the sin of advocating tradition, in the sense in which our Saviour himself condemns it, as the means through which the Pharisees made the word of God of none effect. Perhaps this single misapprehension of Cheynell may furnish a principle on which to explain all the absurdities of the absurd catechism with which this little volume is closed. One of the questions of this same catechism, with the answer to it, "collected," as Cheynell expresses it, "out of Mr. C.'s works," we will here extract, and then proceed to the former and more interesting part of the book. We must first premise, that Cheynell professes to "collect" his imaginary catechism out of Chillingworth's works; but to each brief answer he appends a brief annotation, in manner and form following.

"*Q.* But if this great point must be tried by reason, what reason can you produce to prove the Scripture to be the word of God?

"*An.* There is as good reason for it, as there is to believe other stories or matters of tradition: he requires men to yield just such a kind or degree of assent to the gospel of Christ, as they yield to other stories or matters of tradition, (chap i. p. 37,) for God desires us only

to believe the conclusion as much as the premises deserve, (ib. sect. 8, p. 36.) And the *Chronicle of England*, joined with the general tradition of our acquaintance, deserves as much credit, in Mr. Chillingworth's conceit, as the gospel of Christ; for his words are these, (chap. ii. sect. 159, p. 116, 117,) We have, I believe, as great reason to believe there was such a man as Henry the Eighth, King of England, as that Jesus Christ suffered under Pontius Pilate. The Lord rebuke that spirit of error, which moved the great men of Oxford to license this blasphemy! What have I no more reason to believe the three persons in the Holy Trinity, speaking in their glorious Gospel to my heart and conscience, than I have to believe *Stowe's Chronicle*, or the general tradition of my own acquaintance, or some such other fallible testimony!!!"

And thus triumphantly does the learned doctor lay his proud adversary prostrate.

Towards the close of the year 1643, after having, in the course of the autumn, accompanied the royal army to the siege of Gloucester, where he advised and directed the making of certain engines, after the manner of *testudines cum pluteis*, (of which engines we shall find Cheynell often reminding us) for assaulting the town, Chillingworth went with the Lord Hopton " to Arundel castle in Sussex, and choosing to repose himself in that garrison, on account of an indisposition, occasioned by the severity of the season, he was taken prisoner, Dec. 9, by the parliamentary forces under Sir W. Waller, when the castle surrendered." Here Cheynell accidentally met him; and at this period commences the " brief and plain relation" which he has left us of what passed between himself and his antagonist.

Before, however, we proceed to the work itself, it will be proper to lay before our readers a very brief sketch of the life of our author.

Francis Cheynell, the son of a physician, was born at Oxford in 1608. He became a member of that university in 1623. In 1629, he was, by the interest of his mother, at that time widow of Abbot Bishop of Salisbury, elected probationer's fellow of Merton College. Having taken orders, and officiated for some time in Oxford, he, in 1640, when the church began to be attacked, took the parliamentarian side. He embraced the covenant, was made one of the assembly of divines in 1643, and was frequently appointed to preach before the parliament. His great popularity with his party seems to have had its due effect upon his vanity, and accordingly we find him in his interviews with Chillingworth, which, as we have observed, happened about this time, treating his adversary with a condescension and self-complacency, which, to those who can estimate the vast superiority of Chillingworth's mind and prin-

ciples, must be marvellously amusing. Nor is the entertainment dashed with any admixture of that bitterness which the general spirit of the times would lead us to expect. Cheynell really seems to have exerted himself with most active kindness for the good of both the soul and the body of his antagonist; and we think, that even the extracts which we are about to give will be sufficient to entitle the character of our worthy author to a place among those amiable exceptions, to which in the outset of this article we briefly alluded.

Chillingworth's great work having issued from the press with the *imprimatur* of Dr. Prideaux, Dr. Fell, Dr. Potter, and other leading men at Oxford, Cheynell prefaces his *Relation* with an address to these persons, the whole of which is redolent of that mixture of compassion and self-satisfaction of which we have already spoken.

"You that were his patrons and encouragers, as he acknowledged ever, when he was in the height of his rebellion, do you beware lest a worse thing come unto you. You that were the licensers of his subtle atheism; repent, repent; for he was so hardened by your flattery, that (for ought the most charitable man can judge) he perished by your approbation: he ever appealed to his works even to his very dying day, and what was it which made him dote upon them, but your license and approbation?

"Sirs, the following history will testify my compassion towards your deceased friend, whom I ever opposed in a charitable and friendly way. I do not account it any glory to trample upon the carcase of Hector, or to pluck a dead lion by the beard.

"I looked upon Mr. Chillingworth as one who had his head as full of scruples as it was of engines,* and therefore dealt as tenderly with him as I use to do with men of the most nice and tender consciences: for I considered, that though beef must be preserved with salt, yet plums must be preserved with sugar. I can assure you, I stooped as low to him as I could without falling, &c."

The recollection of his losses and injuries at Merton College now comes upon him; and almost in the very sentence in which he disclaims all angry motives, his language rises to a pitch of sternness and bitterness which we scarcely expected from him.

"No, no," he exclaims, "I have almost forgot the visitation at Merton College, the denial of my grace, the plundering of my house and little library: I know when and where, and of whom, to demand satisfaction for all these injuries and indignities."

At the close of this part of his address, he vehemently quotes Ezekiel upon them, and then adds:

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* Alluding to his "testudines cum pluteis" at Gloucester.

"Come, come away with this learned atheisme, your Judge looks upon you, the searcher of hearts and discoverer of secrets is acquainted with all your plots. The Lord sees what the ancients of Oxford do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery."

The worthy doctor seems to have been fond of thus playing on the language of Scripture; a curious instance of it will occur to be mentioned hereafter: for the present, we must listen to the conclusion of his address to the "Unhappy licensers," as he calls them.

"I will not hold you longer upon the rack: learn the first lesson of Christianity, *self-denial;* deny your own will, and submit yourselves to God's; deny your reason, and submit to faith: reason tells you, that there are some things above reason, and you cannot be so unreasonable as to make reason judge of those things which are above reason: remember that Master Chillingworth (your friend) did run mad with reason, and so lost his reason and religion both at once: he thought he might trust his reason in the highest points; his reason was to be judge, whether or no there be a God? Whether that God wrote any book? Whether the books usually received as canonical be the books, the Scriptures of God? What is the sense of those books? What religion is best? What church purest? Come, do not wrangle, but believe, and obey your God, and then I shall be encouraged to subscribe myself,

Your friend and servant,

FRANCIS CHEYNELL."

While reading such sentences as the preceding, we half expect that our readers will follow our example, and stop to enquire whether they are the expressions of a Papist or a Puritan. Yet they are the genuine offspring of a mind, far from the weakest among that stern assembly whose character was any thing but imbecility: they are from the pen of one, who, as we have seen, was highly honoured by the Parliament, and who was honoured still more highly afterwards,—for we find him in 1646, among those who were sent to convert the University of Oxford, and made a Visitor by the Parliament in the following year. But to proceed.

We cannot do better than give the account of the meeting between Chillingworth and our author in the words of the latter, especially as it contains matters which may perhaps have furnished an article in a Gazette Extraordinary of the day.

"Mr. Chillingworth and I met in Sussex by an unexpected providence: I was driven from my own house by force of times, only (as the cavaliers confessed) because I was nominated to be a Member of the Assembly: and when I heard that my living was bestowed upon a Doctor (who if some Cambridge-men deceive me not, became the

stage far better than he doth the pulpit,) I resolved to exercise my ministry in Sussex, amongst my friends, in a place where there hath been little of the power of religion either known or practised. About the latter end of November I travelled from London to Chichester, according to my usual custom, to observe the monthly fast; and in my passage, with a thankful heart I shall ever acknowledge it, I was guarded by a convoy of sixteen soldiers, who faced about two hundred of the enemies forces, and put them all to flight. Upon the twelfth of December I visited a brave soldier of my acquaintance, Captain James Temple, who did that day defend the Fort at Bramber against a bold daring enemy, to the wonder of all the country: and I did not marvel at it, for he is a man that hath his head full of stratagems, his heart full of piety and valour, and his hand as full of success as it is of dexterity: my grateful pen might well run on in his commendation, to the eternal shame of those who have been ungrateful to him, to whom they do (under God) owe their preservation. But I intend not to defraud others of their deserved praise, who were present at that fierce encounter. There was present Colonel Harbert Morley, a gentleman of a nimble apprehension and vigilant spirit; but the cavaliers were kept at such a distance, that they never put the Colonel's regiment of horse to any trouble. There was present, likewise, Captain Henry Carleton, the antiprelatical son of a learned prelate, a man of a bold presence and fixed resolution, who loves his country better than his life. Capt. Simon Everden was there also, a man of slow speech, but sure performance, who deserves that motto of the old Roman, *Non tam facile loquor, quam quod locutus sum præsto.* You cannot expect that I should name all the rest of the commanders: but there were (you see) some difficulties in my way, which seemed insuperable, and yet the Lord of Hosts did bring me through these difficulties, safe from Bramber to Arundell, upon the twenty-first day of December, if I forget not. Master Chillingworth was at that time in Arundell Castle, which was surrendered to the much renowned commander, Sir William Waller, Serjeant-major-general of all the associated counties in the east and west, upon the sixth of January. As soon as the Castle was surrendered, I represented Master Chillingworth's condition to Sir William Waller, who commended him to the care of his worthy Chaplain, and his Chaplain showed so much charity and respect towards him, that he laid him upon his own bed, and supplied him with all necessaries which the place did afford. When the rest of the prisoners were sent up to London, Master Chillingworth made it evident to me, that he was not able to endure so long a journey; and if he had been put to it, he had certainly died by the way. I desired, therefore, that his journey might be shortened, and upon my humble motion he was sent to Chichester, where I interested the Governour that he might be secured by some officer of his acquaintance, and not put into the hands of the Marshal; the Governour gave order that Lieutenant Golledge should take charge of him, and placed him in the Bishop of Chichester's Palace, where he had very courteous usage, and all accommodations which were requisite for a sick man."

Here Cheynell kindly and sedulously attended his patient, anxious to restore his body, but still more his soul to health.

"I entreated him to pluck up his spirits, and not to yield to the disease; but I perceived, that though reason be stout when it encounters with faith, yet reason is not so valiant when it is to encounter with affliction: and I cannot but observe, that many a parliament-soldier hath been more chearful in a prison, than this discoursing engineer, and learned captive was in a palace. Believe it, reader, believe it, that neither gifts, nor parts, nor profession, nor any thing else but faith, will sustain the spirit of a man in spiritual straights and worldly encumbrances, when without there are fightings, and within there are fears."

If we may rely upon the testimony of our author, Chillingworth's disease was aggravated by the situation in which he felt himself with regard to the great officers who were taken prisoners in Arundell Castle. "They looked upon him," says Cheynell, "as an intruder into their Councils of War, and (as one of them whispered) the Queen's intelligencer, who was set as a spie over them and all their proceedings."

And, hereupon, he gives us an elaborate defence of the 'Grand Engineer,' as he called him, from the unjust prejudices of the cavalier-officers, in which he freely and not unsuccessfully indulges his disposition and his talents for satirical exaggeration. And having achieved a triumphant victory in this subordinate contest, he thus conducts us into that field whence we are to view him gathering laurels, in his own opinion at least, more glorious and more lasting.

"Let not, then, Master Chillingworth be charged with more faults than he was guilty of; I cannot but vindicate his reputation from all false aspersions, which are cast upon him by some who know not how to excuse themselves: I took all the care I could of his body whilst he was sick, and will (as far as he was innocent) take care of his fame and reputation now he is dead. Nay, whilst he was alive, I took care of something more precious than his health or reputation, to wit, his precious and beloved soul; for, in compassion to his soul, I dealt freely and plainly with him, and told him that he had been very active in fermenting these bloody wars against the Parliament and Commonwealth of England, his natural country, and by consequent, against the very light of nature."

This is the commencement of a series of teasing attacks which our champion made upon poor Chillingworth during this his last sickness. It must be confessed, that in some of them the advantage appears to be on the side of Cheynell, but we recollect the Lion and the Sculptor, and the wonder ceases. But, even if we regard the relation of Cheynell, as in all respects

strictly true, it is impossible for a moment to allow our faith in the adherence of Chillingworth to all that he had previously maintained, to be staggered. We doubt not, that many of our readers have experienced, and therefore can recall to their imagination, what it is to have a mind which, for days and weeks, and months and years, baffles, by its feverish intenseness of thought, all the ordinary tendencies of the body to seek repose in sleep. It was so with Chillingworth. "His only unhappiness," says Lord Clarendon, "proceeded from his sleeping too little, and thinking too much." And, with such an unhappy frame of mind, with spirits depressed by sickness, by the unkindness of present rivals, and the inattention of absent friends, who can wonder if he made a feeble defence against the galling impertinencies of his bigotted though well-meaning adversary?

As it is not our intention to occupy the attention of our readers with questions in politics, which they must look for elsewhere, we shall pass on to that which is more peculiar to the tract before us, the personal history of Chillingworth. We cannot, however, omit the following passage, which expresses in few words the low estate to which, in his adversary's view of the matter, the great champion of reason had fallen.

"Truely, I was ashamed to dispute with him any longer, when he had given me so much advantage: for first, he clearly condemned himself for being confederate with them, whose intentions were destructive; because, no man must promote an ill design by any means whatsoever, be they never so lawful. Secondly, he confessed himself clean out of his way when he was in arms; for war, saith he, (and he learnt to say so of the Anabaptists and Socinians) is not the way of Jesus Christ; all that he could say for himself was, that he had no command in the army; and yet, their greatest officers told me, that in a true construction, there was no man else that had a command to any purpose, but Master Chillingworth."

Finding that all his anxious efforts to produce a change in the principles of his patient were but labour in vain, Cheynell "desired him, that he would now take off his thoughts from all matters of speculation, and fix upon some practical point which might make for his edification." The return that Chillingworth made for this advice is remarkable, and pointed.

"He thanked me, (as I hope) very heartily, and told me that in all points of religion he was settled, and had fully expressed himself for the satisfaction of others in his book, which was approved and licensed by very learned and judicious divines."

We are not informed by our author, of the particulars of the death of Chillingworth. He only relates, that he rode himself

to Arundell, " to move the Doctor to come over again to see Mr. C.," but the Doctor was absent; that he prayed for him in private, and in public, and paid him every attention. He goes on:

" From my first visitation (C. might well call it so) of Mr. Chillingworth, to the last, I did not find him in a condition which might any way move me, (had I been his deadly enemy,) either to flatter or envy him, but rather, to pity and pray for him, as you see I did."

But the point in which Cheynell seems to be most anxious to acquit himself of all uncharitableness, is " the business of his farewell."

" Let us," he says, (if you please) " take a view of all our proceedings, and of Master Chillingworth's opinions, and then, (I am afraid) some will say, there was a little foolish pity showed on my part, and the uncharitableness will be found in them only, who censure me for want of charity.

" First, there were all things which may any way appertain to the civility of a farewell, though there was nothing which belongs to the superstition of a farewell. His body was decently laid in a convenient coffin, covered with a mourning hearse-cloth, more seemly (as I conceive) than the usual covering, patched up out of the mouldy reliques of some moth-eaten copes. His friends were entertained (according to their own desire,) with wine and cakes; though that is, in my conceit, a turning of the house of mourning into a house of banqueting. All that offered themselves to carry his corpse of pure devotion, because they were of his persuasion, had every one of them (according to the custom of the country,) a branch of rosemary, a mourning ribband, and a pair of gloves. But, (as it doth become an impartial historian,) I confess there were three opinions concerning his burial.

" The first opinion was negative and peremptory, that he ought not to be buried like a Christian. 1. Who refused to make a full and free confession of the Christian religion. 2. Nay, if there had been nothing else against him, but his taking up of arms against his country, that they conceived a sufficient reason to deny the burial of his corpse. * * * * The truth is, we looked upon Master Chillingworth as a kind of non-conformist; nay, (to speak strictly,) a recusant rather than a non-conformist; * * * and, though he did make scruple of subscribing the truth of one or two propositions, yet, he thought himself fit enough to maintain, that those who do subscribe them are in a saveable condition. You see, Master Chillingworth did refuse to subscribe. What think ye, (gentlemen,) are not Chichester men pretty good disputants? Can you confute these reasons? If you can, do your best; if you cannot, I have no reason to prompt you; scratch your heads, beat your desks, bite your nails, and I will go sleep, and will not hear what they said of Master Chillingworth's Argument on Fielding's case.

"The second opinion, was your opinion, and the opinion of such as you are, my good friends at Athens; the men of a cathedral spirit thought fit that Master Chillingworth, being a member of a cathedral, should be buried in the cathedral, &c. * * *

* * * * * *

"The third opinion (which prevailed) was this, that it would be fittest to permit the men of his own persuasion, out of mere humanity, to bury their dead out of our sight; and to bury him in the cloisters, amongst the old Shavelings, Monks, and Priests, of whom he had so good an opinion all his life."

After having pursued the subject through several pages, discussing with surprising gravity and profound learning several knotty points connected with funerals,—proving, that he was unjustly charged with a want of charity towards the deceased; and that the balance was entirely on the other side; he thus draws to a conclusion:

"Finally, it was favour enough to permit Master Chillingworth's disciples or followers, the men of his persuasion, to perform this last office to their friend and master. Now, there was free liberty granted to all the malignants in the city to attend the hearse, and inter his corpse. Sure I am, that if Mr. Chillingworth had been as orthodox and zealous a preacher as John the Baptist was, he might have had as honourable a burial as John the Baptist had; for all the honour that John had, was to be buried by his own disciples, *Matt.* xiv. 12. If the doctrine of this eminent scholar was heretical, and his disciples were malignants, I am not guilty of that difference. As devout Stephen was carried to his burial by devout men, so is it just and equal that malignants should carry malignants to their grave. By malignants, I mean such kind of men who join with the enemy, or are willing upon any occasion offered to join with him, to promote the antichristian design now on foot; those, and only those, I call malignants."

We now come to the last strange act of this divine, Cheynell's speech at the grave of Chillingworth, which we should betray our duty by not giving entire.

"When the malignants brought the hearse to the burial, I met them at the grave with Master Chillingworth's book in my hand; at the burial of which book, I conceived it fit to make this little speech following.

"*A Speech made at the Funeral of Mr. Chillingworth's mortal Book.*

"Brethren,—it was the earnest desire of that eminent scholar, whose body lies here before you, that his corpse might be interred according to the rites and customs approved in the English Liturgy, and in most places of the kingdom heretofore received: but his second request (in case that were denied him) was, that he might be buried in

this city, after such a manner as might be obtained, in these times of unhappy difference and bloody wars. His first request is denied for many reasons, of which you may be ignorant. It is too well known, that he was once a professed Papist, and a grand seducer; he perverted divers persons of considerable rank and quality; and I have good cause to believe, that his return to England, commonly called his conversion, was but a false and pretended conversion. And for my own part, I am fully convinced, that he did not live or die a genuine son of the church of England; I retain the usual phrase, that you may know what I mean; I mean, he was not of that faith or religion, which is established by law in England. He hath left that phantasie, which he called his religion, upon record in this subtile book. He was not ashamed to print and publish this destructive tenet, 'that there is no necessity of Church or Scripture to make men faithful men,' in the hundredth page of this unhappy book, and therefore, I refuse to bury him myself; yet, let his friends and followers, who have attended his hearse to this Golgotha, know, that they are permitted, out of mere humanity, to bury their dead out of our sight. If they please to undertake the burial of his corpse, I shall undertake to bury his errors, which are published in this so much admired, yet unworthy book; and happy would it be for this kingdom, if this book and all its fellows could be so buried, that they might never rise more, unless it were for a confutation; and happy would it have been for the author, if he had repented of those errors, that they might never rise for his condemnation. Happy, thrice happy will he be, if his works do not follow him, if they do never rise with him, nor against him.

"*Get thee gone then, thou cursed book, which hast seduced so many precious souls; get thee gone, thou corrupt rotten book, earth to earth, and dust to dust; get thee gone into the place of rottenness, that thou may'st rot with thy author, and see corruption.* So much for the burial of his errors.

"Touching the burial of his corpse, I need say no more than this: it will be most proper for the men of his persuasion to commit the body of their deceased friend, brother, master, to the dust; and, it will be most proper for me to hearken to that counsel of my Saviour, *Luke* ix. 60. 'Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.' And so I went from the grave to the pulpit, and preached on that text to the congregation."

We fear we must acknowledge, that this extraordinary speech, and the action that accompanied it, breathe a spirit of bigotry, which will go hard against our author, in the minds of our readers. Yet, we are prepared to believe in the sincerity with which he a little farther on declares.

"I dare boldly say, that I have been more sorrowful for Master Chillingworth, and merciful to him, than his friends at Oxford: his sickness and obstinacy cost me many a prayer, and many a tear."

Cheynell proceeds to pay a parting compliment to the

"strong parts" and "eminent gifts," the "learning and diligence," the "acuteness and eloquence," of the unhappy deceased, and then breaks forth into the following extraordinary strain.

"Howle ye firre trees, for a cedar is fallen! lament ye Sophisters, for the master of sentences, (shall I say) or fallacies is vanished: wring your hands, and beat your breasts, ye anti-christian engineers, for your arch-engineer is dead, and all his engines buried with him. Ye daughters of Oxford weep over Chillingworth, for he had a considerable and hopeful project how to clothe you and himself in scarlet, and other delights. I am distressed for thee, my brother Chillingworth, (may his executrix say) very pleasant hast thou been unto me, thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of father, husband, brother. O, how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons, nay engines of war, perished! O, tell it not in Gath, that he who raised a battery against the Pope's chair, that he might place reason in that chair instead of Antichrist, is dead and gone: publish it not in the streets of Askelon, that he who did at once batter Rome, and undermine England, the reforming church of England, that he might prevent a reformation, is dead; lest if you publish it, you puzzle all the conclave, and put them to consider, whether they should mourn or triumph."

Of the "Profane Catechism," which follows, we have already given a specimen, which we doubt not will be deemed a very sufficient evidence, that it is not from indolence that we forbear to produce any further extracts. In truth, it is a very absurd and clumsy piece of work. With the other parts of the book we have, we confess, been much interested and entertained, and have been proportionably anxious, by the choice and the copiousness of our quotations, to transfuse into our own pages as much as possible of that which has fixed our attention, and excited our feelings in the original.

We close the present article with the following particulars of the life of Cheynell: whether we have in the preceding remarks taken a correct view of his character or not, we of course cannot presume to determine; but the passage we are about to quote, does, we confess, affect us with a melancholy, as for the misfortunes of a friend.

"Cheynell's death happened in 1665, at an obscure village called Preston, in Sussex, where he had purchased an estate, to which he retired upon his being turned out of the living of Petworth. The warmth of his zeal, increased by the turbulence of the times in which he lived, and by the opposition to which the unpopular nature of some of his employments exposed him, was at last heightened to distraction, and he was for some years disordered in his understanding."

ART. II.—*The Memoirs of Philip de Comines: containing the History of Lewis XI. and Charles VIII. of France, and of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, to which Prince he was Secretary: as also the History of Edward IV. and Henry VII. of England; including that of Europe for almost half the Fifteenth Century: with a Supplement, as also several original Treaties, Notes and Observations. And lastly, the Secret History of Lewis XI. out of a book called 'The Scandalous Chronicle,' and the Life of the Author prefixed to the whole, with Notes upon it, by the famous* Sleidan. *Faithfully translated from the Edition of* Monsieur Godefroy, *Historiographer Royal of France. To which are added, Remarks on all the Occurrences relating to England. By* Mr. Uvedale. *London,* 1712.

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, Edward IV. of England, Francis of Bretagne, "the best humoured Prince in the world," are personages who possess sufficient interest, to render us willing to endure for a short time some acquaintance with * Lewis XI., a king notorious for a bad disposition, an unquiet reign, oppressive to his subjects, and disgraceful to himself, and a penitence awakened rather by personal sufferings, at the close of his career, than the genuine repentance of religious sincerity, and honest remorse.

However difficult it might be to speak of such a man and his measures, with that impartial and calm examination, which should ever influence the historian, we cannot forbear to give our full assent to the character given to Philip de Comines in the preface, after which we shall proceed to the examination of his work methodically.

"He commends no man the more for being of his own family or country; nor the Kings themselves in whose court he had been raised, unless the goodness of their actions could justify his relations, and where they were faulty, he never fails to show it. In a word, he is all over like himself, honest, entire, and faithful as he ought to be; what he says is graceful, and his relations are intermixed with many wise

* Lewis the Eleventh was the son of Charles the Fortunate, so named from having expelled the English from his dominions, in which he was greatly assisted by the celebrated Joan of Arc. The rebellious conduct of his son embittered all his latter days, and having discovered that, in conjunction with some malecontents, Lewis had laid a plot to poison him, he abstained from all food six days, and when prevailed upon to take it, expired in consequence.

sayings. When he falls upon any thing more than ordinarily remarkable, there is an advertisement to the reader, and particularly to young Princes, to consider it seriously, to have a care of what has proved dishonourable or prejudicial to other people, and when he has done, shows them frankly and generously what is their duty. I would not be thought to have insisted too long upon his praise; what I have said is true, and his Excellence will be better discovered by reading his History, in which it is not to be doubted but that those who peruse it will find in it several important and memorable occurrences; and one may venture to recommend him with the greater confidence, because we find but few that imitate him.

"But besides this character that Sleidan gives him, he has another qualification to recommend him to the favour of an Englishman, and that is, that whenever he has an occasion of mentioning the English in his history, he always does it after an honourable manner; and though, indeed, he will not allow us to be as cunning politicians as his own countrymen, yet he gives us the character of being a generous, bold-spirited people, highly commends our constitution, and never conceals the grandeur and magnificence of the English nation."

The "Memoirs" of this faithful and accomplished delineator of "his own times" commence with informing us, "that as soon as he was fit for business, he was presented to Charles, Duke of Burgundy (at that time only Count de Charalois) in 1464." It appears, that within three days after thus entering into the service of this remarkable man, Comines was witness to those conversations between him and other great lords in France, which ended in their declaration of war against Lewis, under pretence of the public good. Our author candidly informs us, that the great personages who assumed this character of philanthropic warriors, had each some private object; some near family connection to oblige, some insult to revenge, some town to regain, or some debt to insist upon, which were at the bottom very prompting principles of action, in addition to the professed and glorious principle of compelling a tyrannical despot to his duty.—In this book, we have a digression, which gives a striking picture of the situation not only of the people of whom it speaks, but of many others who have been afflicted with the government of a warlike prince, who is seldom less "a rod" to his enemies than his friends, as may be proved from "Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"The subjects of the house of Burgundy lived at that time in great plenty and prosperity, grew proud, and wallow'd in riches, by reason of the long peace they had enjoyed, and the goodness of their prince, who laid but few taxes upon them; so that in my judgement, if any country might be called then the Land of Promise, it was his country, which abounded in wealth and repose, more than ever it did

since, and it is now three and twenty years since their miseries began. The expenses and habits both of women and men were great and extravagant: their entertainments and banquets more profuse and splendid than in any other place that I ever saw. Their baths and their treats for women, lavish and disorderly, and many times immodest: I speak of women of inferior degree. In short, the subjects of that house were then of opinion no prince was able to cope with them, at least to impoverish them: and now in the whole world I do not know any people so desolate and miserable as they are."

After this war had been carried on with such alternate success, as to leave no increase of power on either side, and to no apparent end, save to prove the personal intrepidity and endurances of the Duke of Burgundy, he concluded peace with the King of France; and the second book commences with showing him engaged in besieging the city of Liege. In this war, Lewis took part, in consequence of which he became a prisoner to the duke in the castle of Peronne, and purchased his liberty by making peace with his conqueror, and turning his arms against his late allies, the Liegeois. Our historian's third book introduces us to the affairs of our own country, the support given by the Duke of Burgundy to Edward IV., whose sister he had married, and the aid privately afforded by Lewis to the Earl of Warwick (the king-maker), whereby he effected, for a period, the imprisonment of his royal master, and restored the crown to Henry VIth. An account is also given of the Earl of Warwick's arrival at Calais, and the conduct of the governor, who opposed his entrance. We here learn, that the court of France used to negociate then, (as it is well known they have frequently done since) by means of the fair sex, as we are told, that "a lady of quality was employed on business of importance, which she accomplished, at last, to the utter destruction of the Earl of Warwick and his party."

"This lady was no fool, nor blab of her tongue; and being allowed the liberty of visiting her mistress, the Dutchess of Clarence, she, for that reason, was employed in this secret, rather than a man. Vaucler was a cunning man, and jealous enough; yet this lady was too hard for him, wheedled him, and carried on her intrigues, till she had effected the ruin of the Earl of Warwick, and all his faction: for which reason 'tis no shame for persons in his condition to be suspicious, and keep a watchful eye over all comers and goers; but 'tis a great disgrace to be circumvented, and out-witted, and to lose anything through one's own negligence or credulity; however, our suspicions ought to be grounded on some foundation, and not to be entertained on every trivial occasion, for that is as bad the other way."

Comines tells us, "King Edward was not a man of any great management, or foresight, but of an invincible courage, and the most beautiful prince mine eyes ever beheld." And it certainly appears in the course of the fourth book, when this king was reinstated in his throne, and had marched into France to take vengeance on Lewis for the part he had acted, that he was indeed capable of being managed by the wily Frenchman, who, through the medium of a valet, dressed up as a herald, prevailed on Edward to accede to that remarkable meeting, which took place between these two monarchs on the bridge, of Picquigny; whereon "was built a large wooden grate, somewhat resembling a lion's cage, about breast high, so that the two kings might lean over it, and discourse together;" and where, it appears, Edward, although he had twenty thousand well-equipped fighting men lying within a league, was induced to make a truce for nine years with the man who had assisted his enemies, and insulted him in his misfortunes. As it cannot fail to be gratifying to our national pride to see how formidable the English were to France at this period, even after they had ceased from considering themselves as sovereigns, and had been long suffering from their own desolating civil wars; we again offer an extract, in which is described our own monarch at this singular conference.

"The King of England advanced along the Causey (which I mentioned before) very nobly attended, with the air and presence of a king: there were in his train his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, his chamberlain called the Lord Hastings, his chancellor, and other peers of the realm; among which there were not above four drest in cloth of gold, like himself. The King of England wore a black velvet cap upon his head, with a large flower de luce, made of precious stones, upon it: he was a prince of a noble majestic presence, his person proper and straight, but a little inclining to be fat; I had seen him before, when the Earl of Warwick drove him out of the kingdom, then I thought him much handsomer, and to the best of my remembrance, my eyes had never beheld a more beautiful person. When he came within a little distance of the rail, he pulled off his cap, and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the King of France, who was then leaning over the barrier, received him with abundance of reverence and respect: they embraced through the holes of the grate, and the King of England making him another low bow, the King of France saluted him thus:—'Cousin, you are heartily welcome, there is no person living I was so ambitious of seeing, and God be thanked that this interview is upon so good an occasion.' The King of England returned the compliment in very good French; then the Chancellor of England (who was a prelate, and Bishop of Ely) began his speech with a prophecy (with which the English are always provided), that at Picquigny a memorable peace was to be concluded between the English and French: after he had finish-

ed his harangue, the instrument was produced, which contained the articles the King of France had sent to the King of England. The chancellor demanded of our king, whether he had sent the said articles, and whether he had agreed to them? the king replied, Yes: and King Edward's being produced on our side, he made the same answer. The missal being brought and opened, both the kings laid one of their hands upon the book, and the other upon the true cross, and both of them swore religiously to observe the contents of the truce, which was, that it should stand firm and good for nine years complete; that the allies on both sides should be comprehended; and that the marriage between their children should be consummated as was stipulated by the said treaty of peace. After the two kings had sworn to observe the treaty, our king (who had always words at command) told the King of England, in a jocular way, he should be glad to see his majesty at Paris, and that if he would come and divert himself with the ladies, he would assign him the Cardinal of Bourbon for his confessor, who he knew would willingly absolve him, if he should commit any sin, by way of love and gallantry. The King of England was extremely pleased with his raillery, and made his majesty several handsome repartees, for he knew the cardinal was a jolly companion. After some discourse to the purpose, our king, to show his authority, commanded us who attended him to withdraw, for he had a mind to have a little private discourse with the King of England. We obeyed, and those who were with the King of England, seeing us retire, did the same, without expecting to be commanded. After the two kings had been alone together for some time, our master called me to him, and asked the King of England if he knew me? the King of England replied he did, named the places where he had seen me, and told the king that formerly I had endeavoured to serve him at Calais, when I was in the Duke of Burgundy's service. The King of France demanded if the Duke of Burgundy refused to be comprehended in the treaty (as might be suspected from his obstinate answer) what the King of England would have him do? The King of England replied, he would offer it him again, and if he refused it then, he would not concern himself any farther, but leave it entirely to themselves. By degrees, the king came to mention the Duke of Bretagne (who, indeed, was the person he aimed at in the question), and made the same demand about him. The King of England desired he would not attempt any thing against the Duke of Bretagne, for in his distress he never found so true and faithful a friend. The king pressed him no farther, but recalling the company, took his leave of the King of England in the handsomest and most civil terms imaginable, saluted all his attendants in a most particular manner, and both the kings at a time (or very near it) retired from the barrier; and mounting on horse-back, the King of France returned to Amiens, and the King of England to his army."

It appears, that the invitation thus given was by no means sincere, for the King of France, speaking of Edward, observes:

"He is a beautiful prince, a great admirer of the ladies, and

who knows but some of them may appear to him so witty, so gay, and so charming, as may give him a desire of making us a second visit: his predecessors have been too often in Paris and Normandy already; and I do not care for his company so near, though on the other side of the water I should be ready to value and esteem him as my friend and brother."

It appears, that such was the anxiety of the people for this peace, that superstition was called in its aid, and it was universally reported, that the Holy Ghost had descended on the King of England's tent in the form of a white pigeon, during the conference; an idea scouted by the historian, who displays throughout his work a deep sense of religion, untinctured by the errors of his day; and in his observations, evinces profound reflection and rational piety.

The fifth book of these memoirs commences with the Duke of Burgundy's making war upon the Swiss, from whom he experienced his first material defeat, which was soon followed by a second.

" His concern and distraction for his first defeat at Granson was so great, and made such deep impressions on his spirits, that it threw him into a violent and dangerous fit of sickness; for whereas before, his choler and natural heat was so great, that he drank no wine, only in a morning he took a little tisane, sweetened with conserve of roses, to refresh himself; this sudden melancholy had so altered his constitution, he was now forced to drink the strongest wine that could be got, without any water at all; and to reduce the blood to his heart, his physicians were obliged to apply cupping-glasses to his side: but this (my Lord of Vienna) you know better than I, for your lordship attended on him during the whole course of his illness, and spared no pains that might contribute to his recovery; and it was by your persuasion that the duke was prevailed upon to cut his beard, which was of a prodigious length. In my opinion, his understanding was never so perfect, nor his senses so sedate and composed, after this fit of sickness, as before. So violent are the passions of persons unacquainted with adversity, who never seek the true remedy for their misfortunes, especially princes who are naturally haughty; for in such cases our best method is to have recourse to God, to reflect on the many vile transgressions by which we have offended his Divine Goodness, to humble ourselves before him, and to make an acknowledgement of our faults; for the event of all human affairs is in his power, and at his disposal alone; he determines as it seems best to his heavenly wisdom, and who dares question the justness of his dispensations, or impute any error to him? The second remedy is, to unbosom ourselves freely to some intimate friends, not to keep our sorrows concealed, but to expatiate on every circumstance of them, without being ashamed or reserved, for this mitigates the rigour of our misfortunes, revives the heart, and restores the usual vigour and activity to our dejected spirits. There is another remedy also, and

that is labour and exercise, (for as we are but men, those sorrows are to be dissipated with great pains and application both in public and private) which is a much better course than what the duke took, to hide himself and retire from all manner of conversation, for by that means he grew so terrible to his own servants, that none of them durst venture to come near him to give him either counsel or comfort, but suffered him to go on in that melancholy state of life, fearing lest their advising him to the contrary, might have turned to their destruction."

After this, the duke had to contend with conspiracies at home, as well as enemies abroad; and in the course of the next chapter we find, that in consequence of rejecting the advice of his officers, and once more meriting his appellations of "the bold," or "the rash:" this great prince, the last as well as greatest of Burgundy, was slain in battle, near the old town of Nancy, where "the Duke of Lorrain, to his eternal honour, buried him with great pomp and magnificence." He was discovered, after the battle, stripped naked, with several others, with his skull cloven, and a pike in his body, but his identity was fully ascertained by the scars of former wounds, and other peculiarities in his person.

An only daughter was the heir of this great prince, and she appears to have experienced, at a very early period, all those evils his ambition had prepared for her. The enemies he had humbled, particularly the King of France, sought to wreak their vengeance on her; the towns he had conquered refused their allegiance and tribute to her; and her own conquered army and impoverished subjects were ill able to assist her. Many who were supported by her bounty soon deserted her interest, and those who were faithful to her were persecuted even to death, under the pretext of law, by a party who sought to bestow her hand on one of the many pretenders to it. We can scarcely conceive a young, lovely, and royal female, in a situation of more affecting interest.

"As soon as the Princess of Burgundy (since Dutchess of Austria) had received the news of their condemnation, she came herself in person to the Town-hall, to beg their lives, but finding she could not prevail, she ran into the market-place, where the mob were got together in arms, and the two prisoners upon the scaffold. The young princess was in mourning, her head dressed carelessly (on purpose to move pity and compassion), and in this posture, with tears in her eyes, and her hair dishevelled, she begged and entreated the people to have pity upon her two servants, and restore them to her again. A great part of the mob were touched with compassion, and would fain have complied with her request, and were willing they should be saved, but others violently opposed it, and they were at push of pike one with another: at last, those who were for the exe-

cution, being the stronger party, called out to the executioners to do their office, and immediately both their heads were struck off, and the poor princess returned to her palace very sad and disconsolate, for the loss of two persons in whom she chiefly confided.

" After the Gantois had committed this horrid piece of villany, they removed from about the Princess of Burgundy, the Lord de Ravestein, and the dutchess dowager, Duke Charles's widow, because both of them had signed the letter which the chancellor and the Lord d'Hymbercourt had delivered to the king, as you have heard; so that the citizens had now the sole authority and management of the poor young princess, and well may she be called poor, not only in respect of her great loss of the several towns which had been taken from her, which were irrecoverable by force, by reason of the great power and strength of the king, who was now in possession of them.

The author concludes this book with a long dissertation on the errors of kings, which he affirms arise in general from their education and situation in life; and observes, " that there is a necessity that every prince, or great lord, should have an adversary to restrain, or keep him in fear; otherwise there would be no living under them, or near them."

The second volume opens with the plans of Lewis to possess himself of the royal orphan's property, his successful " wheedling of the English, for fear they should interrupt him in his designs," and his offer of the Dauphin (his son, then nine years old, and already contracted to a princess of England) to be the husband of the daughter of the late Duke. This offer was abruptly objected to by Madam Haltenein, first lady of the bed-chamber, to whom it was made; for she said truly " there was more need of a man than a boy, that being what her dominions needed more than any thing else;" the historian adds, " it pleased God to appoint her another husband, viz. the Duke of Austria," son of the Emperor Frederic III., " the nearest and most covetous prince, or person, of his time," so that it appears the unhappy lady was obliged to supply him with money, and a retinue, before he could wait upon her to consummate the marriage, and that he was little likely to be pleasing to a daughter of Burgundy, " whose tables are nicely served, whose palaces are magnificent, and whose dress was sumptuous. But the Germans are quite of a contrary temper, boorish in their conversation, and nasty in their way of living."

Soon after this marriage, Artois fell into the hands of Lewis, and was followed by several other acquisitions of the same nature; as it appears that the young bridegroom, disliked by his new subjects, and cramped by the sordid spirit of his father, was unable to protect the sovereignty to which he was called. The interesting daughter of Charles the Bold, however, dies within four years of her marriage.

"The fourth year the Princess * died of a fall from her horse, or a fever, but it is certain she fell, and some say, she was breeding. Her death was a mighty loss to her subjects, for she was a person of great honour, affable and generous to all people, and more beloved and respected by her subjects than her husband, as being sovereign of their country. She was a tender and passionate lover of her husband, and of singular reputation for her modesty and virtue. This misfortune happened in the year 1482."

Lewis now pursued new means of increasing his dominions by open war; and although in one great battle we see the Duke of Austria remain master of the field, and in no case desert the duties which, by the death of his wife, had devolved wholly upon him, yet the wily Lewis, by that management, which his historian terms "his great policy and wisdom," gained town after town, of the late Burgundian dominions, and seems to have arrived at nearly all he wished in point of aggrandizement, although at the expense of the true glory of a king (the happiness of his subjects), when he was seized with an illness, which eventually proved mortal.

This sickness of the king's, or rather his conduct under it, has been frequently the subject of comment by various authors, and serves to prove how difficult it is for a successful bad man to think resignedly of quitting a situation, which he has, however, rendered one of ceaseless turmoil, suspicion, and disquietude. In proportion as Lewis found himself weakened by a wasting disease, and disqualified by repeated fits from attending to the duties of his kingly station, the more closely he grasped at the power, and the evil exercise of that power. In the fear that his incapacity should induce his subjects to deprive him of his rights, he compelled himself to attend to every matter of business which could be brought before him, and though unable to see a single word, would affect to read over all the documents committed to his secretaries. To prove his memory, and assert his right, he dispossessed numbers of his servants of their places and pensions; and gave them to others, who, in their turn, were the slaves of his caprice. Every hour dreading the rebellion he was perhaps conscious of meriting, yet had no cause for fearing, he directed his house to be fortified and guarded, and denied himself farther air than could be obtained in one narrow court. He had little faith in the aid of medicine, but to one physician, in whose skill he had confidence, he was scarcely better than a slave; and, from superstition, almost paid adora-

* "She died the second of March, in the year 1482, through an excess of female modesty, chusing rather to die, than suffer a surgeon to set her thigh, which was broken by the fall from her horse."

tion to an holy hermit, whom he was persuaded could save his life. Indeed, such was his faith in relics, that the holy oil was brought from Rheims, and kept constantly on his cupboard. The pope sent him various articles of assistance from Rome, and even the grand Turk despatched a deputation from Constantinople of holy relics, but which he declined accepting from infidel hands. During a short period of convalescence, he made a pilgrimage to St. Claude, who was his favourite saint; and he regularly maintained, that he was better than he appeared to be, although the evident pain he suffered, and the emaciated appearance of his frame, filled all who beheld him with a mixture of horror and compassion; feelings not a little increased by the melancholy contrast, which the splendour and magnificence of his dress (now become an object of especial care) presented to the feeble and wasted form it covered.

During this season of affected grandeur, and deplorable imbecility, still Lewis preserved his powers of policy, and procured the marriage of his son the Dauphin with a rich heiress, Margaret of Flanders, an object on which he had long set his heart; although his heir was actually betrothed to the daughter of Edward IV. King of England. As Lewis had long and punctually paid to this Monarch, a yearly tribute of fifty thousand crowns, and Edward had ever expressed an earnest desire for the union; his astonishment and indignation, at the conduct of Lewis, it is here said, were such as greatly to affect his health, and added to a surfeit which he had at the time, appears to have produced an apoplectic attack, of which he died after a very short illness, to the joy and relief of the slowly expiring Lewis.

When, however, the awful summons at length arrived, the King sent for his son, gave him much good advice, and departed with decency. The author winds up his character, which is at once fairly and charitably examined, with saying "I will not accuse him, or say I never saw a better prince, for though he oppress his subjects himself, he never suffered any other person to do it;" and then goes forward to give us a trait, which we quote as indicative, not only of the man, but the times in which he lived.

"After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is his divine method in such kind of wonders. He took him out of the world in perfect ease, understanding, and memory; having called for all the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge, or expression of pain, to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week; and that he hoped our Lady would procure him that favour, in whom

he had always placed great part of his trust, and served her devoutly. And so it happened; for he died on Saturday the thirtieth of August, 1483, about eight at night, in the Castle of Plessis, where his fit took him on the Monday before. * * * *

"I knew him, and was entertained in his service in the flower of his age, and the height of his prosperity, yet I never knew him free from labour and care. Of all diversions he loved hunting and hawking in their seasons, but his chief delight was in dogs. As for ladies, he never meddled with any in my time; for about the time of my coming to court he lost a son called Joachim, who was born in 1459, for whose death he was extremely afflicted, and made a vow in my presence, never to be concerned with any other woman but the Queen; and though this was no more than what he was obliged to by the canons of our church, yet it was much, that his command of himself should be so great, that he should be able to continue his resolutions so firmly, considering the Queen, (though an excellent Princess in all other respects) was not a person in whom a man could take any great delight.

"In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chace was the stag, which he always run down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great way to his dogs, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night was always very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers, or huntsmen; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any man of his time. He was continually at his sports, lying up and down in the country villages as his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by the war, which for the most part of the summer was constantly between him and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and at winter they made a truce."

Nor are *we* sorry to make a *truce* with such subjects; for battles unredeemed by any of the attributes of heroism, save personal courage; and politics, whose eternal manœuvres and petty cunning are unrelieved by any great or noble views, soon pall upon the mind, and urge us forward to seek either in the grandeur of tragic incident, or the display of domestic virtue, some repose for the heart, or some solace to the imagination.

The history of Lewis XI. is followed by a supplement, which is so far useful as it gives a general account of the affairs of Europe at this period, and especially those of England, which include the history of Richard III. and the succession of Richmond; of whom he speaks, "as a man who had long suffered in his fortunes, and was without power, money, or right;" but was greatly assisted by Charles, son and successor of Lewis.

The 7th and 8th books of these Memoirs contain the public life of Charles VIII., the last of the line of Valois; the great

XUM

business of whose life it was to become possessed of the crown of Naples, a point he attained, only from his enemies being still more deficient than himself in the art of war, for of his own ignorance, unadvisedness, and deficiency of all requisites, save personal fortitude, he gave abundant proof. The resolution of his Swiss soldiers, in dragging the cannon over the highest mountains, and difficult passes of the Appennines, is justly extolled, but we are at this time surprised to learn, "our artillery killed not ten in both armies." The author, speaking of his countrymen, says,—"certainly, upon a charge, they are the fiercest nation in the world;" but, he agrees with the Italian authors who assert of the French, "in their attacks they are more than men, but less than women in their retreats."

After suffering much to gain Naples, Charles VIII. lost it to the Spanish crown with less trouble, and spent the remainder of his short life in plans to regain it, and to benefit his subjects by systems of reformation, both in church and state, of a much wiser nature. He was cut off by an apoplectic stroke, to the great grief of his court and his subjects, being a Prince "of excellent temper," and as it appears, munificent in his gifts and designs.

The author intermixes with his detail of his Royal Master's death, an account of the domestic misfortunes of the Royal Family of Spain, at that time one of great power, who lost both their children within three months; after which, we have a short genealogy of the Kings of France, which concludes the labours of Philip de Comines, lord of Argentum: a laborious, faithful, pious, but somewhat dry, and tedious historian.

The remainder of the second volume is devoted to the *Secret History of Lewis XI.*, otherwise called *The Scandalous Chronicle*, by one John de Tragos. This work opens in a manner so different from that of any Scandalous Chronicle of our own times, that it would be wrong to withhold it.

"To the honour and praise of God, our sweet Saviour and Redeemer, and the blessed glorious Virgin Mary; without whose assistance no good works can be performed. Knowing that several kings, princes, counts, barons, prelates, noblemen, ecclesiastics, and abundance of the common people, are often pleased and delighted in hearing and reading the surprising histories of wonderful things that have happened in divers places, both of this and other Christian states and kingdoms, I applied myself with abundance of pleasure, from the thirty-fifth year of my age, instead of spending my time in sloth and idleness, to writing a history of several remarkable accidents and adventures that happened in France."

Why our present chronicler should term himself or his

records *scandalous*, we know not, as they appear to us, after the closest investigation, entirely free from that noxious quality; and no other than simply annals of the times, given by a plain man, in plain language; untinctured by the malevolence of party feeling, and only occasionally naming those self-evident errors which admitted of no toleration in the King's conduct. As much in this detail must necessarily recapitulate the events already mentioned, we shall only offer occasional extracts, wishing that our space would allow of longer quotations, as we certainly consider M. de Troyes a pleasanter writer than the Lord of Argentum.

"About this time, (A. D. 1466,) a war broke out between the Liegeois and the Duke of Burgundy; upon which he immediately took the field with his whole army, and being a little indisposed, was carried in a litter; commanding his son the Count de Charolois, with all the nobles and officers that were with him, to march forward with a strong detachment to invest Dinant, and leave him to come up with the rest of the army. Upon his arrival, the town was formally besieged; which occasioned several sallies and bloody actions on both sides, much to the disadvantage of the Burgundians in the beginning of the siege; but at last, whether by force of arms or treason, the town was taken by the Burgundians; who, only reserving a few of the chief citizens whom they made prisoners of war, turned out men, women, and children, and gave it up to be plundered by their soldiers. Nor were they content with this; they set fire to the churches and the houses, and having burnt and consumed every thing they could lay their hands on, they ordered the walls to be demolished, and the fortifications to be blown up; by which means, the poor inhabitants were reduced to extreme want and necessity, and abundance of young women were forced to betake themselves to a vile and shameful way of living. * * * * * *

"On Tuesday the first of September, (A. D. 1467,) the Queen also came from Roan to Paris by water, and landed at Nostre Dame; where her Majesty was received by all the presidents and counsellors of the court of parliament, the bishop of Paris and several persons of quality, in their robes and formalities. There was also a certain number of persons richly dressed to compliment her on the part of the city; and abundance of the chief citizens and counsellors of Paris went by water to meet her Majesty, in fine gilded boats covered with tapestry and rich silks, in which were placed the queristers of the holy chapel, who sung psalms and anthems after a most heavenly and melodious manner. There was also a great number of trumpets, clarions, and other softer instruments of musick, which altogether made a most harmonious concert, and began playing when the Queen and her maids of honour entered the boat, in which the citizens of Paris presented her Majesty with a large stag made in sweet-meats; besides a vast quantity of salvers heaped up with spices and all sorts of delicious fruits; roses, violets, and other perfumes being strewed in the boat, and as much wine as every body would drink. After the

Queen had performed her devotions to the Blessed Virgin, she came back to her boat, and went by water to the Celestins' church-gate, where she found abundance of persons of quality more, ready to receive her Majesty, who, immediately upon her landing, with her maids of honour, mounted upon fine easy pads, and rode to the hotel des Tournelles, where the King was at that time, and where she was received with great joy and satisfaction by his Majesty and the whole court, and that night there were public rejoicings and bonefires in Paris, for her Majesty's safe arrival.

"On the fourteenth of September, the King, who had ordered the Parisians to make standards, published a proclamation, commanding all the inhabitants from sixteen to threescore, of what rank or condition soever, to be ready to appear in arms that very day in the fields; and, that those that were not able to provide themselves with helmets, brigandines, &c., should come armed with great clubs, under pain of death; which orders were punctually obeyed, and the greater part of the populace appeared in arms, ranged under their proper standard or banner, in good order and discipline; amounting to fourscore thousand men; thirty thousand of which were armed with coats of mail, helmets, and brigandines, and made a very fine appearance. Never did any city in the world furnish such a vast number of men, for it was computed there were threescore and seven banners or standards of tradesmen, without reckoning those of the court of parliament, exchequer, treasury, mint, and chastellet of Paris, which had under them as many or more soldiers than what belonged to the tradesmen's banners. A prodigious quantity of wine was ordered out of Paris, to comfort and refresh this vast body of men, which took up a vast tract of ground; extending themselves from the Lay-stall between St. Anthony's gate, and that of the Temple as far as the Town-ditch upwards to the Wine-press; and from thence, along the walls of St. Anthoine des Champs, to the Grange de Ruilly; and from thence, to Conflans; and from Conflans, back again by the Grange-aux-Merciers, all along the river Seine, quite to the royal bulwark over against the Tower of Billy; and from thence, all along the Town-ditch on the outside to the Bastille and St. Anthony's gate. In short, it was almost incredible to tell what a vast number of people there were in arms before Paris, yet the number of those within was pretty near as great."

We soon after find war declared, "by the ceremony of a naked sword in one hand, and burning torch in the other, signifying, that this was a war of blood and fire."

"About that time, (A. D. 1471,) great quarrels and contests arose in England, between Henry of Lancaster king of England, the Prince of Wales his son, the Earl of Warwick, and the rest of the Lords of the kingdom, who were of King Henry's side, against Edward de la March, who had usurped the Crown from Henry. This civil war had occasioned already abundance of murder and bloodshed, and was not like to be at an end yet, for in June, 1471, the king received certain advice from England, that Edward de la

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March, with a puissant army of English, Easterlings, Picardians, Flemings, and other nations that the Duke of Burgundy had sent him, had taken the field, and was going to oppose king Henry's forces, which were commanded by the Earl of Warwick, the Prince of Wales, and several Lords of that party. In short, the battle was bravely fought, and a vast number of men were killed and wounded on both sides, but at last Edward de la March gained the victory, and king Henry's army, partly by the treachery of the Duke of Clarence, and partly for want of conduct, was entirely defeated. The poor young Prince of Wales, who was a lovely youth, was barbarously murdered after the action was over, and the valiant Earl of Warwick, finding himself betrayed, and scorning to fly, rushed violently into the thickest of his enemies, and was killed upon the spot. Thus died this great man, who was so desirous of serving his king and country, and who had cost king Henry so much money to bring him over and fix him in his interest."

On the subject of the Duke of Burgundy's death, he is apparently better acquainted than his predecessor; and, after describing the battle and the losses of the Burgundians, the pursuit of the Swiss, &c., he informs us, that,

" On Monday, which was twelfth-day, (A. D. 1476,) the Count di Campobasso met with a page that was taken prisoner, belonging to the Count de Chalon, who was with the Duke of Burgundy in the battle. This lad, upon examination, confessed the Duke of Burgundy was killed; and the next day, upon diligent search after him, they found him stripped stark naked, and the bodies of fourteen men more in the same condition, at some distance from each other. The Duke was wounded in three places, and his body was known and distinguished from the rest by six particular marks; the chiefest of which was, the want of his upper teeth before, which were beaten out with a fall; the second was a scar in his throat, occasioned by the wound he received at the battle of Mont l'Hery; the third was, his great nails, which he always wore longer than any of his courtiers; the fourth was another scar upon his left shoulder; the fifth was a fistula in his right groin, and the last was a nail that grew into his little toe. And upon seeing all these abovementioned marks upon his body, his physician, the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, the Bastard of Burgundy, M. Olivier de la Marche, his chaplain, and several other officers that were taken prisoners by the Duke of Lorrain, unanimously agreed it was the body of their lord and master, the Duke of Burgundy."

With this extract, we conclude our survey of a work which we consider valuable for its authenticity, and the simplicity, piety, and honesty with which it is given, rather than the subjects it embraces, or the amusement it bestows.

ART. III.—*The Court and Character of King James, whereunto is added the Court of King Charles, continued unto the beginning of these unhappy times, with some observations upon him instead of a character. Collected and perfected by* Sir A. W. (Sir Anthony Weldon.) *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare. Published by authority. Printed at London by* R. J. *and are to be sold by* J. Collins *in Little Brittaine,* 1651.

There is scarcely any epoch more truly interesting in our annals than the reign of James I. It is the grand division in our history. Up to that period, the spirit of the middle ages was predominant in our government, our opinions, and our manners; and to that period also, must we refer the commencement of those important changes, which, though gradual at first, were developed with such fearful rapidity in the reigns immediately subsequent, and which have ultimately produced such powerful effects on our national character. At the same time, the personal character of the sovereign, and of the many distinguished persons who formed his court, affords much matter for curious speculation; and we in general find, in the contemporary writers, very ample food for gratifying our curiosity. In addition to the work which forms the subject of the present article, Wilson and Osborn have both left us valuable memoirs of this reign. Wilson travelled over a great part of the continent, in company with Robert Devereux, the last Earl of Essex of that name, and from his intimate friendship with that nobleman, enjoyed opportunities of acquiring accurate information on all the most important transactions of James's reign. In addition to this, he had access to Essex's papers, and to those of Southampton, the friend of the great Earl of Essex. A fair character of this work, to which we shall frequently have occasion to refer, may be found in the notes appended to it in *Kennet's Complete History of England,* (Vol. II. p. 661.) It certainly cannot be called an impartial history, yet, there is no reason to suspect the honesty of the writer.

Osborn's Traditional Memoirs of King James are not of equal value. They do not comprize more than one-half of James's reign, nor are they by any means copious in their details of facts. Osborn, certainly, enjoyed occasions of informing himself upon the transactions of the times, and yet he has not succeeded in rendering his memoirs either very interesting or very useful. His office of Master of the Horse to the celebrated Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, must have made him familiar with the news of the court. His account of the appetite with which in his youth he devoured the court scandal, and his description

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of the news-mongers of that day are amusing enough. "It was the fashion of those times," says he, "and did so continue until these, (when not only the mother but the daughters are ruined) for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanic, to meet in Paul's church by eleven, and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner, from three till six; during which time, some discoursed of business, others of news. Now, in regard of the universal commerce, there happened little that did not first or last arrive there. And, I being young and wanting a more advantageous employment, did, during my abode in London, which was three-fourth parts of the year, associate myself at those hours with the choicest company I could pick out, amongst such as I found most inquisitive after affairs of state; who being then myself in a daily attendance upon a hope (though a rotten one) of a future preferment, I appeared the more considerable, being as ready to satisfy, according to my weak abilities, their curiosity as they were mine; who, out of a candid nature, were not ordinarily found to name an author easily lost in such a concourse, where his own report was not seldom within a few minutes returned to him for news by another. And these news-mongers, as they call them, did not only take the boldness to weigh the public, but most intrinsic actions of the state, which some courtier or other did betray to this society; amongst whom, divers being very rich, had great sums owing them by such as stood next the throne; who, by this means, were rendered in a manner their pensioners, so as I have found since little reason to question the truth of what I heard then, but much to confirm me in it."—*Osborn, sec.* 20.

In addition to these writers, we may mention *Melville's Memoirs*, which, however, chiefly relate to Scottish affairs, and *Saunderson's Complete History of Queen Mary of Scotland, and her Son King James of Great Britain.* A vast body of information is likewise to be collected from the *Memorials of Sir Ralph Winwood*, and the other correspondence of various celebrated men of that period, which have been given to the public. Such are the chief original sources from which we may derive a correct acquaintance with the times of James I.

Of Sir Anthony Weldon but little is known. What few notices of him remain are collected by the ingenious editor of *The Secret History of the Court of James I.** He is said to have been born in Kent, and his father was clerk of the kitchen

* Edited, very evidently, by Sir Walter Scott. It is the great storehouse from which he has drawn all his historical materials for the *Fortunes of Nigel.*

to Queen Elizabeth. Sir Anthony was preferred to the office of one of the clerks of the Board of Green-Cloth, and in this capacity he accompanied the king on his visits to Scotland. The character of the Scotch displeased him, and he gave vent to his spleen in a libel, in which he ridiculed them without either decency or mercy. This production, we are told by Wood*, he carelessly wrapped up in a record of the Board of Green Cloth, which circumstance, together with the handwriting, having ascertained the author, he was dismissed from his office, though his dismissal was softened down by a present of money and a pension. On the breaking out of the civil war, Weldon took part with the parliament, and was appointed chairman of the Kentish Committee, for the sequestration of the royalists' estates. The time of his death is uncertain.

It appears from the dedication, that these *Memoirs* were not intended to meet the public eye, and, indeed, Wood tells us, that they were shown in MS. to Lady Elizabeth Sedley (daughter of the celebrated Sir Henry Saville), who disapproved of them, and from whose possession they were afterwards surreptitiously obtained, and published. The second edition contains several additional articles. 1. *The Court of King Charles, continued until the beginning of these unhappy times, &c.* 2. *Observations, instead of a Character, upon the King from his childhood.* 3. *Certain Observations before Queen Elizabeth's death.*

Soon after the publication of *Weldon's Memoirs,* an answer to them appeared under the title of *Aulicus Coquinariæ, or a Vindication in answer to a pamphlet, entitled the Court and Character of King James.* This singular title is in allusion to the office of our author's father, who, as we have related above, was clerk of the kitchen to Queen Elizabeth. Wood† informs us, that the materials for this work were collected by Dr. Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester, and revised and put in order by William Saunderson, the author of the *Complete History of King James.* Indeed, from the incorrectness and poverty of style of both the history and the pamphlet, there is every reason to conclude that they are the productions of the same pen.

There are several circumstances in the reign of James I. which may be classed amongst those doubtful speculations, known to our lawyers by the name of *vexatæ questiones,* and which have received various explanations, according to the in-

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* *Wood's Athenæ,* i. 729.

† *Wood's Athenæ,* i. 729. *Saunderson's Procm on the Reign and Death of King James,* fo. 1656. And *Harris's James I.* 207. Note.

formation or prejudices of those who have examined them. The death of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James, of whom the nation, with justice, entertained the highest hopes, is one of the most interesting of these often-mooted points. We confess, that we should have felt inclined to submit our own judgement, in this case, to the opinion which most of our modern historians have expressed, who are strongly opposed to the idea, that the prince died by poison, had not our attention been excited by a passage in a letter from the late Mr. Fox to Lord Lauderdale, in which that distinguished statesman expresses considerable doubt upon the question. "I recollect," says he, "that the impression upon my mind was, that there was more reason than is generally allowed for suspecting that Prince Henry was poisoned by Somerset, and that the king knew of it after the fact."* For our own parts, after a minute examination of all the facts and opinions relating to this mysterious affair, we confess we have found ourselves unable to form any very decided judgement; the evidence on both sides is so evenly balanced, that we can with difficulty perceive which scale preponderates. As we found the investigation a most interesting one, we have no hesitation in devoting a few of our pages to it, more especially as we are not aware of any work in which the whole transaction has been examined, with all the fulness and impartiality which ought to attend such inquiries.

The foundation of the suspicion that the prince died by poison, administered to him by the directions of the Earl of Somerset, is to be found in the jealousies and distastes which are reported to have existed between the prince and his father's favourite; and, indeed, there seems to be little doubt, that they were upon bad terms with one another. The prince's aversion probably originated in his contempt of that system of favouritism, of which Somerset was the creature; and, if we may believe the writers of the day, it was increased by the circumstance of Henry and Somerset being both attached to the same lady—the beautiful Countess of Essex, who afterwards rendered her name so infamously celebrated by her share in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury.† It certainly does not

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* See Lord Holland's preface to *Fox's James II.*

† The authors who have asserted the fact of the prince's passion for Lady Essex are Wilson in *Kennet*, ii. 886. the writer of *Aulicus Coquinariæ. Secret Hist. of James I.* ii. 239. and Sir Simon D'Ewes in a MS. life of himself, cited by Birch in his *Life of Prince Henry*, p. 402. On the other hand, we have the authority of Sir Charles Cornwallis, who was the prince's treasurer, and who assures us, that Henry never showed a particular inclination to any of the ladies of

seem surprising, that a youthful prince, of the ardent disposition which Henry is described as having possessed, should have been struck with the charms of so fascinating a woman as Lady Essex. At all events, there seems reason to believe, whatever were the grounds of it, that a great enmity subsisted between Somerset and the prince, who is even reported to have struck the favourite on the back with his racket, or to have been restrained with difficulty from so doing.* Wilson mentions another anecdote, which, if it can be relied upon, and it bears every appearance of truth, shows how far this mutual animosity had proceeded. "Some that knew the bickerings between the prince and the viscount,† muttered out dark sentences, that durst not look into the light; especially Sir James Elphington, who (observing the prince one day to be discontented with the viscount) offered to kill him: but the prince reproved him with a gallant spirit, saying, *If there were cause, he would do it himself*."‡ That insults and jealousies like these should have wrought so far upon Somerset's mind, as to make him resolve to destroy the author of them, is by no means impossible.

We now arrive at the period of the prince's illness and death, of which his physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, has left a detailed account in his *Collection of Cases*, and of which many minute particulars are given by the author of the *Aulicus Coquinariæ*.§ From the latter work, it appears, that Henry was taken ill in the autumn of 1612, and that on the 10th of October he was compelled to keep his chamber; and we may here remark, that it appears that one of the symptoms of his case was the same as in Sir Thomas Overbury's.‖ Having recovered from this first attack, he removed to London, and thought himself sufficiently well to attend his future brother-in-law, the Palsgrave, and to amuse himself in playing at tennis. On the 25th, however, he was again seized, "and fell into sudden sickness, faintings, and after that a shaking, with great heat and head-ache, that left him not whilst he had life."¶ His complaint, from this time, seems to have made a regular progress. The celebrated Dr. Butler, of Cambridge, and other physicians,

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the court. Birch, likewise, discountenances the idea of such an attachment.

* *Osborn's James*, sec. 38.

† Somerset was at that time Viscount Rochester.

‡ *Wilson in Kennet*, ii. 690.

§ *Aul. Coq. Sec. Hist. of James I.* ii. 243.

‖ See the evidence of Payton on Somerset's trial, ii. *Cobbett's State Trials*, 978.

¶ *Aul. Coq.* ut supra.

were called in, but in vain; for on the 6th of November the prince expired.

The chief arguments employed by those who maintain Somerset's guilt in this transaction, are to be gathered from the proceedings connected with the trials of Sir Thomas Overbury's murderers. From them it clearly appears, that the Favourite was strongly suspected of having been privy to the prince's death, and that such a supposition was not merely the result of idle rumour is most unquestionable. In a paper drawn up by Bacon, then attorney-general, and entitled, *Questions of Convenience, whereupon his Majesty may confer with some of his Council,* and which was submitted to the king, we have the following distinct reference to the charge: "Whether if Somerset confess at any time before his trial, his majesty shall stay trial in respect of farther examination, respecting *matter of treason,* as *the death of the late prince,* the conveying into Spain of the now prince, or the like?"* And, again, in another paper, drawn up by the same hand, and containing, *Heads of the Charge against Robert Earl of Somerset,* we find the following singular passages: "I shall also give in evidence, in this place, *the slight account* of that letter, which was brought to Somerset by Ashton, being found in the fields soon after the late prince's death, and was directed to Antwerp, containing these words, 'that the first branch was cut from the tree, and that he should ere long send happier and joyfuller news;' which is a matter that *I would not use,* but that my *Lord Coke, who hath filled this part with many frivolous things, would think all lost, except he hear somewhat of this kind.* But this is to come to the leavings of a business. [*Marginal note of the king.* This evidence cannot be given in without making me his accuser, and that upon a very slight ground. As for all the subsequent evidences, they are all so little evident, as *una litera* may serve them all.] And for the rest of that kind, as to speak of that particular, that Mrs. Turner did, at Whitehall, show to Franklin the man who, as she said, had poisoned the prince, which, he says, was a physician with a red beard. [*Marginal note.* Nothing to Somerset, and declared by Franklin after condemnation."]†

The conduct of the chief-justice, Sir Edward Coke, is here pointedly alluded to by Bacon, and indeed it is from his language and deportment, during the whole of the proceedings against Overbury's murderers, that the strongest arguments of Somerset's criminality in the prince's death are to be drawn.

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* ii. *St. Tr.* 962.

† ii. *St. Tr.* 964. Mrs. Turner and Franklin were two of the agents employed in the poisoning of Overbury.

It must be remembered, that Coke was the person to whom the examination of the prisoners was originally intrusted; and that he investigated the dark affair of Overbury's murder, with such laborious zeal and diligence, as even to elicit a compliment from the lips of his inveterate rival, Sir Francis Bacon.* Conjointly with the other lords, who, at his request, were associated with him, he took nearly three hundred examinations; and we may therefore conclude, that he had acquired the most minute and thorough knowledge of every matter connected with these infamous transactions. In addition to the direct testimony of Bacon which we have just adduced, that Coke was desirous of bringing forward on these trials the question of Prince Henry's death, we find, that on the arraignment of Sir Thomas Monson, who was accused of being concerned as an accessary in Overbury's murder, the chief justice alluded in direct terms to the prince's fate. Upon this occasion, he made use of the following remarkable expressions: "For other things, *I dare not discover secrets;* but though there was no house searched, yet there were *such letters produced,* as make our deliverance as great as any that happened to the Children of Israel."†

The following is our author's relation of this affair.‡

"It is verily believed, when the king made those terrible imprecations on himself, and deprecations on the judges, it was intended the law should run in its proper channel, but was stopt and put out of its course by the folly of that great clerk, Sir Edward Coke, though no wise man, who, in a vain glorious speech, to show his vigilancy, enters into a rapture as he sate upon the bench, saying, 'God knows what became of that sweet babe, Prince Henry, and I know somewhat'; and surely in searching the cabinets he lighted upon some papers, that spake plain in that which was ever whispered, which had he gone on in a gentle way would have fallen in of themselves not to have been prevented; but this folly of his tongue stopt the breath of that discovery of that so foul a murder, which, I fear, cries still for vengeance."

Wilson,§ likewise, gives a similar account of this affair,

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* "— the Lord-Chief Justice of England, whose name thus occurring, I cannot pass by, and yet I cannot stoop to flatter. But this I will say of him, and I would say as much to ages, if I should write a story, that never man's person and his place were better met in a business than my Lord Coke and my Lord Chief Justice, in the cause of Overbury.—ii. *St. Tr.* 1027.

† ii. *St. Tr.* 949. In all probability, the letters here adverted to are those mentioned by Bacon in his *Heads of the Charges.*

‡ *Weldon,* p. 115.

§ *Wilson in Kennet,* ii. 702.

and blames the chief justice for his want of management; but as the circumstances of the case by which Coke must have been guided are involved in so much obscurity, we may fairly doubt the justice of such censure. It seems certain, however, that a reference was made to the prince's death, and it is equally certain, that the trial of Monson was not suffered to be proceeded in. The inference is, that the proceedings were stayed to prevent any disclosure upon the subject. Contemporary writers attribute the subsequent disgrace of Sir Edward Coke to this affair. It is quite impossible even to conjecture what was the evidence which the chief justice had obtained on this mysterious matter; that he possessed some, and that too of an important nature, cannot be doubted. If Somerset was innocent, what possible objection would there be to substantiating that innocence by a complete investigation of this evidence?

The correspondence between the king, Villiers, and Bacon, is highly valuable, as showing the existence of certain secrets, which it would have been dangerous or inexpedient to have disclosed on these trials.* These letters in substance prove, for we cannot afford a more detailed account of them, that the trial of Somerset was deferred, in order to give the attorney-general time to prepare all the proceedings according to the king's wishes, and to induce Somerset to submit quietly to his fate, under a promise of having his life spared; and that the king was exceedingly anxious that the prisoner should not be provoked to make any disclosures on the trial. In one of these letters, we meet with the following curious passage, from which it should appear, that Somerset was examined upon his trial, touching the prince's death: "We made this further observation, that when we asked him some question that did touch *the prince,* or some foreign practice, *which we did very sparingly,* at this time, yet he grew a little stirred, but in the question of the empoisonment (of Overbury) very cold and modest."

Such are the facts insisted upon by those who attribute the prince's death to poison, as affording strong presumptive evidence that Somerset was implicated in so atrocious a proceeding. Almost all the contemporary writers, and many others, have inclined to that opinion. We have seen how decidedly Weldon expresses himself. Osborn hints the same thing, and alleges the authority of Sir Walter Raleigh.† Wilson merely

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* These letters are, 1. To the king, *Bacon's Works,* v. 387. 2. To the king, p. 395. 3. To Sir George Villiers, p. 398. 4. To Sir George Villiers, p. 400. 5. To the king, p. 402.

† *Osborn's James,* sec. 38.

repeats the common rumours of the times.* Naunton, who was afterwards secretary of state, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, then ambassador to the states-general, says, "Touching our palladium which we have lost, I hold it neither fit to write what I conceive, and less fit to be written to your lordship."† Amongst later writers, Welwood, who was himself a physician, gives some countenance to the notion; and Bishop Burnet tells us, that he was assured by Colonel Titus that he had heard Charles I. declare, that the prince, his brother, was poisoned by Viscount Rochester, afterwards Earl of Somerset.‡ As far as such hearsay evidence and matter of opinion are entitled to weight, these testimonies must certainly be considered of importance.

But it is now time for us to examine the arguments on the other side, which, if they be not equally numerous, are perhaps more conclusive. It has been frequently remarked, that in former times a prince, who was generally beloved, seldom died without some suspicion of foul play attaching. The credulity of the public seizes with avidity upon any fact, however inconsistent or ridiculous, which may gratify the malice of the discontented, or divert the regret of those whose fortunes depended on the individual supposed to have been prematurely cut off. Numerous instances of the truth of this observation might be cited; but it is sufficient to mention the fate of James himself, whose death was causelessly imputed to Buckingham, as that of his son had been to his former favourite. The dark inuendoes and blind conjectures therefore of Osborn, and the other rumour-venders of the day, are entitled to little or no weight, an observation which may be also applied to the authority of Burnet, whose credulity in the story of the warming-pan is so well known. Nor can any sounder arguments be built upon the conduct of the king and the attorney-general, during the trials of Overbury's murderers. If the king's eagerness to keep back the evidence proves any thing with regard to this matter, it proves a connivance *in him*, a proposition, which none who are acquainted with his character will be found to maintain. His discouraging the attempt to bring forwards on the trial of Somerset any evidence tending to implicate him in this crime, must have proceeded from a conviction that the rumour of that nobleman's guilt was unfounded, and that it was perfectly nugatory, therefore, to examine into it. Moreover, James's great desire to confine the evidence against Somerset

* *Wilson in Kennet*, ii. 690.
† *Winwood's Memoirs*, ii. 410.
‡ *Burnet's own Times*, i. ii.

to the charge of poisoning Overbury only, may have proceeded from the dread of the disclosure of other circumstances, which it was his interest should remain concealed. But the most complete proof of Somerset's entire innocence of this crime still remains, and is to be found in the unanswerable fact, that the prince's body was examined after death, and that no symptoms of his having been poisoned were discovered.* Sir Theodore Mayerne, his physician, has left a most accurate account of the prince's illness and death; and from that account, and from the report of the appearances on dissection, there can be no doubt that Henry died of a violent putrid fever.† Those persons who possessed the best means of forming a correct judgement upon the subject, have been uniformly of opinion, that the prince's death was not hastened by violence. Sir Charles Cornwallis, who held a place in his household, has denied the fact; even Welwood admits, that no proof of the crime can be gathered from the report of the physicians; and almost every historian, who has examined the question with calmness and impartiality, has exonerated both the king and his favourite from the charge. Such is the opinion of Rapin, of Hume, and of Dr. Birch in his *Life of Prince Henry*.‡ To these names, we may add that of Dr. Aikin, to whom the literary world is indebted for a laborious life spent in its service, and whose scientific acquirements and habits of biographical research well qualified him to pronounce a judgement upon a case like this. "The patient," says he, "died on the 6th November, and from the whole course of the symptoms, as well as the appearances on dissection, there cannot be the least doubt that his death was the consequence of a natural disease, and not induced by any iniquitous means, as some of the enemies of that unhappy family have affected to believe."§ In this opinion, Dr. Aikin is joined by his daughter, whose admirable

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* In cases of vegetable poisons, however, it is, we believe, very seldom that the stomach exhibits traces of them.

† This report, which may be found in the tract, entitled "Truth brought to light," in *Welwood's Memoirs*, and, with some variations, in *Aulicus Coquinariæ*, was signed by all the physicians, and states, that "the stomach was in no part offended." It must be observed, that Sir Theodore Mayerne published this narrative in his own vindication, as some imputations had been publicly cast upon him; but even if this should render his evidence suspected, it cannot be supposed that six of the most eminent physicians in the country could have been prevailed upon to attest a falsehood.

‡ Dr. Birch, however, does not take into account the singular conduct of Coke and Bacon on the Overbury trials.

§ *Aikin's Biographical Memoirs of Medicine*, p. 253.

Memoirs of Elizabeth and James have done so much credit to her taste and industry.* Having thus attempted to state the strongest arguments and authorities on both sides of this very curious question, we shall leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

As we have had occasion to mention the trials of Sir Thomas Overbury's murderers in the above inquiry, we may add, that our author is not entirely correct in his relation of some circumstances connected with those transactions. According to him, Franklin, who had provided the poisonous drugs, confessed on his arraignment, that Overbury was smothered, and not poisoned, though he had poison administered to him; and he takes this opportunity of fastening a most serious charge on the chief justice, Sir Edward Coke, for whom he appears to have conceived a great animosity.

"Here was Coke glad, how to cast about to bring both ends together, Mrs. Turner and Weston being already hanged for killing Overbury with poison, but he being the very quintessence of law, presently informs the jury, that if a man be done to death with pistols, poniards, swords, halter, poison, &c., so he be done to death, the indictment is good if but indicted for any of those ways; but the good lawyers of those times were not of that opinion, but did believe that Mrs. Turner was directly murdered by my Lord Coke's law, as Overbury was without any law."—p. 109.

Now it does not appear from the report of Franklin's case in the *State Trials*, nor from any other source to which we have referred, that Franklin ever made such a confession, nor is it at all probable that Overbury perished in this manner. The imputation cast upon Sir Edward Coke is most unjust; and as it has been suffered to pass without answer by the editor of the *Secret History of James I.*, we shall perhaps be excused in offering an explanation of the chief justice's conduct in this place, though we are aware that it savours a little too much of dry technicalities. Nothing can be more correct in point of law than Coke's charge to the jury, whom he told, that "if they were satisfied of the poisoning, it skilled not with what," informing them, that if a man was indicted for murdering another with a dagger, and, in fact, the murder was committed with a sword or a rapier, it is immaterial so as the jury find the murder. But he never instructed them, that on an indictment for *poisoning*, a man may be convicted of a murder committed with a *sword*, which is another kind of death, and which is clearly contrary to law. So far from the chief justice having com-

* *Memoirs of the Court of King James I.* i. 410.

mitted any mistake, we find the law most correctly laid down by him, not only on Weston's trial, but in other places.

Of the Raleigh treason, which is another of the "state-riddles" of James's reign, Weldon gives the following account.

"But because I will not leave you altogether blind-folded, I shall, as near as I can, lead you to the discovery of this treason, which consisted of protestants, puritans, papists, and atheists; a strange medley, you will say, to meet in one and the same treason, and keep counsel, which surely they did, because they knew not of any. The protestants were the Lord Cobham and George Brook, his brother; the one very learned and wise, the other a most silly lord; the puritan, the Lord Gray of Wilton, a very hopeful gentleman, blasted in the very bud; the papists, Watson and Clark, priests, and Parham, a gentleman; the atheist, Sir Walter Raleigh, then generally so believed, though after brought by affliction (the best school-mistress) to be, and so died, a most religious gentleman. This treason was compounded of most strange ingredients (and more strange than true) it was very true, most of these were discontented to see Salisbury, their old friend, so high to trample on them that before had been his chief supporters and (being ever of his faction) now neglected and condemned. It was then believed an arrant trick of state, to overthrow some and disable others, knowing their strong abilities might otherwise live to overthrow Salisbury; for they were intimate in all his secret counsels for the ruin of Essex, especially Raleigh, Gray, and Cobham, though the latter was a fool, yet had been very useful to them, as the tool in the hand of the workman. To have singled out these without some priests, which were traitors by the law, had smelt too rank, and appeared too poor and plain a trick of state; and Salisbury in this had a double benefit—first, in ridding himself of such as he feared would have been thorns in his sides—secondly, by endearing himself to the king by showing his diligence and vigilancy, so that it might be said of him, as of Cæsar in another case, *inveniam aut faciam*, I will either find out a treason, or make one; and this had been a pretty trick had it been only to disgrace, without taking away life; but how this piece of policy may stand with religion, I fear, by this time, he too well understands; and this plot, as near as I can tell you (and I dare say my intelligence gave me as near a guess as ever any man had) was, that all these in a discontented humour had, by Watson and Clark being confessors, dealt with Count Aremberg, the arch-duke's ambassador, to raise an army, and invade England, and they would raise another of papists and malcontents to join; for you must understand, the king was believed an arrant puritan *(cujus contrarium verum est)*. How likely this plot was, let the world judge, that the King of Spain, who had bought peace at so dear a rate, and found it so advantageous to him by the lamentable experience he had formerly in the wars with this formidable state, should seek to break it so soon. And had it been real treason, the state had been bound to have rewarded these traitors, as the best piece of service done in England all that king's reign. It was, indeed, those that

made the peace, not those that endeavoured the breaking of it, were the traitors, and are to be cursed by all posterity. Yet this foolish plot served well enough to take some blocks out of the way, that might afterwards have made some of them stumble to the breaking of their own necks."—p. 30.

Notwithstanding the doubt with which Weldon speaks of the existence of this plot, a doubt which has been expressed by many other writers, there seems to be no just ground for disbelieving it. How far Raleigh was implicated in it, is another question. The prisoners in general confessed themselves guilty, which is pretty nearly as strong a proof as could be procured. Nor is it by any means improbable, that one of the objects of the conspirators was to place the Lady Arabella on the throne. That such a design would have been encouraged by Spain, notwithstanding the recent peace, can scarcely be doubted, when the uniform policy of that country towards England at this period is considered. The advice of the Jesuit* Campanella, in his "*Discourse touching the Spanish Monarchy*," proves how well such a scheme was considered to square with the interests of Spain. There is a curious coincidence between the Jesuit's exhortation, and the subsequent conduct of the Spanish court.

"My opinion, therefore, is that the King of Spain should do well to employ underhand some certain merchants of Florence, that are arch and subtle persons, and that traffick at Antwerp, who (because they are not so much hated by the English as the Spaniards are) should treat with some such of the English, as are some way or other descended from some of the former Kings of England, and should promise each of them severally, (no one of them knowing any thing which is said to the other) all the possible aids that can be from Spain, for the restoring of them to their inheritances, legally descending down to them from their ancestors, and undertake to effect this for them; if not, as to the whole kingdom, yet as to some part of it." p. 158.

With regard to Raleigh, there seems every reason to believe that he was *actually* innocent of all treasonable connexion with this conspiracy; that he was never *legally* proved guilty, is undoubted. It is by no means so clear, that he had not been induced to accept a portion of the Spanish gold which Cobham

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* *A Discourse touching the Spanish Monarchy*, &c., written by Thomas Campanella, newly translated into English according to the true edition of this book in Latin. London, 1654. This Discourse was written before the accession of James.

had received from Aremberg. He might have consented to be bought over to the Spanish interest. He does not appear, on his trial, to have denied the receipt of the money, though he most positively denies his participation in any treasonable plot. When the Chief Justice asked him, what he had to say to Cobham's letter, and the pension of £1500 a year? Raleigh, not denying the fact, replied, "I say, that Cobham is a base, dishonourable, poor soul."* The cruel and overbearing conduct of Sir Edward Coke, then Attorney-General, upon this trial, will for ever remain the greatest stain upon his character. In calling Sir Walter an atheist, however, it seems that Coke was borne out, if we believe Weldon, by the common rumours of the day; and it should not be forgotten, that he afterwards retracted this charge in the fullest manner, when he passed sentence on the unfortunate Raleigh. "I know," says he, "you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both those virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them: *your faith hath heretofore been questioned*; but I am resolved you are a good Christian, for your book, which is an admirable work, doth testify as much."† The verses attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, entitled *My Pilgrimage*, likewise tend to show, that he harboured no infidelity, at the time of his death.‡

In his characters of the celebrated men of his time, Weldon is somewhat of a satirist, and is almost always severe in his judgements. Of Bacon, he relates the following anecdotes.

"Now was Bacon invested in his office, and within ten days after the king goes to Scotland. Bacon instantly begins to believe himself king, lies in the king's lodgings, gives audience in the great banqueting house, makes all other counsellors attend his motions, with the same state the king used to come out to give audience to ambassadors. When any other counsellor sate with him about the king's affairs, he would (if they sate near him) bid them know their distance; upon which, secretary Winwood rose, went away, and would never sit more under his encroached state, but instantly despatched one to the king, to desire him to make haste back, for even his very seat was already usurped. At which, I remember the king, reading it unto us, both the king, and we were very merry; and, if Buckingham had sent him any letters, would not vouchsafe the opening or reading them in public; though it was said, it requiring speedy despatch, nor would he vouchsafe him any answer. In this posture he lived, until he heard that

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* ii. *State Trials*, p. 28. † *Ibid.* p. 38.
‡ And see *the Secret History of James I.* 1. 342.

the king was returning, and began to believe, as the play was almost at an end, he might personate a king's part no longer; and therefore, did again reinvest himself with his old rags of baseness, which were so tattered and poor. At the king's coming to Windsor, he attended two days at Buckingham's chamber, being not admitted to any better place than the room where trencher-scrapers and lacquies attended; there sitting upon an old wooden chest, amongst such as, for his baseness, were only fit companions, although the honour of his place did merit far more respect; with his purse and seal lying by him on that chest. Myself told a servant of my Lord of Buckingham, that it was a shame to see the purse or seal of so little value or esteem in his chamber, though the carryer without it merited nothing but scorn, being worst amongst the basest. He told me they had command it must be so. After two days, he had admittance; at first entrance, he fell down flat at the Duke's foot, kissing it, vowing never to rise till he had his pardon; then was he again reconciled; and since that time, so very a slave to the Duke, and all that family, that he durst not deny the command of the meanest of the kindred, nor oppose any thing. By this you see, a base spirit is ever concomitant with the proudest mind, and surely never so many brave parts, and so base and abject a spirit, tenanted together in any one earthen cottage, as in this one man. I shall not remember his baseness, being out of his place, of pinning himself, for very scraps, on that noble gentleman, Sir Julius Cæsar's hospitality, that at last he was forced to get the King's warrant to remove him out of his house. Yet, in his prosperity, the one being chancellor, the other master of the rolls, did so scorn and abuse him, as he would alter any thing the other did." p. 130.

The authenticity of these anecdotes has been strenuously denied by the writer of the *Life of Bacon*, in the *Biographia Britannica;* and yet, it must be confessed, that many circumstances in his conduct give considerable countenance to them. It is said, by the editor of the *Secret History of James I.*, that in the correspondence between Bacon and Villiers, there are no traces of servility on the part of the former, or of insolence on that of the latter; and yet surely, in the following letter, which was written on Bacon's restoration to favour, after the quarrel with Buckingham respecting the marriage of Purbeck Villiers, there is something not easily distinguishable from servility.

" My ever best Lord, now better than yourself,

" Your Lordship's pen, or rather pencil, hath pourtrayed towards me such magnanimity and nobleness, and true kindness, as methinketh I see the image of some ancient virtue, and not any thing of these times. It is the line of my life and not the lines of my letter, that must express my thankfulness: wherein if I fail, then God fail me, and make me as miserable, as I think myself at this time happy, by this reviver, through his majesty's singular clemency, and your incomparable love and favour."

The baseness and obsequiousness of Bacon, in his conduct towards the king, cannot be questioned, and it is but too probable, that he maintained the same deportment towards the favourite. Were it not for the evidence which we possess under his own hand, it would have been impossible to have conceived that a mind like Bacon's could have stooped to such singular meanness.

The following is Weldon's character of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, the brother of that Duke of Norfolk who lost his head for his attachment to Mary, Queen of Scots. He built the noble palace at the end of the Strand, now almost the last of the residences of our old nobility. He subsequently presented it to Lord Walden, the elder son of his nephew the Earl of Suffolk, whence it was called Suffolk House. At present, under the name of Northumberland House, it bids fair to rival its former splendour; and we rejoice that its noble possessor has had the good taste to restore it.

"The next that came on the public theatre in favour, was Henry Howard, a younger son of the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Thomas Howard; the one after, Earl of Northampton, the other, Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain, and after Lord Treasurer; who, by Salisbury's greatness with that family, rather than by any merit or wisdom in themselves, raised many great families of his children. Northampton, though a great clerk, yet not a wise man, but the grossest flatterer of the world; and, as Salisbury by his wit, so this by his flattery, raised himself. Yet, one great motive to the raising of all that name of Howard's was, the Duke of Norfolk suffering for the Queen of Scots, the King's mother; yet, did Suffolk so far get the start of Northampton, that Northampton never after loved him but from teeth outwards, only had so much discretion as not to fall to actual enmity, to the overthrow of both, to the weakening of that faction. Suffolk also, using him with all submissive respect, not for any love, but hope of gaining his great estate, and sharing it amongst his children; but Northampton's distaste was such, by the loss of the treasurer's place, which he had with such assurance promised to himself in his thoughts, that except what he gave to Master Henry Howard, the rest he gave to the Earl of Arundel, who by his observance, but more especially by giving Northampton all his estate if he never returned from travel, had wrought himself so far into his affections, that he doted upon him." p. 14.

Nothing can more strongly exemplify the character of the times in which he lived, than the history of Lord Northampton. Of a powerful and favoured family, he held some of the highest offices in the kingdom. His wealth was immense, and far beyond his necessities, for he died a bachelor. He was a learned man, and devoted much of his time to study; and so able a pen

did he possess, that Sir Walter Raleigh used to say, that the Earl of Salisbury was a good orator but a bad writer; the Earl of Northampton, a good writer but a bad orator; but, that Sir Francis Bacon excelled in both. With all these advantages—with nothing to excite him to guilt, Northampton was implicated in two of the most infamous and atrocious transactions of his time—the divorce of Lady Essex, and the murder of Overbury. His letters to Rochester, and to the Lieutenant of the Tower, respecting Overbury, are disgraceful to an extreme. The only motive which could have induced him to act thus, must have been a desire to stand well with the favourite. Such was the scale of morality at the court of James I.! The following is the character which the writer of *Aulicus Coquinariæ* gives us of this nobleman, from which we may judge of the credit which is to be given to our author's antagonist. "He was religious, and gave testimony thereof in his life, built that handsome convent at Greenwich, and endued it with revenue for ever, for maintenance of decayed gentlemen, a sufficient number, and for women, also considerable." He certainly died at a very happy time for himself, as he just escaped a conviction for murder.

In the same style of strong and coarse, but characteristic drawing, Weldon presents us with portraits of the other most distinguished men of his time. His picture of James is, as it ought to be, the most complete, and certainly does give a very perfect idea of his personal appearance and peculiar habits.

"He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his cloaths than in his body, yet fat enough, his cloaths ever being made large and easy; the doublets quilted for stiletto proof; his breeches in great plaits and full stuffed; he was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets; his eye large, ever rolling after any stranger that came in his presence, insomuch that many for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance: his beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup of each side of his mouth; his skin was as soft as taffeta sarsnet, which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers' ends slightly with the wet-end of a napkin: his legs were very weak, having had (as some thought) some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age; that weakness made him for ever leaning on other men's shoulders; his walk was ever circular."—*Character of King James.*

Our author then gives some account of the king's diet and mode of life: "That he drank very often, which was rather out of custom than any delight, and that his drinks were of that kind for strength, as Frontiniac, Canary, High Country wine,

Tent, and Scottish ale." So Roger Coke tells us, that the king was fond not of ordinary French and Spanish wines, but strong Greek wines, and that by drinking, he became so fat and unwieldy that he used to be tied on horseback. Though he was exceedingly pleased with seeing his courtiers attired in gay apparel, he was very negligent of his own dress, never changing his clothes until they were worn to rags, "insomuch as one bringing to him a hat off a Spanish block, he cast it from him, swearing he neither loved them nor their fashions. Another one, bringing him roses on his shoes, he asked, if they would make him a ruff-footed dove? One yard of sixpenny ribbon served that turn." Osborn has represented him at the chase, "in colours as green as the grass he trod upon, with a feather in his cap, and a horn instead of a sword by his side."

Many entertaining anecdotes are to be found in the pages of Weldon. The following one of Queen Elizabeth is characteristic enough.

"In this employment, I must not pass over one pretty passage which I have heard himself (Sir Roger Aston, a courtier of James I.) relate, that he did never come to deliver any letters from his master, but ever he was placed in the lobby, the hangings being turned him, where he might see the Queen dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master, by her youthful disposition, how likely he was to come to the possession of the crown he so much thirsted after; for, you must understand, the wisest in that kingdom did believe the King should never enjoy this crown, as long as there was an old wife in England, which they did believe we ever set up, as the other was dead." p. 5.

The ambassadors of Great Britain never assumed so much state and splendour, and yet were never so little respected, as during the reign of James I. Nothing could equal the gorgeousness of the Earl of Carlisle's entry into Paris, of which Wilson has left a minute account, and we may perceive the estimation in which the English government was held abroad, from the conduct of the French minister to Lord Herbert, at that time ambassador to the court of Versailles.* Fortunately for our reputation abroad, the representatives whom James had the discretion to select, were often men of high character and courage, as Lord Herbert, Sir Henry Wotton, and Sir Ralph Winwood, who in some degree rescued the country from the disgrace which was cast upon it by the timorous and vacillating conduct of the monarch. Early in his reign, Howard, Earl of

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* *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, p. 158.

Nottingham, the Lord High Admiral, was despatched into Spain; and we have the following account, in Weldon, of the spirited behaviour of Sir Robert Mansel, who accompanied the embassy.

"Sir Robert Mansel, who was a man born to vindicate the honour of his nation, as his own, being vice admiral, and a man on whom the old admiral wholly relied; having despatched the ships to begone the next morning, came in very late to supper. Sir Richard Levison, sitting at the upper end of the table, amongst the grandees, the admiral himself not supping that night, being upon the despatch of letters, upon Sir Robert Mansel's entrance, offered to rise to give him place, but he sate down instantly at the lower end and would not let any man stir, and falling to his meat, did espy a Spaniard, as the dishes emptied, ever putting some in his bosom, some in his breeches, that they both strutted. Sir Robert Mansel sent a message to the upper end of the table, to Sir Richard Levison, to be delivered in his ear; that whatsoever he should see him do, he should desire the gentlemen and grandees to sit quiet, for there should be no cause of any disquiet. On the sudden, Sir Robert Mansel steps up and takes the Spaniard in his arms, at which the table began to rise—Sir Richard Levison quiets them—brings him up to the end amongst the grandees, there pulls out the plate from his bosom, breeches, and every part about him, which did so amaze the Spaniard, and vindicate that aspersion cast upon our nation, that never after was there any such syllable heard, but all honour done to the nation, and all thanks to him in particular.

"From thence, next day, they went to Madrid, where all the royal entertainment Spain could yield, was given them; and at the end of the grand entertainment and revels, which held most part of the night, as they were all returning to their lodgings, the street being made light by white wax lights, and the very night forced into a day by shineing light, as they were passing on the street, a Spaniard catcheth off Sir Robert Mansel's hat, with a very rich jewel in it, and away he flies; Sir Robert not being of a spirit to have any thing violently taken from him, nor of such a court-like compliment to part with a jewel of that price, to one no better acquainted with him, hurls open the boot, follows the fellow, and some three gentlemen did follow him, to secure him; houseth the fellow in the house of an Alguazil, which is a great officer or judge in Spain. This officer, wondering at the manner of their coming, the one without his hat and sword in his hand, the others with all their swords, demands the cause; they tell him; he saith, surely none can think his house a sanctuary, who is to punish such offenders. But Sir Robert Mansel would not be so put off with the Spaniard's gravity, but enters the house, leaving two at the gate, to see that none should come out whiles he searched. A long time they could find nothing, and the Alguazil urging this as an affront; at last, looking down into a well of a small depth, he saw the fellow stand up to the neck in water. Sir Robert Mansel seized on his hat and jewel, leaving the fellow to the Alguazil, but he had much rather have fingered the jewel; and his gravity told Sir Robert Mansel, he could not have it without form of law, which Sir Robert dispensed with, carrying away his hat and jewel, and never heard further of the business." p. 44.

XUM

The following anecdote of this valiant gentleman gives a good idea of the cogent arguments with which we have always maintained our right to the dominion of the seas.

"To bring these ambassadors over, were appointed Sir Robert Mansel, being admiral of the narrow seas, and Sir Jerome Turner, his vice admiral; the first commanded to attend at Graveling, for the Spanish ambassador, the latter at Calais, for the French; but, the French coming first, and hearing the vice-admiral was to attend him, the admiral the other, in a scorn put himself in a passage-boat of Calais, and came forth with flag at top. Instantly, Sir Jerome Turner sent to know of the admiral, what he should do? Sir Robert Mansel sent him word to shoot and sink him, if he would not take in the flag. This as it made the flag be pulled in, so caused a great complaint, and it was believed, it would have undone Sir Robert Mansel, the French faction pressing it so home; but he maintained the act, and was the better beloved of his master ever after, to his dying day." p. 25.

We must give a companion to the foregoing anecdote, and then we have done.

"The other ambassador sent to the Arch-Duke, was the old Earl of Hertford, who was conveyed over by one of the King's ships, by Sir William Monson, in whose passage a Dutch man-of-war, coming by that ship, would not vail, as the manner was, acknowledging by that our sovereignty over the sea. Sir William Monson gave him a shot to instruct him in his manners; but, instead of learning, he taught him, by returning another, he acknowledged no such sovereignty. This was the very first indignity offered to the royal ships of England, which since have been most frequent. Sir William Monson desired my Lord of Hertford to go into the hold, and he would instruct him by stripes, that refused to be taught by fair means; but the Earl charged him, on his allegiance, first to land him, on whom he was appointed to attend. So, to his great regret, he was forced to endure that indignity for which I have often heard him wish he had been hanged, rather than live that unfortunate commander of a King's ship, to be chronicled for the first that ever endured that affront, although it was not in his power to have helped it; yet, by his favour, it appeared but a copy of his countenance, for it had been but hazarding hanging, to have disobeyed my Lord's commandment; and it had been infinite odds he had not been hanged, having to friend him the house of Suffolk; nor would he have been so sensible of it, had he not been of the Spanish faction and that a Dutch ship." p. 48.

In points of historical authority, Sir Anthony Weldon is certainly not a writer who can be always relied upon; and yet, there seems no reason to believe him guilty of wilfully falsifying or misrepresenting facts. The error is almost inseparable,

from the nature of the work, which is rather a collection of reports and rumours than an accurate chronicle of events. His opinions are by no means free from partiality, and we clearly recognize in his pages, many of the prevailing prejudices of the day. The style of the work is harsh and negligent, and indeed almost illiterate; but this may, perhaps, in some degree be accounted for, when we consider that it was never prepared by the author for the press. Notwithstanding these defects, *The Court and Character of King James* will always be highly valued by the historian, as containing the evidence of an eye-witness to many of the scenes which he describes, and the opinion of a contemporary writer on the most important historical events of his day.

ART. IV.—*The History of the Troubles and Tryal of the Most Reverend Father in God, and Blessed Martyr, William Laud, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Wrote by Himself, during his Imprisonment in the Tower. To which is prefixed, The Diary of his own Life, faithfully and entirely published from the original copy.* London, 1695.

The auto-biography of Archbishop Laud is calculated, we think, to account satisfactorily both for the affectionate reverence entertained for his character by all who knew him thoroughly, and for the rancour with which his memory has been persecuted by those who have judged him solely upon the evidence of his political conduct. It has seldom happened, that a really good man has been so reasonably hated; seldom that the high virtues of piety, integrity, and patriotism, have been so completely and ruinously perverted. Like his royal master, Laud was the possessor of qualities which, under the guidance of a sounder discretion, might have commanded the gratitude of his own age, and the respect of posterity; but which can now only serve to blend with compassion the censures so deservedly called forth by the whole tenor of his disastrous administration.

The work before us developes very clearly those infirmities of temper and judgement, from which flowed all his misfortunes. We can here trace the workings of that pride, which, in the council-chamber, was ever impatient of advice; of that rashness, which could never brook even necessary delay; of that obstinacy, which scorned to retract a step manifestly wrong; and of that mingled bigotry and superstition, which

exposed all his ecclesiastical measures to alternate hatred and contempt. Let us add, that here too may be seen full evidence of all those "private virtues" which have been so eloquently illustrated by the pen of Clarendon: and that no one, in our opinion, can close this volume without a full conviction that Laud was a just, a sincere, and a really benevolent man.

The first question suggested by the title of this work is—What is the evidence of its genuineness? and that question admits, we think, of a very satisfactory answer. From an ill-written and rambling preface by the editor, it appears that the history of the work is shortly this: During Laud's imprisonment in the Tower, his papers were taken from him by an order of the House of Commons, the execution of which was intrusted to his inveterate enemy, Prynne; "who thereupon (says the editor) took from the archbishop twenty-one bundles of papers, which he had prepared for his defence; his *Diary*, his *Book of Private Devotions*, the *Scotch Service-book*, and directions accompanying it, &c. And although he then faithfully promised restitution of them within three or four days, yet never restored any more than three bundles; employed such against the archbishop at his trial, as might seem prejudicial to his cause; suppressed those which might be advantageous to him; published many, embezzelled some, and kept the rest to the day of his death." After Prynne's decease, Archbishop Sheldon procured an order from the court for seizing those of his papers which had been taken from Laud; among them was found this *Diary*, in Laud's own hand. By Sheldon the papers were transferred to Archbishop Sancroft; and were finally, under Sancroft's revision, published by Mr. Wharton, the editor. That the work is genuine admits, therefore, of no doubt.

Before, however, we can place confidence in the *authenticity* of this volume, another question presents itself: Does the work appear to have been intended by Laud for publication? for if it does, of course the statements it contains must be taken with considerable distrust. But to us it seems quite clear, that the *Diary*, at least, was never composed for any eye but his own; and our reasons for thinking so are these: First, it was Laud's custom, from childhood, to preserve a brief record of the principal transactions of his life; so that the *Diary* must have had its origin long before the writer could have conceived the design of giving it to the world. Secondly, the work itself is replete with incidents, which could by no possibility be interesting to any one but the individual to whom they had occurred. It is, moreover, the archbishop's common practice to write only the initials of those names which he introduces; a practice which surely testifies, on the part of the author, a cautious apprehension that his work might, rather

than an intention that it should, obtain publicity. Let our readers judge whether the following passages, which are taken nearly at random, could have been intended for the world:

"July 17. Sunday.—I went again to Windsor. I stood by the king at dinner time: some matters of philosophy were the subject of discourse. I dined: afterwards I eat in the house of the Bishop of Gloucester. Baron Vaughan was there present with his eldest son. The next day one of the bishop's servants, who had waited at table, was seized with the plague. God be merciful to me and the rest. That night I returned, being become lame on the sudden, through I know not what humour falling down upon my left leg, or (as R. An. thought) by the biting of bugs. I grew well within two days."

"August 25. Friday. — Two robin red-breasts flew together through the door into my study, as if one pursued the other. That sudden motion almost startled me. I was then preparing a sermon on Ephes. 4. 30. and studying."

"September 27. Saturday.—I fell sick, and came sick from Hampton Court.—Tuesday, Septemb. ult. I was sore plucked with this sickness."

"October 20. Monday.—I was forced to put on a truss for a rupture. I know not how occasioned, unless it were with swinging of a book for my exercise in private."

Or can any one believe, that the following memoranda were intended to enlighten posterity?

"Hope was given to me of A. H. Jan. 1, &c. I first began to hope it."

"My great unfortunateness with S. S. June 13."

"Lu. Bos. B. to E. B. May 2. *Et quid ad me?*"

"March 26. Sunday.—D. B. sent me to the king. There I gave to the king an account of those two businesses, which, &c. His majesty thanked me."

We think, therefore, that we hardly assume too much in taking for granted both the authenticity and genuineness of this *Diary*. With respect to the *History of his Tryal and Troubles*, Laud's intentions as to *its* publication after his death appear somewhat more dubious. In one passage, indeed, he uses these words: "How things in particular succeeded there (i. e. at the great council of lords and prelates, held at York A.D. 1640,) I know not; *nor belongs it much to the scope of this short history, intended only for myself.*"—p. 84. But we admit, that there is not that same degree of unexceptionable internal evidence to his intention in that respect, which we perceive in the *Diary*.

The great and primary cause of Laud's inadequacy to the duties of prime minister (for such he certainly was in point

of influence) seems to have been his very narrow and unstatesman-like education. We, of course, do not mean that his education was not sufficiently liberal, in the ordinary sense of the word; a statesman more learned and less wise has perhaps never existed. Nature appears to have destined him for the head of a college; but by some unlucky bias, he deviated into politics, and became a minister of state. From that moment, his life seems to have been one of uneasiness to himself, and of calamity to his country. Had he been content to sway his petty sceptre at Oxford, to prescribe university canons and regulate university manners, he might have been known to posterity as the best President that ever ruled St. John's; his life might have passed in works of humble but unquestionable utility, and have terminated in peace. But, in evil hour, Laud attracted the notice of James I., and the affectionate patronage with which he appears to have been honoured by that monarch, induced him to link his fortunes to those of a falling crown. Fresh from college, with all his academical prejudices in full vigour, with much knowledge of books and no experience of mankind, he became a confidential adviser at court. During the early part of his political life, he seems to have been content to forward the silly and violent schemes of Buckingham, the reigning favourite, without venturing, in any instance, to oppose them. Indeed, he appears to have looked upon Buckingham as his patron, and probably would have deemed himself *ungrateful* had he opposed any plan which it might have pleased the favourite to construct. And, in truth, we have never read of any man in whom "the sin of political gratitude" was more flagrantly exemplified than in Laud: from James he received favours, from Buckingham, and from Charles; and *therefore*, we conscientiously believe, he found himself unable to perceive a defect in any of their measures. His vanity was flattered by his speedy rise at court, by the deference shown to his piety and learning, and, above all, by the confidential intimacy in which he lived with two successive kings. In short, Laud was a man completely deceived himself, without the smallest wish to deceive others; vain, though meaning to be humble; ignorant, though profoundly learned—"by much the wisest fool" that ever aspired to the name of statesman.

Historians appear to have agreed in ascribing to the high prerogative notions of Charles I., and to his extraordinary obstinacy, a large share of the calamities which signalized his reign. And it was certainly most unfortunate, both for the country and for Charles himself, that his confidence was ever given to Laud; a man, if possible, more wedded to the principles of despotism, than even the monarch whom he served, and whose obstinacy, by encouraging and countenancing that

of Charles, served only to render it more impracticable. Unfortunately, too, the influence which Laud obtained over his royal master was not exerted at the council-board only; but he seems to have possessed a power much more extensive, filling, like the Earl of Bute at the commencement of the late reign, the invidious situation of confidential guide to the monarch in all affairs—public and private, ecclesiastical and temporal.

That Laud assumed the government at a season of peculiar difficulty is unquestionably true; and it may be fairly doubted whether that circumstance does or does not render his conduct susceptible of excuse. Had he been forced into the situation of first minister after the death of Buckingham, it would have been incumbent on us to make due allowances for the difficulties of his situation; on the contrary, if it should be true (and we fear impartial history will affirm it) that the dizzy height to which he attained was sought by himself, the guilt of his impotent ambition is greatly aggravated. But whatever judgement we may form as to Laud's conduct in assuming the reins at such a time, it is quite impossible to deny that the difficulties of his station might have foiled the talents even of a Ximenes or a Richlieu. For upwards of twenty years, the discontents of the nation had been advancing with slow, but steady pace; while the current of free opinion, so long frozen up under the chilling rule of the Tudors, had burst its icy fetters, and now rolled on through the whole reign of James, becoming, in each succeeding year, a wider, and a deeper, and a more resistless stream. Wonderful, too, as were the strides by which, at that very time, philosophy was advancing under the auspices of Bacon, we can hardly regard as less extraordinary the rapid increase of sound political knowledge, and correct political feeling. Men began to perceive, that the absurdities which prerogative had been talking and acting for so many years were both ridiculous and oppressive; that the British constitution, which had been so long perverted to serve only the purposes of royalty, contained many latent virtues, which, if resolutely elicited, might elevate and ennoble the degraded commons of the land; that liberty was the true nurse of the virtues and the sciences, while despotism lived by the suppression of both.

Hume has observed, that "although the British crown, on the accession of the Stuarts, was possessed of a very extensive authority, that authority was founded merely on the opinion of the people influenced by ancient precedent and example: it was not supported either by money or by force of arms; and for this reason we need not wonder that the princes of that line were so extremely jealous of their prerogative,—being sensible that when those claims were ravished from them, they pos-

sessed no influence by which they could maintain their dignity, or support the laws."* In this observation we think there is much truth; and it is an observation which deserves to be attended to, as accounting for that singular combination of violence and impotency, which signalized the prerogative measures of the first Stuarts. Luckily, however, public opinion, hitherto the staunch friend of court-ascendancy, now took a decided turn; luckily, we say, because the court-system, which had been gaining strength rapidly under the vigorous and prudent reign of Elizabeth, might have attained, even under a James or a Charles, such a degree of real power, as would have proved fatal to popular rights. The contest, henceforth, was indeed unequal; against the violence and imbecility of an ill-defined prerogative were matched the temperance, the wisdom, and the vigour of a prudent nation, awakened to a sense of its rights; against the mean intellect and narrow views of a Buckingham were ranged the mighty and energetic minds of a Hambden, a Pym, a Hollis, a Hyde, and a Falkland.

We have no space to recapitulate all the distresses into which Buckingham's rashness and folly precipitated his royal master. Our readers, no doubt, have present to their minds, his mad wars and ignominious treaties; his profligate extravagance, and his contemptible and illegal shifts; his tyrannical prosecutions of individuals, and his undisguised attacks upon the national laws. It is sufficient for our purpose to observe, that after he had exasperated popular indignation to the uttermost, after he had ruined his royal master in the opinions of his subjects, and after he had sown in folly the seeds of those misfortunes which his successors reaped in a bitter harvest, he fell by the hand of the assassin,—bequeathing his principles and his station to Laud.

It was under these circumstances, then, that the author of the work before us began his ill-starred administration; and how utterly unqualified he was to cope with such difficulties, may be learned, partly from the evidence of history, and in no small degree from the volume now under review. We shall lay before our readers some specimens of the political and ecclesiastical views of the archbishop as given by himself, that they may form some judgement of his qualifications for that post into which his own misfortune or his own temerity introduced him.

The following is the philosophical view taken of the public discontents by the king's chief adviser:

"The synod thus ended, and the canons having this success;

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* *Hist. of Eng.* Appendix to the reign of James I.

but especially the parliament ending so unhappily; the King was very hardly put to it, and sought all other means, as well as he could, to get supply against the Scots. But all that he could get, proved too little, or came too late for that service. For the averse party in the late parliament, or by and by after, before they parted, ordered things so, and filled mens' minds with such strange jealousies; that the King's good people were almost generally possest, that his Majesty had a purpose to alter the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom, and to bring in slavery upon his people: a thing (which for ought I know) his Majesty never intended. But the parliament-men, which would not relieve the King, by their meeting in that assembly, came to understand and inform one another; and at their return, were able to possess their several counties with the apprehensions themselves had; and so they did. Upon this, some lords and others, who had by this time made an underhand solemn confederacy with a strong faction of the Scots, brought an army of them into the kingdom." p. 83.

The arbitrary proceedings of the court, and the reasonings by which they were supported, are not ill depicted in the following passages. We have no doubt, that Laud was prepared to vindicate all his tyrannical proceedings in the star-chamber and high-commission court, by pretexts equally specious. To appreciate the gross folly of his conduct, it should be remembered, that at the very time when the occurrences to which the following extracts refer took place, there existed in the nation a general belief, that the laws were administered in an arbitrary manner. Surely a wise minister would have been careful not to exasperate, at such a time, the already irritated jealousy of the nation; nor would he have thought that pretexts like those by which Laud vindicated his conduct, could possibly satisfy a sharp-sighted people, who must have seen that by reasonings precisely similar, any proceeding, however vindictive, might be justified.

" December 21.—Monday, I was fined £500. in the parliament house, and Sir John Lambe and Sir Henry Martin, £250 a piece, for keeping Sir Robert Howard close prisoner in the case of the escape of the Lady Viscountess Purbeck out of the Gate-house; which Lady he kept avowedly, and had children by her. *In such a case, say the imprisonment were more than the law allow; what may be done for honour and religion sake?* This was not a fine to the King, but damage to the party." p. 60.

This story of Sir Robert Howard is told at greater length in the *History:* the Archbishop's defence of himself is also more elaborate; and we shall extract the passage, with a view of giving a fuller specimen of the court reasonings.

" Now, the case of Sir Robert Howard was this. He fell in league with the Lady Viscountess Purbeck. The Lord Viscount Pur-

beck being in some weakness and distemper, the lady used him at her pleasure, and betook herself, in a manner, wholly to Sir Robert Howard, and had a son by him. She was delivered of this child in a clandestine way, under the name of Mistress Wright. These things came to be known, and she was brought into the high-commission; and there, after a legal proceeding, was found guilty of adultery, and sentenced to do penance; many of the great lords of the kingdom being present in court, and agreeing in the sentence. Upon this sentence she withdrew herself, to avoid the penance. This sentence passed at London house, in Bishop Mountain's time, November 19, A. D. 1627. I was then present, as Bishop of Bath and Wells. After this, when the storm was somewhat over, Sir Robert Howard conveyed her to his house at . . . . . in Shropshire, where she lived avowedly with him some years, and had by him . . . children. At last, they grew to that open boldness, that he brought her up to London, and lodged her in Westminster. This was so near the court, and in so open view, that the king and the lords took notice of it, as a thing full of impudence, that they should so publicly adventure to outface the justice of the realm, in so foul a business. And one day, as I came of course to wait on his majesty, he took me aside and told me of it, being then Archbishop of Canterbury; and added, that it was a great reproach to the church and nation; and that I neglected my duty, in case I did not take order for it. I made answer, she was the wife of a peer of the realm; and that without his leave I could not attach her; but that now I knew his majesty's pleasure, I would do my best to have her taken, and brought to penance, according to the sentence against her. The next day I had the good hap to apprehend both her and Sir Robert; and by order of the high-commission court, imprisoned her in the Gate-house, and him in the Fleet.

"This was (as far as I remember) upon a Wednesday; and the Sunday sevennight after, was thought upon to bring her to penance. She was much troubled at it, and so was he. And therefore in the middle of the week following, Sir Robert dealt with some of his friends, and amongst the rest, with one Sir . . . . . of Hampshire; who with money, corrupted the turnkey of the prison (so they call him) and conveyed the lady forth, and after that into France, in man's apparel, (as that knight himself hath since made his boast.) This was told me the morning after the escape; and you must think the good fellowship of the town was glad of it. In the mean time, I could not but know, though not perhaps prove as then, that Sir Robert Howard laboured and contrived this conveyance. And thereupon, in the next sitting of the high-commission, ordered him to be close prisoner, till he brought the lady forth. So he continued close prisoner about some two or three months. For this, the fine abovementioned, was imposed upon me, as being a most unjust and illegal imprisonment. Whereas the parliament (to the great honour of their justice be it spoken) have kept me in prison now, full thirteen months, and upward, and have not so much as brought up a particular charge against me; and how much longer they will keep me, God knows. *Now, say that all forms of law were not observed by me; yet somewhat was to be indulged, in regard I did it to vindicate such a crying impiety.*

But yet, I do here solemnly protest, I observed the order of the court in which I sat, and that court settled by an act of parliament, 1 *Elizabeth.* And I did not knowingly err in any particular. More I could say in these my sufferings, but I will blast no family of honour for one man's fault." p. 146—7.

Great, however, as we may think the folly of Laud's political measures, his absurdities upon the subject of church government appear to have been not one whit less gross and mischievous. It is well known that, during his whole administration, he was constantly at war with the religious notions of most Englishmen and all Scotchmen. His headstrong and impolitic opposition to the prejudices of the English puritans is deserving of censure; but it is quite impossible for language to express the gross folly and the rank injustice of (what he called) his reforms in the Scottish church. In spite of the indignant remonstrances of all Scotland—and never did a nation utter remonstrances so unanimous and unequivocal; in spite of all the difficulties with which the English government was encompassed at home, and which were fully commensurate with all its capacities; in spite of all the solemn warnings which history and observation afforded; it seemed to Laud, not unwise to attempt a thorough reformation of the Scottish faith. At the very time when the English throne was rocking nearly to its fall, the prime-minister engaged his master and himself in a crusade against kirk-worship; the task of conciliating an English parliament was laid aside for the purpose of squabbling with Scotch divines; and it became the grand object of government to fasten the abominated surplice upon refractory presbyterian shoulders.

We are pretty sure, that no reasonings, however strong, would have carried through the Archbishop's projects; but, we really must say, in vindication of the Scottish people, that more contemptible reasonings than those by which he attempted to subdue their prejudices, were never employed for any purpose whatever. Even afterwards, when he came, during his imprisonment in the Tower, to review his own conduct, and to devise the best answers he could to the charges preferred against him in parliament, his arguments were framed a good deal after the following fashion.

"As for the custom in Scotland, of fasting on the Lord's day; it is not only sometimes, as is here expressed, but continually, when they have any solemn fast, the Lord's day is the day for it. And if I did write, that that was opposite to Christianity itself; I doubt it is too true. For it is against the practice of the whole church of Christ, and that which is so, must oppose Christianity itself. And this I find; that as apostolical universal tradition settled the Lord's day for holy and public worship; so from the very Apostles' times, the same general

tradition hath at all times accounted it unlawful to fast upon that day, and if an ordinary fast were not lawful upon that day, much less was a solemn. Nor is there any thing more clear in all antiquity. For in the *Canons of the Apostles*, (which if they be not theirs, are very ancient,) if a priest did fast upon the Lord's day, he was to be deposed; and if a layman, he was to be excommunicated. And St. Ignatius tells us, if any man fast upon the Lord's day, he is Christ's interfector, a murderer of Christ: and that I am sure is against Christianity itself. Tertullian professes, it is altogether unlawful. The Council of Gangra, held *An.* 324. decreed against it, and set an anathema upon it; and that not only when it is done in contempt of the day, but also though it be done as a help to continency. And St. Hilary agrees with this, and calls it not a custom, but a constitution; such a constitution, as that if any man shall advisedly, and of set purpose, fast on the Lord's day, by the decree of the fourth Council of Carthage, he should not be accounted a Catholic; and they must needs do it advisedly, and of set purpose, who appoint a public solemn fast upon that day, and then keep it. And this was so strictly observed in St. Ambrose his time, that it was not held lawful to fast upon that day, no not in Lent. Nay, he goes farther, for he says expressly, if any man make a law, or give a command for fasting on the Lord's day, he believes not in the resurrection of Christ. And is not this opposite to Christianity itself? and is not that *legem indicere*, when they proclaim or command a public fast?" p. 92. * * *

"Next I am charged; that concerning these whites, I brake my promise to the Bishop of Edinburgh. Truly, to the utmost of my memory, I cannot recall any such passage or promise, made to that reverend and learned prelate; and I must have been very ill advised, had I made any such promise, having no warrant from his majesty to engage for any such thing. As for that which follows, that he was moved against his will to put on those garments; truly he expressed nothing at that time to me, that might signify it was against his will. And his learning and judgement were too great to stumble at such external things; especially such having been the ancient habits of the most reverend bishops from the descent of many hundred years, as may appear in the life of St. Cyprian. And therefore, the novation was in the church of Scotland, when her bishops left them off, not when they put them on." p. 89. * * * *

"As for the taking down of galleries in St. Andrews; to the utmost of my memory, I never gave either command or direction. Nor can it stand with any show of probability, that I should command the taking down of galleries in St. Andrews, where I had nothing to do, and let galleries stand in so many churches in London, and other parts of my province, where I had power. The truth is, I did never like galleries in any church; they utterly deface the grave beauty and decency of those sacred places, and make them look more like a theatre than a church. Nor in my judgement, do they make any great accommodation for the auditory; for in most places, they hinder as much room beneath, as they make above; rendering all, or most of those places useless, by the noise and trampling of them which stand above

in the galleries. And if I be mistaken in this, it is nothing to the business in hand; for be galleries what they will for the use, I commanded not the taking of them down at St. Andrews. At Edinburgh, the king's command took down the stone walls and galleries, which were there removed, and not mine. For his majesty having, in a Christian and princely way, erected and endowed a bishoprick in Edinburgh, he resolved to make the great church of St. Giles in that city, a cathedral; and to this end, gave order to have the galleries in the lesser church, and the stone wall which divided them, taken down. For of old, they were both one Church, and made two by a wall built up at the west-end of the chancel; so that that which was called the lesser church, was but the chancel of St. Giles, with galleries round about it, and was for all the world like a square theatre, without any show of a church; as is also the church at Brunt-Iland over against it. And I remember, when I passed over at the Frith, I took it, at first sight, for a large square Pigeon-house, so free was it from all suspicion of being so much as built like an ancient church." p. 96.

We have already stated our opinion, that Laud, in the whole of his public conduct, was perfectly sincere; and, that he really believed himself to be promoting the interests of the nation. How greatly he erred in that belief, must be evident to all; and it is not a little singular, that at no period of his life does he seem to have distrusted the prudence of his own measures, not even when time had developed their disastrous consequences. It might have been supposed that, during his long imprisonment in the Tower, when he was compelled, for the purpose of preparing a defence against the impending charges of the Commons, to review with accuracy the whole of his public life, he would have discovered certain passages calculated to excite strong doubts as to the wisdom of his conduct. If, however, such doubts presented themselves to his mind at all, he has carefully refrained from expressing them in the work before us. On the contrary, he keeps up, from beginning to end, a tone of astonishment at that blind malevolence of his enemies, which refused to acknowledge the propriety of his measures. This, we think, is a strong proof of the purity of his intentions, though it may perhaps tend to reduce still lower our opinion of his judgement. The sincerity of his religious principles, which was indeed never doubted upon any tolerable evidence, is also remarkably testified by the consolation he seems to have derived from them under his heaviest misfortunes. The following passage affords a specimen of his feelings when the storm of parliamentary indignation first broke over his head.

" December 18, 1640, being Friday.—Upon this day Mr. Densell Hollis, second son to John, Earl of Clare, by order from the house of commons, came up to the lords, and accused me of high treason;

and told the lords, they would make proof thereof in convenient time; but desired in the mean time, that I might be committed to safe custody. This was strange news to my innocency; for this I can say for myself, without falsehood or vanity, that to the uttermost of my understanding, I served the king, my gracious master, with all duty and faithfulness; and without any known or wilful disservice to the state therewhile. And this I did, with as true and free a heart, as ever any man did that served the king. And I thank God, my care was such for the public, that it is well known, I much neglected my own private fortunes there while. The more was I amazed at the first apprehension of this heavy and undeserved charge.

"Upon this charge, I was commanded to withdraw. But I first desired leave to speak a few words; and I spake to this effect; that I was heartily sorry for the offence taken against me, and that I was most unhappy, to have my eyes open to see that day, and mine ears to hear such a charge. But humbly desired their lordships, to look upon the whole course of my life, which was such, as that I did verily persuade myself, not one man in the house of commons did believe in his heart, that I was a traitor. Here my lord, the Earl of Essex, interrupted me, and said, that speech of mine was a scandal put upon the whole house of commons, that they should bring me up charged with so high a crime, which themselves did not believe. I humbly desired then, that I might be proceeded with in the ancient parliamentary way of England. This the Lord Say excepted against; as if I would prescribe them how they should proceed. So I withdrew, as I was commanded, and was presently called in again to the bar; and thence delivered to Mr. James Maxwell, the officer of the black rod, to be kept in custody, till the house of commons should farther impeach me.

"Here I humbly desired leave, that I might go home to fetch some papers necessary for my defence. This was granted me with some difficulty, and Mr. Maxwell was commanded to attend me all the while I should stay. When I was gone to Lambeth, after some little discourse (and sad enough) with my steward, and some private friends, I went into my chapel to evening prayer. The psalms for that day gave me much comfort, and were observed by some friends then present, as well as by myself. And upon the comfort I then received, I have every day since (unless some urgent business prevented me) read over both these psalms, and, God willing, purpose so to do every day of my life. Prayers being ended, I went with Mr. Maxwell, as I was commanded; hundreds of my poor neighbours standing at my gates to see me go, and prayed heartily for my safe return to my house; for which I blessed God and them." p. 73.

Such ample justice has been done to the private virtues of Laud, by the eloquence of Clarendon, that we shall trouble our readers upon that head very briefly. It is, however, a subject to which, briefly as we can notice it, we turn with far greater pleasure than we have felt in dwelling on the errors of his public life. Upon his sincerity a few words have been already

said. To his charities, ample testimony is borne by the records of many a religious foundation still in existence. His munificent patronage of learning has, perhaps, never been surpassed in this country. His zeal in the cause of virtue, though often intemperate, was unquestionably sincere; his notions of justice, though rigorous, seem never to have been vindictive; his gratitude, though undiscriminating, was yet pure. Much praise, we think, is also due to him for the sincerity and steadfastness of his friendship to Strafford: in spite of all the infirmities of temper which that great man was apt to manifest, and in spite too of all his influence with the monarch, which nearly rivalled Laud's, and might therefore have excited his jealousy, the Archbishop seems to have lived with him in confidence and friendship, and has pronounced over his tomb an eulogy which we extract on account of its mingled truth and beauty.

"These answers being returned, the earl prepared himself; and upon Wednesday morning, about ten of the clock, being May the twelfth, he was beheaded on the Tower-hill, many thousands behold ing him. The speech which he made at his end was a great testimony of his religion and piety, and was then printed: and in their judgement, who were men of worth, and some upon, some near the scaffold, and saw him die, he made a patient, and pious, and couragious end; insomuch, that some doubted whether his death had more of the Roman or the Christian in it, it was so full of both. And notwithstanding this hard fate which fell upon him, he is dead with more honour than any of them will gain who hunted after his life. Thus ended the wisest, the stoutest, and every way the ablest subject that this nation hath bred these many years. The only imperfections which he had, that were known to me, were his want of bodily health, and a carelessness (or rather roughness) not to oblige any; and his mishaps in this last action were, that he groaned under the public envy of the nobles, served a mild and a gracious prince, who knew not how to be, or be made great; and trusted false, perfidious, and cowardly men in the northern employment, though he had many doubts put to him about it. This day was after called by divers, *Homicidium Comitis Straffordiæ*, the day of the murder of Strafford: because when malice itself could find no law to put him to death, they made a law on purpose for it. God forgive all, and be merciful."

We have spoken of the sincerity of Laud's religious principles, as admitted even by his bitterest opponents; but we think it fair to say that those principles, as represented even by himself, appear to have been considerably tinctured with superstition. Many passages in the work before us warrant this opinion; and some of them, indeed, are of such a nature as to be excused only by the current prejudices of the time. See, for example, how ingeniously he avails himself of the misfortune of Lord Brook to "clap a judgment upon his back."

"The Lord Brook was now in action. A bitter enemy he was to the church, and her government by bishops. On March 2, he was going to give onset upon the close of the cathedral at Litchfield; and as he was taking view of the place, from a window in a house opposite to the close, and his beaver up, so that a musket at such a distance could have done him but little harm; yet was he shot in the left eye, and killed dead in the place without speaking one word. Whence I shall observe three things: first, that this great and known enemy to cathedral churches died thus fearfully in the assault of a cathedral. A fearful manner of death in such a quarrel. Secondly, that this happened upon Saint Chad's day, of which Saint the Cathedral bears the name. Thirdly, that this lord coming from dinner about two years since, from the Lord Herbert's house in Lambeth, upon some discourse of St. Paul's church, then in their eye upon the water, said to some young lords that were with him, that he hoped to live to see that one stone of that building should not be left upon another. But that church stands yet, and that eye is put out that hoped to see the ruins of it." p. 201.

Moreover, the scrupulous minuteness with which he records his dreams, (and the diary is full of them,) savours strongly of the same infirmity. We shall conclude our extracts from this volume, with a specimen or two of the Archbishop's nightly visions; just observing, that the favours of Queen Mab, which he has here recorded, though numerous, seem hardly to have been of the choicest.

"December 14.—Sunday night, I did dream that the Lord Keeper was dead: that I passed by one of his men, that was about a monument for him: that I heard him say, his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. This dream did trouble me." p. 7.

"August 21.—Sunday, I preached at Brecknock; where I stayed two days, very busy in performing some business. That night, in my sleep, it seemed to me, that the Duke of Buckingham came into bed to me; where he behaved himself with great kindness towards me, after that rest, wherewith wearied persons are wont to solace themselves. Many also seemed to me to enter the chamber, who saw this. Not long before, I dreamed that I saw the Dutchess of Buckingham, that excellent Lady, at first very much perplexed about her husband, but afterwards cheerful and rejoycing that she was freed from the fear of abortion, so that in due time she might be again a mother." p. 22.

"January 5.—Epiphany-eve, and Friday, in the night I dreamed, that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the cloaths a little, looked pleasantly upon me; and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then showed to me a certain old man, long since deceased; whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground, merry enough, but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke." p. 37.

XUM

" January 14.—Sunday, towards morning I dreamed, that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I know not whither, with iron chains ; but returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback, and went away ; neither could I overtake him." p. 38.

" January 16.—I dreamed that the King went out to hunt ; and that when he was hungry, I brought him on the sudden into the house of my friend, Francis Windebank. While he prepareth to eat, I, in the absence of others, presented the cup to him after the usual manner. I carried drink to him ; but it pleased him not. I carried it again, but in a silver cup : thereupon, his Majesty said, you know that I always drink out of glass. I go away again, and awoke." p. 38.

" July 7.—Saturday night, I dreamed that I had lost two teeth. The Duke of Buckingham took the Isle of Rhée." p. 41.

" January 24.—Friday, at night I dreamed that my father (who died forty-six years since) came to me ; and, to my thinking, he was as well and as cheerful as ever I saw him. He asked me, what I did here ? and after some speech, I asked him, how long he would stay with me ? he answered, he would stay till he had me away with him. *I am not moved with dreams ;* yet I thought fit to remember this." p. 57.

Upon the whole, we do not think that this work is calculated to diminish any of the prejudices which we had entertained against the political character of the author, or to inspire us with any respect for his talents. Making all possible allowances for the difficulties of his public situation, we can see in him nothing more than a man with very ordinary abilities for government under the guidance of a very defective judgement. A comparison has sometimes been instituted between Laud and Wolsey ; but never, certainly, was a more unfortunate comparison made. True, both rose from a very humble rank in life to the first station in the kingdom ; both were churchmen ; both were ambitious ; both unfortunate. But Wolsey seems to have been a man of talents equal to his fortunes—talents to which Laud could make no pretension ; while, on the other hand, Laud was the undoubted possessor of virtues, to which Wolsey appears to have been an utter stranger.

We have spoken, without reserve, the sentiments which we entertain as to the public conduct of our author, and feel no desire to qualify the censures we have pronounced. At the same time, however, we look with feelings of shame and abhorrence upon that infamous proceeding, misnamed a trial, by which Laud was brought to the scaffold. That both he and Strafford had shown themselves unfit for power, by the indiscreet and arbitrary use they made of it, we are fully convinced ; but not less strong is our conviction, that neither Strafford nor Laud, in the plenitude and wantonness of their authority, ever committed such an outrage upon the laws as that by which they died.

ART. V.—*The Cure of Old Age and Preservation of Youth, by* Roger Bacon, *a Franciscan Friar; translated out of Latin by* Richard Browne, *M.L. Col. Med. Lond.* 1683.

A Physical Account of the Tree of Life, by Edw. Madeira Arrais. 1683.

Sure Methods of attaining a Long and Healthful Life, with the Means of correcting a Bad Constitution, by Lewis Cornaro; *translated from the Italian.* 1737.

Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave; wherein a Method is laid down for prolonging the Life and Vigour of Man. 1749.

A Delineation of the particular History of Life and Death, with a view to preserve Health and retard Old Age, by Francis Bacon, *Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban's.* 1778.

We do not know how it may be with our readers; but for our own parts, we confess that we are very willing to *be*—that is, to remain, to exist, as long as circumstances and the fates will permit. We should have no objection to bargain for some five hundred years (we don't like to be unreasonable), provided we might during that time write—and be read. This may seem a little derogatory—a little like an admission of mere, common, human infirmity, which we, of editorial nature, should not be too forward to allow. For an editor, as he is in numerals more than a man, so ought he to be superior in a freedom from the ordinary infirmities—prejudice, ignorance, haste, death, and the like. The only excuse which we have to offer for contesting this position is, that it is—true. Like other people of great pretensions, kings, poets, warriors, philosophers, popular preachers, and inventors of "patent" medicines,—so editors of reviews and magazines die off and decay. The "brief candles" of their lives (from a farthing upwards) shed for a time a little light, and show a good deal of vapouring—they are puffed—they struggle—and at last, like all others, go out. Of course, they leave the world in darkness.

For our own particular parts, having admitted very readily our mortality (Mrs. Malaprop would call it our morality) and frailty, we may the less scrupulously lay claim to some qualities which our readers will be pleased to throw into the opposite scale. We have our weakness (good nature),—but we think, that we are entitled also to some credit for common sense and

sincere opinion. We do not certainly wait till every other periodical work has tasted and approved the relish of a book, and then come forth with our own flat speculations on obvious matters, founded upon the wisdom or mistakes of our betters. We do not consider our literary "repository" (to use good Mr. Ackerman's phrase), as a place of refuge for dull rebuses, and charades which must always remain a riddle. We do not correspond with ourselves, nor insert all the letters we receive, in order to show our own want of wit. We are not (we hope) prolix beyond all our contemporaries, yet eternally falling short of the mark. We do not pique ourselves on possessing an obituary, with every "Thomson" and "Johnson" faithfully set down, their mark and livelihood. (We know that the world does not care to hear of such unprofitable matters.) We have no account of West Lambeth Church. We have no epitaphs, original or from the *Elegant Extracts*, that can beguile, with their bad grammar, the muscles of our readers for a moment. We leave our friends to enjoy the quiet range of all abbeys and parish churches, from the Sid to the Tyne. A mermaid comes to Wapping, a pitchfork is transmuted into Neptune's trident, and of these we have no record.—If our readers can forgive us such omissions, we are content. We will in turn endeavour to lead them now and then from the dusty and beaten road of learning, over green and cheerful paths, "by forest side or fountain," and show them bright things which the growth of later ages has hidden, but which nothing can ever destroy.

Having premised thus much, we will proceed to consider our subject. And here let not the courteous reader, or rather the good matter-of-fact reader, dispute with us at the outset. Let him not deny to our wish of five hundred years its possible accomplishment. We ourselves are not "true believers" in the Eastern fashion. We do not credit all things good, bad, and indifferent. Yet, although we have some lurking doubts about the philosopher's stone, and even the *elixir vitæ*, we believe that something material may be done to prolong our lives, and save our age from the common penalties of pain and premature decay. We do not here refer to Dr. Brodum, who instructs us how to arrive at a *cordial* old age; nor to Dr. Solomon (his gentle spirit will forgive us)—nor to his balm; neither have we in our immediate thoughts (though we respect his labours) Sir John Sinclair, who tells us, that the road to longevity is not paved with hard dumplings, nor watered very plentifully by either whiskey or wine.

Much no doubt may be done for our inveterate lovers of life, by air, and exercise, and diet. The grand nostrums certainly startle us sometimes, as well by their audacity as by the number of exceptions who daily die off in defiance of the

perpetual life poured into them. There is no knowing what to do with such rebels against their own immortality. We vent our spleen against them at first; but in the end we are obliged to inquire into the specific. Then our misgiving commences. We discover that there is something (or nothing) in it, which argues against its universal character. We deny its virtues; and from one solitary instance insist upon the incompetency of all possible elixirs. This is not fair dealing. Much less fair is it to go further still, and argue, that life itself is not to be, even by *any* means, prolonged. Proverbs, as well as facts, should teach us better.

"*Senhor, may you live* A THOUSAND YEARS!"—Such used to be a Spaniard's wish; nay it is so even now. It has grown into a proverb. It is hallowed by constant use. Shall we believe that it is merely jocose, chimerical? It may sound a little rhetorical, a little exaggerated; but we have no doubt that it is meant sincerely, and (what is more to the purpose) considered as not utterly impossible.—*May you live a thousand years!* It sounds like a magnificent blessing, full and musical. What a prodigal utterance must he have had who first spoke it! What an antipathy to arithmetic and fractions! We talk of a fine old age of three-score and ten years—It is contemptible. "What employment have we here," that could be ended so soon? What science could be mastered? what paradox made plain? what star surely tracked in its finer wanderings? what, in short, can we do that is worth doing, in so poor a fragment of time?

Once, our fathers were a mighty people. The men before the flood and after had their thousand years allotted to them, and they were wise and happy. They were patriarchs, and saw through the long file of their generations, blessing and blessed. It is true, that the taint of the first murder was upon them, and all were not free from error; yet it was not with them as with us, who, sickly and degenerate, fall into the earth before our time, and die in the morning of our wisdom. They read the stars, and "commerced with the skies." Heaven opened its bright gates, and disclosed to their seers its wondrous secrets. Dumb nature obeyed them, and spoke. The rock burst, and gave forth its waters. The great sea bared its heart, and let them pass. They had visions radiant as day, gorgeous as the rainbow,—sights, of which words are but the shadow. They had angels for their companions; and they heard the word of God—and lived.

> *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nórint,*
> *Agricolas!*—

The assertions as to the long lives of the patriarchs cannot

be explained away on the ground of mere trope or figure; nor even by different methods of calculating time. Neither is it only a Jewish story, credited in Judæa. The old Chaldean, Egyptian, and Chinese authors speak of the great ages of those who lived in early times: and Pliny and Xenophon admit their testimony without hesitation. Whether longevity is to be ascribed to some peculiar providence is another question. Perhaps much may be attributed to simplicity of living, and something to freedom from hereditary disease.—Some of the most learned of the Jews have considered, that a certain term of life was actually fixed by the Creator, beyond which it was impossible to live. The Chaldeans, and perhaps others, believed, that life depended on the stars. The Greeks admitted the unalterable will of fate (this last differs little from our own notions of the prescience of the Deity): but that a *certain term* of three-score and ten or four-score years should be fixed and known as the decree of God, seems hardly consistent with our general ideas either of his wisdom or beneficence.

Whether Nature has so fashioned the crazy tenement of man, that it will endure the storms of a thousand winters, we cannot pretend to say. Here our experience fails us; and theory supplies little but conjecture. But that life may be *improved*, that youth may be prolonged, and age made less infirm, and death retarded, we conscientiously believe. Certain animals are known to outlive the ordinary term of man's life; yet we do not know that any thing has been discovered in their structure to account for such excelling longevity. The stag, the elephant, the eagle, the parrot, the viper, are notorious livers. And in the year 1497, in a fish-pond in Suabia, a carp, of prodigious size, was found, which had in its ear a ring of copper, with these words in Latin: "*I am the first fish that was put into this pond, by the hands of Frederick the Second, governor of the world, the 5th October,* 1230." So that this carp must have lived two hundred and sixty-seven years. In this last case, the parallel may not be quite so straight, as with animals who breathe the same atmosphere with man; though we know of nothing which leads us to suppose, that fishes in general attain a greater age than birds or quadrupeds, living in a different element.

But, lest such instances should be deemed insufficient, we may observe, that there are cases of such extreme longevity among ourselves, as to justify a hope that the ordinary term of life may be at least considerably extended. The most famous physicians, in particular, were also famous livers. Hippocrates lived to the age of 104.—Asclepiades, the Persian, to 150.—Galen, in complete health, to 104. (Such men, the author of

Hermippus Redivivus justly observes, "*do honour to their profession.*") Besides these, there are instances far more extraordinary, which are tolerably well authenticated. It is recorded, that in Bengal there was a certain peasant who reached the age of 335! In America (beyond the British settlements in Florida) there died some years ago an Indian prince, who had the full use of his faculties and limbs to the last, who remembered the coming of the Spaniards into those parts: he consequently must have been upwards of 200 years old. There is also an account of a man, called Francis Secardi Hongo, who, after marrying successively five wives, and having fifteen or twenty concubines, arrived at the age of 115 years; and another, of some Hungarians who attained respectively the extraordinary ages of 172, 185, and 187 years.

To these facts, many others of a more doubtful nature might be easily added. The stories of the Hermetic philosophers are undoubtedly dashed with enough of the marvellous to justify some incredulity on our parts; yet the lives of many were so pure, and the accounts of others so seriously insisted upon, that we shall do well to pause before we bestow on them our unqualified disbelief, and despise what we cannot learn, for a certainty, to be either false or true. That we should live a thousand years, or even five hundred, seems at first to be a monstrous impossibility. But if a man should assert, that he remembered Oliver Cromwell, we should quite as readily conclude him to be an impostor; and yet, it is tolerably notorious, that some men have actually outlived a century and an half. Old Parr died in 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two years. Lawrence Hutland died in the Orkneys when he was one hundred and seventy; and the famous Countess of Desmond was known to be more than one hundred and forty, at the time of her death.

What is the *cause* of longevity, is undoubtedly very difficult to say. It is impossible to found a system upon the accounts given from time to time of extremely old persons. Some lived in cold and some in hot countries; some rose early and some late; some were temperate, and others free livers. Almost all, however, seem to have used a great deal of exercise, and they lived, we suspect plainly, even when they indulged in spirits, or wine. It is remarkable, that the oldest pensioners in Greenwich hospital appear to have lived generally in warm countries, while most of the invalid soldiers in Kilmainham barracks passed their lives in cold climates. Again, the instances of long life in the northern countries are somewhat striking; and yet, the patriarchs lived beneath a burning sky, and tilled an arid soil. One satisfactory conclusion, however, is to be drawn from all this; and with that we must be con-

tent. It is, that, however medical writers may assert that heat, or cold, or excess of any sort, tends to accelerate death, yet the frame of man is constructed of such durable materials as to enable it to fight up against all the adversities of circumstance, and to withstand the rigours of all seasons, whether at the tropic or the poles.

Old age is said to be "the only natural disease" inflicted upon human nature. For the rest, we have to thank our own ingenuity; not "the stars." The curries of the East, the sauces of France, the grapes of Portugal and Spain, have been the enemies of man. The sins of the Roman banquets are visited on the heads of their imbecile generation; and we think that our modern apoplexies, and other errors of health, may be traced pretty distinctly to those enormous "barons of beef" and roasted oxen, upon which our forefathers once fed to satiety. Now, having lost "the substantials," we have nothing to do, but to get speedily thin upon turtle and stewed carp, (we wonder whether our friend of Swabia ended his two hundred and sixty-seventh year in the stew-pan),—and on legs of Welch mutton and other such etherial aliment, (scarce better than the chamelion's) and to begin our race of a thousand years, upon experience of our ancestors' folly.

In the first place, *Moderation* should be carved upon every plate, and should stand out in bright relief on every wine cup. Beaumont and Fletcher were wits and fine writers, but *they did not know where to stop*. They over past the goal. Their wit ran over and went to waste. They showed plethora rather than strength. It is the same with our friends the aldermen: they are rosy, but not healthy; huge, but not robust. The cold evening winds which meet them (like the scythe of Time) after the city ceremonials, would pass them harmlessly were they temperate at table. But the "sons of Belial" may never aspire to be long livers. The "bottle is the sun of *their* table," and its circle is speedily accomplished. Neither should the student exult prematurely over his less worthy brethren. He too is marked out for a brief career. To sit and think and dream of love or heaven is delightful. It is a pity that any penalty should be attached to it. And yet, there is,—he must die. Study, in its excess, is like a fearful spell. It conjures up demons, and hideous phantasmas, legions of grisly shapes, fancies unutterable—things such as trooped

> 'Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
> 'Harpies and Hydras,—'

and others, all armed with the shears of Fate, between which our slender threads sooner or later become entangled. Not only is excess of thought bad; but the mere fact of sitting for a length

of time, tends to produce disease, and eventually death. The

"*Sedet, eternumque sedebit,*"

is all very well. It has been quoted often: yet he who sits much will certainly not sit for ever. He may breakfast with the Houris, and drink, in imagination, his nectar with Jove at noon; but in the evening he must sup with Pluto. He must go where poet and philosopher have gone before him; he must leave his body a meal for the worm, and shrink into a shadow,—to a name. He must part with all, even his darling books, even (perhaps) his thoughts, and descend like the Assyrian Ninus, from "ceiled roofs to arched coffins; from living like a god, to die like man."

—It is now time to give our readers some account of the books at the head of our article; though we have some difficulty in finding for them an extract, either amusing or edifying, except from our friend Hermippus.

Yet, Roger Bacon was an extraordinary man. His wisdom obtained for him the hate of his contemporaries and the reputation of dealing with the devil. He was, in truth, a great light in a dark age,—a fiery pillar, that withered the green follies and dwarf superstitions around him. The light he yielded was for posterity, and it was only from posterity that he could hope for admiration or gratitude. He has, to be sure, been renowned rather for his "brazen head," than for his labours in art and science; yet he is well known by the studious to have been the precursor, in certain paths, of more famous men, who, acting upon his suggestions, have built up for themselves a great renown. He is said, by some, even to have been the inventor of gunpowder. Whether he was or not, or what his meanings are, in fact, is sometimes difficult to say; since he was compelled, by the jealous follies of his time, to wrap up his wisdom in a cloud of mystery. His book on the *Cure of Old Age*, is curious enough. It is not of much value as a medicinal work, of course; but it betrays the state of knowledge at that time, and shows how a wise man, like Bacon, could preserve, in the midst of great accuracy of thinking, certain small superstitions of science. He believes in dragon's blood (and of course in dragons,) in the bones of stags' hearts, and the *aurum potabile;* and discusses the merits of oils which would put Mr. Atkinson and Messrs. Mokrifusky and Prince speedily to the blush. There is the Oil of Balm, *Oleum Benedictum;* and that which "by art is *made of bricks*," (we confess we should like to see this tried, were it only in a pantomime;) and there is also the *dragantum* and *albalcae*, which "strip off the grey hairs, and in their stead, do plant black and youthful ones." He adds, however, "I have not tried these things;" and we admire his caution.

In order to give the reader an idea of the style of this

book, we will quote one of the shortest chapters, which treats "of things that excite the animal faculty, refresh men's bodies, and quicken motion."

"All wise men that have yet treated of the regiment of health, constantly affirm, that the aged, and men well grown in years, presently after they are risen from sleep, should be anointed with oil; so Royal *Haly*, in his fifth treatise *of the Regiment of Old Men*.

"For such anointing excites the animal faculty, and with it all the rest; for all other faculties depend of and proceed from that, as Avicenna saith in his first canon *Of the Faculties*.

"But with what things this anointing should be made, physicians do very much vary.

"For the son of the Prince Abohaly, in his chapter *of oils*, affirms that all kinds of oil refresh the body, and help its motion; but if all do this, it cannot otherwise chuse but that one sort must be better than another.

"Haly, in his treatise *of the Regiment of Old Men*, thinks that old men should be anointed with the oil of squill, and with the oil of violets mixt with the oil of chamomel, and with the oil of dill.

"But Aristotle affirms, in his book *of the secrets of secrets*, that anointing ought to be made with sweet smelling ointments, in the morning, at convenient seasons, that is, in autumn; and winter, with ointments made of myrrhe, and with the juice of an herb which is called a blite; in summer and spring time *cum unguento cærasino* (made with Sander's) *Enilegio*, and the juice of *Enablætti;* and he affirms this in his canon *of Baths*.

"I shall say nothing of the making of ointments, but that sheep's suet may be mixed with every ointment.

"*Campanus Germanicus*, who lived a long time ago, saith the wise men of India, after scarification, did lay on this very thing with oil of balm.

"The son of the prince, in his canon *of weariness*, when he speaks of balm, saith, it ought to be fortified with wax or pitch, that it may long retain its virtue and operation.

"And thus we see, one oil operates more strongly in old men than another."

If we have any readers qualified for the "*regiment* of old men," we beg them to look to this chapter. There is another too, in which the author bids us, after speaking of Haly and his "*canon of beauty*," to *Take of the flowers of beans, pease, lupines*, &c. &c. This may be agreeable to our fair readers. The man who could make a brazen head speak, may surely compete with the "author" of the "milk of roses."—Besides these, there is an odd chapter about "wines." Bacon says, "that wine and water cheers the heart," and adds, innocently, "which I think is to be *imputed* to the wine, not the water." We think so too. "Avicenna (he says) and Royal Haly are in favour of red wine; but Royal Haly, (also saith) that old and sour wine ought to be

avoided." Now, with regard to the sour wine, we agree with him, but with regard to the old, (as Touchstone would say) we do not. We rather incline to Isaac, who thinks, that after a year is over, the goodness and strength of the wine doth begin. As to wine, Bacon seems to recommend it to the old, but not to the young, and at all times in moderation; for he says, "If it be overmuch guzzled, it will do a great deal of harm." We have heard as much ourselves; and we accordingly join in our friend's, the Friar's, counsel of temperance, with respect to this perilous though pleasant liquor. It will, (as he says) "darken the understanding, though it be, itself, as bright as the sun."

—Cornaro was a Venetian. In his youth he had been a reveller, a drinker, a sitter up o' nights; but finding that pleasant system utterly subversive of health, as well as serenity of temper, he gave it up. He grew ill and choleric. Though he was a man of strong brain and stout heart, his head ached and his nerves shook beneath the all-conquering tyranny of wine. The resolution which he had originally possessed, had not entirely forsaken him; and accordingly, by one bold stroke, he cut the links which bound him, and recovered his freedom and his health at once. He then observed great sobriety and a strict regimen in his diet, and lived quietly and cheerfully till he was more than a hundred years old. Cornaro is certainly an amusing, lively writer, and contrives to put you into a state of hope and good-humour. You make excellent resolutions while you read his life. His privations seem nothing,—a little agreeable abstinence; a relaxation from the severer toil of drinking. You having nothing to do but—*refrain*, (what can be easier?) and the hundred years are secured to you.

Our author seems to have had great firmness in adhering to a regular system of diet, which in truth appears to be the principal point which distinguishes him from others. Once, however, his "dearest friends and relations" overcame him, and this is the consequence of his yielding.

"My dearest friends and relations, actuated by the warm and laudable affection and regard they had for me, seeing how little I ate, represented to me, in conjunction with my physicians, that the sustenance I took could not be sufficient to support one so far advanced in years, when it was become necessary not only to preserve nature, but to increase its vigour. That as this could not be done without food, it was absolutely incumbent upon me to eat a little more plentifully. I, on the other hand, produced my reasons for not complying with their desires. These were, that nature is content with little, and that with this little I had preserved myself so many years; and that, to me, the habit of it was become a second nature; besides, it was more agreeable to reason, that as I advanced in years, and lost my strength, I should rather lessen than increase the quantity of my

food : further, that it was but natural to think, that the powers of the stomach grew weaker from day to day, on which account I could see no reason to make such an addition. To corroborate my arguments, I alleged those two natural and very true proverbs ; one, that he who has a mind to eat a great deal, must eat but little ; which is said for no other reason than this, that eating little makes a man live very long; and living very long, he must eat a great deal. The other proverb was, that what we leave after making a hearty meal, does us more good than what we have eaten. But neither these proverbs, nor any other arguments I could think of, were able to prevent their teasing me more than ever. Wherefore, not to appear obstinate, or affecting to know more than the physicians themselves, but, above all, to please my family, who very earnestly desired it, from a persuasion that such an addition to my usual allowance must preserve the tone of my stomach, I consented to increase the quantity of food, but by two ounces only. So that, as before, what with bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, and soup, I ate as much as weighed in all twelve ounces, neither more nor less. I now increased it to fourteen ; and as before I drank but fourteen ounces of wine, I now increased it to sixteen. This increase and irregularity had, in eight days' time, such an effect upon me, that from being cheerful and brisk, I began to be peevish and melancholy, so that nothing could please me ; and was constantly of so strange a temper, that I neither knew what to say to others, nor what to do with myself. On the twelfth day, I was attacked with a most violent pain in my side, which held me twenty-two hours, and was succeeded by a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days, and as many nights, without giving me a moment's respite ; though, to say the truth, it began to abate on the sixteenth ; but notwithstanding such abatement, I could not, during the whole time, sleep half a quarter of an hour together, insomuch that every one looked upon me as a dead man ; but, God be praised, I recovered, merely by my former regular course of life, though then in my seventy-eighth year, and in the coldest season of a very cold year, and reduced to a mere skeleton ; and I am positive, that it was the great regularity I had observed for so many years, and that only, which rescued me from the jaws of death."

The reader may now take a specimen of his lively garrulous vein ; and learn what may be the amusements of a man at fourscore. To our thoughts, they present a delightful picture. The author would have been a worthy candidate for the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitæ ;* for he seems to have understood the use both of riches and a prolonged life.

" Some sensual, inconsiderate persons affirm, that a long life is no blessing ; and that the state of a man, who has passed his seventy-fifth year, cannot really be called life, but death ; but this is a great mistake, as I shall fully prove ; and it is my sincere wish, that all men would endeavour to attain my age, in order that they also may enjoy that period of life, which, of all others, is the most desirable.

" I will therefore give an account of my recreations, and the relish which I find at this stage of life, in order to convince the public, which may likewise be done by all those who know me, that the state I have now attained is by no means death, but real life; such a life as by many is deemed happy, since it abounds with all the felicity that can be enjoyed in this world. And this testimony they will give, in the first place, because they see, and not without the greatest amazement, the good state of health and spirits I enjoy; how I mount my horse without any assistance, or advantage of situation; and how I not only ascend a single flight of stairs, but climb up a hill from bottom to top, afoot, and with the greatest ease and unconcern; then, how gay, pleasant, and good humoured I am; how free from every perturbation of mind, and every disagreeable thought; in lieu of which, joy and peace have so firmly fixed their residence in my bosom, as never to depart from it. Moreover, they know in what manner I pass my time, so as not to find life a burden; seeing I can contrive to spend every hour of it with the greatest delight and pleasure, having frequent opportunities of conversing with many honourable gentlemen; men valuable for their good sense and manners, their acquaintance with letters, and every other good quality. Then, when I cannot enjoy their conversation, I betake myself to the reading of some good book. When I have read as much as I like, I write; endeavouring in this as in every thing else, to be of service to others, to the utmost of my power.

" These things I do with the greatest ease to myself, at their proper seasons, in a house of my own; which, being situate in the most beautiful quarter of this noble and learned city of Padua, is, in itself, really convenient and handsome, such, in a word, as it is no longer the fashion to build; for, in one part of it, I can shelter myself from extreme heat; and in the other, from extreme cold; having contrived the apartments according to the rules of architecture, which teach us what is to be observed in practice. Besides this house, I have my several gardens, supplied with purling streams, in which I always find something to do, that amuses me.

"I have another way of diverting myself, which is, going every April and May, and likewise every September and October, for some days, to enjoy an eminence belonging to me in those Euganean hills, and in the most beautiful part of them, adorned with fountains and gardens; and, above all, a convenient and handsome lodge; in which place I likewise, now and then, make one in some hunting party suitable to my taste and age.

" Then I enjoy, for as many days, my villa in the plain, which is laid out in regular streets, all terminating in a large square, in the middle of which stands the church, suited to the condition of the place. This villa is divided by a wide and rapid branch of the river Brenta, on both sides of which there is a considerable extent of country, consisting entirely of fertile and well-cultivated fields.

" Besides, this district is now, God be praised, exceedingly well inhabited, which it was not at first, but rather the reverse; for it was marshy, and the air so unwholesome, as to make it a residence fitter

for adders than men. But, on my draining off the waters, the air mended, and people resorted to it so fast, and increased to such a degree, that it soon acquired the perfection in which it now appears; hence I may say with truth, that I have given, in this place, an altar and a temple to God, with souls to adore him. These are things which afford me infinite pleasure, comfort, and satisfaction, as often as I go to see and enjoy them.

"At the same season every year, I revisit some of the neighbouring cities, and enjoy such of my friends as live there, taking the greatest pleasure in their company and conversation; and, by their means, I also enjoy the conversation of other men of parts, who live in the same places; such as architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, and husbandmen, with whom this age most certainly abounds. I visit their new works; I revisit their former ones; and I always learn something which gives me satisfaction. I see the palaces, gardens, antiquities; and, with these, the squares and other public places, the churches, the fortifications, leaving nothing unobserved, from whence I may reap either entertainment or instruction. But what delights me most is, in my journeys backwards and forwards, to contemplate the situation and other beauties of the places I pass through; some in the plain, others on hills, adjoining to rivers or fountains; with a great many fine houses and gardens.

"Nor are my recreations rendered less agreeable and entertaining by my not seeing well, or not hearing readily every thing that is said to me; or by any other of my senses not being perfect; for they are all, thank God, in the highest perfection; particularly my palate, which now relishes better the simple fare I meet, wherever I happen to be, than it formerly did the most delicate dishes, when I led an irregular life. Nor does the change of beds give me any uneasiness, so that I sleep every where soundly and quietly, without experiencing the least disturbance; and all my dreams are pleasant and delightful."

Of Lord Bacon, "the great Lord Bacon," we shall say but little. We do not profess to give, in the present article, a regular, serious, *medical* essay upon human life, nor to discuss at large its pretensions to perpetuity. We are desirous briefly of affording our readers an idea of what certain persons have said upon the subject; and of enticing them, if it may so be, to look into the writings of those worthies. The works of Lord Bacon, alone, are a mine of learning. If you miss one jewel you find another, sometimes rich, sometimes sparkling, always valuable. He had at once a deep and a heightened style; not so flowing as Jeremy Taylor, and scarcely so sublime as Sir Thomas Brown; yet better adapted perhaps than either for enforcing his own profound suggestions, for laying bare the discovered land of knowledge, and promulgating the experiments and late-found truths of science. He is, we believe, wrong in some of his positions, although every thing he says is worth attention.

In his *History of Life and Death,* in particular, he says among other things, that a life of study conduces to longevity. We apprehend that he is here mistaken. He says also, that the inhabitants of northern countries live longer than those of southern climates. This *may* be; but the evidences of longevity in hot, are as striking as those in cold countries: and the tables (which we have before referred to) of the old persons living in Greenwich hospital, and Kilmainham barracks, Ireland, show that heat and cold are not to be relied on either as friends or enemies to long living.

Lord Bacon seems to be of opinion, that the term of human life has not been shortened since the time of the sons of Noah. We give a short extract from his works; though his *Advancement of Learning,* or his *Fables,* would better justify our eulogy.

"The succession of ages, and of the generations of men, seems no way to shorten the length of human life; since the age of man down from Moses's time to the present, has stood at about eighty years, without gradually declining, as one might have expected. But, doubtless, there are times in every country, when men live to a longer or shorter term; and they generally prove longest lived, when the times afford but a simple diet, and give greater occasion to bodily exercise; and shorter-lived, when the times are more polite, or abound in luxury and ease: but these things have their changes and revolutions; whilst the succession of mankind holds on uninterrupted in its course. And, no question, but the case is the same in other animals; as neither oxen, horses, sheep, &c. have had their term of life shortened in the latter ages; and therefore, the lives of creatures, it should seem, were at once abridged by the deluge."

How this may be, we know not. One thing, however, is certain; namely, that persons have been known to attain ages almost incredible, without any thing appearing to account for their extreme longevity. Is it not fair to conclude from this, that there are seeds of long life within us, and that its growth would be great, were it not cut short by accident, by folly, or inherited disease?

The author of *Hermippus Redivivus* was John Henry Cohausen, a German physician, who did not quite make good his own theory, but died in a sort of nonage, when he was only eighty-five years of age. His book was translated into English by Dr. John Campbell, and has always been considered curious, as giving a summary of the many facts and opinions, which have been published respecting this very interesting subject. *Hermippus Redivivus* takes its name from the following inscription:

" ÆSCULAPIO ET SANITATI
L. CLODIUS HERMIPPUS
QUI VIXIT ANNOS CXV. DIES V.
PUELLARUM ANHELITU
QUOD ETIAM POST MORTEM
EJUS
NON PARUM MIRANTUR PHYSICI
JAM POSTERI SIC VITAM DUCITE."

This, our author, in one part of his book, seems inclined to translate, pleasantly enough, into keeping a ladies' school! We confess that our interpretation is different:—But let the Latin decide. Hermippus, it seems, lived to the age of 115 years, and commends his plan to the consideration of physicians and posterity.

Formerly, life seems scarcely to have been in the same request that it now is. The people of *Cea* (one of the *Cyclades*) had a law, that compelled all those who survived the age of three-score to drink the juice of hemlock. We wonder of what age the senators were who fashioned this act of parliament! In China, they order matters differently, as we know. There, the gray-headed sages permit infanticide, on account of the excess of population. And this is well; for otherwise the people would be apt to inquire into the inconvenience, and might perhaps dispose of the old in a similar way, as the less useful part of the community

Suicide, which is now so heinous that we are consigned to a cross road, with certain offensive solemnities (which, however, have no effect but that of shocking the spectators), was once permitted and sometimes encouraged. The oddest instance of *felo de se* is one mentioned by *Valerius Maximus*, where an old lady, who has been happy all her life, is apprehensive that Fortune may " change her countenance." By what process of reasoning she arrived at this conjecture, we do not learn. This is the anecdote, as given by *Valerius Maximus*.

" He relates, that going into Asia with Sextus Pompeius, and passing by the city of Julis, he was present at the death of a lady, aged about ninety. She had declared to her superiors the reason which induced her to quit the world; and after this, she prepared to swallow down the poison; and imagining that the presence of Pompey would do great honour to the ceremony, she most humbly besought him to come thither on that occasion. He granted her request, and exhorted her very eloquently, and with the utmost earnestness, to live. However, this was to no purpose; she thanked him for his kind wishes, and besought the gods to reward him, not so much those she was going to, as those she was quitting. ' I have hitherto,' said she,

'experienced only the smiles of fortune; and that, by an ill-grounded fondness for life I may not run the hazard of seeing that goddess change her countenance towards me, I voluntarily quit the light, while yet I take pleasure in beholding it, leaving behind me two daughters, and seven grandsons, to respect my memory.' She then turned about to her family, and exhorted them to live in peace and unity, and having recommended the care of her household, and the worship of her domestic deities, to her elder daughter, she, with a steady hand, took the glass that was filled with poison. When she had it, she addressed her prayer to Mercury, and having besought him to facilitate her passage to the better part of the receptacle of departed spirits, she, with wonderful alacrity, drank off the deadly draught. When this was done, with the same composure and steadiness of mind she signified in what manner the poison wrought; how the lower parts of her body became cold and senseless by degrees, and when the noble parts began to feel the infection, she called her daughter to do the last office, by closing her eyes. As for us, says Valerius, who were almost stupified at the sight of so strange a spectacle, she dismissed us with weeping eyes. For the Romans thought compassion no way incompatible with fortitude."

We have already referred to the law of *Cea*. There was a custom also at *Marseilles*, it seems, which is worthy of being recorded with it. The "magistrates," it is said,

"Kept constantly in their own custody an efficacious poison, which none were allowed to use, till, by a memorial setting forth the reasons which inclined them to quit the world, they obtained the permission of the senate of this city, which consisted of six hundred, to make use of this method of leaving the light of the sun behind them. Upon their presenting such a petition, the senate examined their reasons, with such an equal temper or medium, as neither indulged a rash passion for dying, or opposed a just desire of quitting this earthly stage; whether such persons wanted to free themselves from the persecutions of ill fortune, or were not willing to run the hazard of losing, in case they had enjoyed them, good Fortune's smiles. Such was this senate's rule; they did not pretend to constrain any person to poison themselves, but then they gave them the liberty to do this, if they would, whenever they judged it proper. Consequently, no one could kill himself in due form, and according to law, in those days at Marseilles, unless the government had first permitted him by a public approbation, founded on the perusal and serious consideration of the motives inducing him to such an action."

Our author then proceeds to discuss the great question as to the possibility of prolonging life, and brings forward fact and fable, reason and figure, in support of it, in a way that is altogether agreeable, if not entirely convincing. He is for beginning "by times;" and thus he illustrates his doctrine:

"The owner of a house well situated, elegantly furnished, and affording variety of prospects, that please the eye, and cheer the mind, is always intent upon keeping it in repair, and does not put off or delay sending for masons and carpenters, till it is on the very point of tumbling about his ears. He knows that all things will decay in time, but he knows that industry and art may make it a long time first, and therefore by wise precautions he strengthens one weak place, supports another, and removes that pressure that might endanger a third; by this means, with little labour, and without any clatter, he keeps things in tolerable order, and lives in it with ease and decency, till such time as his lease expires, and even then quits his tenement in no rotten or despicable condition."

He then goes on to speak of "Asclepiades the Persian," who "looked upon a physician as ignorant of his profession who could not defend himself from diseases; and *this notion he supported by his own example.*"—(Our author does not mention how long the Persian's patients lived.) He quotes Roger Bacon, also, in favour of long life, and extracts from Boerhaave as to the effect of vegetable odours; and, finally, refers to Pliny, regarding an Indian nation at the source of the Ganges, "*who have no mouths,* but are nourished with sweet savours."

In one instance, our good Dr. Cohausen is very classical and lively. After some argument he thinks, we suppose, that it is desirable to relieve the dryness of his style with a little of the imaginative and fantastical; and, accordingly, he puts on the robe of Plato; and thus, as he says, he enacts the Athenian.

"When the blooming Thysbe, whom the graces adorn, and the muses instruct, converses with the good old Hermippus, her youth invigorates his age, and the brisk flame that warms her heart communicates its heat to his; so often as the lovely virgin breathes, the kindly vapours fly off full of the lively spirits that swim in her purple veins; these old Hermippus greedily drinks in, and as spirits quickly attract spirits, so they are presently mingled with the blood of the old man. Thus the vapour, which but a moment before was expelled by the brisk beating of the heart of Thysbe, is communicated by the æther to Hermippus, and passing through his heart, serves to invigorate his blood, so that almost without a metaphor, we may say, the spirits of Thysbe give life to Hermippus. For what is there more easy to apprehend, than that the active spirits of this brisk and blooming maid should, when received from the air, thaw the frozen juices of her aged friend, and thereby give them a new force and a freer passage; and thus Hermippus possessing at once the strength his nature retains, and borrowing fresh spirits from the lovely Thysbe, what wonder that he, who enjoys two sorts of life, should live twice as long as another man?"

Leaving the fanciful now, our author proceeds to facts.

We hear of *Gorgias*, who, when he was 108 years old, being asked how he could support the burden of life so long, replied, that "he regretted nothing that he had done, and felt nothing of which he could reasonably complain. "My youth," said he, "cannot accuse me, nor can I accuse my old age"—Of Isocrates, who published a book at 94—Of Xenophilus, the Pythagorean, who taught a numerous train of students till he was 104—Of Leonicanus, who read his lectures at 96—(Fuseli is little short of this)—and others. Among these is the celebrated Marshal and Duke de Schomberg, of whom our author gives the following pleasant account.

"Frederick Armand de Schomberg, one of the greatest officers in the last century, and who, by his personal merit, raised himself higher than any man of his time, for he was marshal of France, generalissimo of the troops of the elector of Brandenburgh, duke and grandee of Portugal, duke and peer both in England and Ireland, and knight of the garter, at the time of his decease. Every body knows that he was killed at the battle of the Boyne, after passing that river on horseback, and bringing up a regiment that had fallen into some confusion, with all the vigour and spirit of a young man. He was then fourscore and two, and yet very hearty, active, and capable of fatigue, nor was he more remarkable for his military accomplishments than for his polite and easy behaviour; he was wont to say, that when he was young he conversed with old men to gain experience, and when he was old he delighted in the company of young men to keep up his spirits. This is the reason that I mention him, for he was in nothing more distinguished than by this disposition. His person was agreeable, he made a fine figure on horseback, he danced and walked well, and was so far from feeling any of the incommodities of age, either in body or mind, that in point of dress, exercise, and sprightly humour, he came nothing short of the company he kept. The winter before he was killed in Ireland, he was walking in the park with abundance of young officers about him, and being met by a grave English nobleman, he could not help telling the marshal, that he was surprized to see him in such company; 'Why so, my lord,' replied Schomberg, 'don't you know that a good general always makes his retreat as late as he can?'"

Several instances are mentioned (more particularly one of a French nobleman, p. 53), in which the advice of Hermippus seems to have been resorted to. We will, at present, quote only one, which rather favours our author's theory.

"All the world hath heard of Mr. Calverley, who kept a boarding-school for young ladies in Queen-square. He maintained his health, his vigour, his cheerfulness, his good sense, and his good humour, to upwards of a hundred, and would say merrily when he heard men forty years younger than himself coughing, groaning, and complaining; 'What a troublesome thing it is to be plagued with old

folks!' This gentleman, after he parted with his school, did not survive long, and it is said he was himself of opinion, that he might not only have lived, but have enjoyed life, some years longer, if he had not quitted business."

The following is a short account of two persons celebrated amongst ourselves, viz. Old Parre, and the Countess of Desmond.

"This Parre was born at Winnington, in the county of Salop, in 1483, passed his youth there, in very hard labour, and which is as remarkable, in sobriety and chastity. At fourscore, he married his first wife Jane, by whom he had two children, neither of which were long lived, or showed any extraordinary signs of strength; the first died at the age of a month, and the second lived but a few years. At an. 102 he became enamoured of Katherine Milton, whom he got with child, and did penance in the church for it. Some months before he died, the Earl of Arundel brought him up to London, and presented him to King Charles I., but through the change of air, and in his manner of living, he died soon after; though it was believed he might have survived many years, if he had remained in his own country, and led the same life he was wont to do. This man was overgrown with hair, and during the latter part of his life, slept very much. In the same country lived the famous Countess of Desmond, whose age was unknown to herself, but extremely well supported by the authority of others; since from deeds, settlements, and other indisputable testimonies, it appeared clearly, that she was upwards of an hundred and forty, according to the computation of the great Lord Bacon, who knew her personally, and remarks this particularity about her, that she thrice changed her teeth. We have it on the credit of Alexander Benedictus, that there was a lady of his acquaintance, who at the age of fourscore had a complete new set of teeth, and though her hair had all fallen off before, yet, at the same time she cut her teeth, it grew again, of like colour and strength as at first."

As we have some regard for our readers, (and the subject,) we refrain from quotations in which we are somewhat inclined to indulge ourselves. We pass over the Abbess of Monviedro; and by the Indian, who lived to the age of 370 years! who changed his hair and teeth four times!! and had, in the course of his life, 700 wives!!!—We forbear to speak of the Indian (American) chief, who was the father of five generations, or of *his* father, who was, asmay be supposed, still older:—We avoid all particulars of the astrologers, *La Brosse, Antiochus, Tiburtus,* and the rest; and come at once to our friends, the hermetic philosophers.

In order to give our readers some idea of these people, we shall, in the first place, quote what is said of some of the most famous. Our first extract is well known; it having been

the foundation of Mr. Godwin's celebrated fiction of *Saint Leon.*

"There happened, in the year 1687, an odd accident at Venice, that made a very great stir then, and which I think deserves to be secured from oblivion. The great freedom and ease with which all persons, who make a good appearance, live in that city, is known sufficiently to all who are acquainted with it; such will not therefore be surprised, that a stranger, who went by the name of Signor Gualdi, and who made a considerable figure there, was admitted into the best company, though nobody knew who, or what he was. He remained at Venice some months, and three things were remarked in his conduct. The first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily showed to any body that desired it; the next, that he was perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke on every subject with such readiness and sagacity, as astonished all who heard him; and it was in the third place observed, that he never wrote or received any letter; never desired any credit, or made use of bills of exchange, but paid for every thing in ready money, and lived decently, though not in splendor. This gentleman met one day at the coffee-house with a Venetian nobleman, who was an extraordinary good judge of pictures: he had heard of Signor Gualdi's collection, and in a very polite manner desired to see them, to which the other very readily consented. After the Venetian had viewed Signor Gualdi's collection, and expressed his satisfaction, by telling him, that he had never seen a finer, considering the number of pieces of which it consisted; he cast his eye by chance over the chamber-door, where hung a picture of this stranger. The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. This picture was drawn for you, sir, says he to Signor Gualdi, to which the other made no answer, but by a low bow. You look, continued the Venetian, like a man of fifty, and yet I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years; how is this possible? It is not easy, said Signor Gualdi, gravely, to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture drawn by Titian. The Venetian easily perceived by his manner of speaking, that he had given the stranger offence, and therefore took his leave. He could not forbear speaking of this in the evening to some of his friends, who resolved to satisfy themselves by looking upon the picture the next day. In order to have an opportunity of doing so, they went to the coffee-house about the time that Signor Gualdi was wont to come thither, and not meeting with him, one of them, who had often conversed with him, went to his lodgings to enquire after him, where he heard, that he set out an hour before for Vienna. This affair made a great noise, and found a place in all the newspapers of that time."

The reader may now take his account of Flamel, a famous man in his time, unless, indeed, he be not (like Shakespeare) "a man for all time."

"Amongst the hermetic philosophers, who are allowed to have attained the highest secrets of science, Nicholas Flamel, of Paris, has been always reckoned one of the most considerable, and his right to

this reputation, the least to be contested. The history of this Flamel, who flourished in the fourteenth century, is very curious: he was a person of a good family, though much reduced in point of fortune; had quick parts; a lively wit; and, with the advantage of no more than an ordinary education, was sent to Paris to get a living as he could. Flamel wrote an extraordinary good hand, had some notion of poetry, and painted very prettily; yet all these accomplishments raised him no higher than a hackney clerk, in which condition he worked very hard, and had much ado to pick up a subsistence. In 1337, chance threw in his way a book of hermetic philosophy, written by one Abraham, a Jew, or rather engraven on leaves made of the bark of trees, and illustrated with very curious pictures, in which the whole secret was laid down in the clearest manner possible, to such as were acquainted with hermetic philosophy. This treasure cost Flamel no more than two florins, for the person who sold him the book knew nothing of what it contained, and Flamel himself, though he made it his whole study for twenty years, and though he took the precaution of copying the pictures, and hanging them up in his house, and asking the learned their opinion about them, was able to make very little of them.

"Tired at length with so vain and so laborious a study, he, in 1378, took a resolution to travel into Spain, in hopes of meeting there some learned Jew, who might give him the key to the grand secret; that this journey might not appear to be undertaken on quite so chimerical a motive, he made a vow, to go in pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, a practice frequent in those times. After much search to little purpose, he met at last with a Jew physician at Leon, who had been lately converted to the Christian religion, and who was well versed in this kind of science; this man, at the persuasion of Flamel, consented to go with him to Paris; but when they were got as far as Orleans, the physician, who was far in years, and little accustomed to the fatigue of travel, fell sick of a fever, which carried him off in a few days. Flamel having rendered the last kind offices to his dying friend, returned very disconsolate to Paris, where he studied three years more, according to the instructions he had received from the physician, with such success, that on the 17th of January, 1382, he made projection on a large quantity of mercury, which he changed into fine silver, and on the 25th of April following, he transmuted a vast quantity of mercury into gold. He afterwards repeated frequently the experiment, and acquired thereby immense wealth. He and his wife Perenella, in the midst of all these riches, lived still in their old sober way, and eat and drank as usual, out of earthen vessels. They maintained however a vast number of poor, founded fourteen hospitals, built three chapels, and repaired and endowed seven churches. In short, the acts of charity they did were so astonishing, that Charles the VI., who was then upon the throne, resolved to inquire how they came by their wealth, and sent for that purpose M. de Cramoisi, master of requests, and a magistrate of the highest reputation for probity and honour, to examine into their circumstances; to whom Flamel gave so satisfactory an answer, that no further inquiry was made

about them; but the honest old people were left in possession of the only privilege they desired, which was no greater, than that of doing all the good that lay in their power.

"The circumstances of this story, the immense wealth of Flamel and his wife, their many foundations, their vast endowments, and the prodigious estate they left behind them, are all facts, so well attested, that no dispute can be raised about them; or if there were, the last will of Nicholas Flamel, which, with forty authentic acts, of as many charitable foundations, that are laid up in the archives of the parish church of St. James, in the butchery at Paris, are proofs capable of convincing the greatest infidel. This Flamel wrote several treatises on the art of chemistry; but they are extremely obscure, because they are all delivered in an allegorical way, and consequently one may hit upon various interpretations, without coming at the true one; which it is said he gave to a nephew of his, and that the secret remained long in the family; nay, it is owing to indiscretion, if it does not so still. I must not, however, conceal an attempt that has been made to overturn the whole of this history, not by denying the facts, for that would have been ridiculous, since there are hundreds of poor that yet subsist on Flamel's and his wife's foundations, and are consequently so many living witnesses of the veracity of that part of the relation.

"But the thing attempted is, to give another account of Flamel's acquiring his wealth, and in order to this they tell you, that he was a notary public, at the time the Jews were expelled France, that they deposited with him, in trust, a great part of their wealth, and that he kept it for his own use."

But we think, (to use Dr. Cohausen's speech,) we "hear some captious reader cry out—what, did Flamel and Perenella die? to what end then all this tedious story? Peace a little." A quotation from the voyage of the Sieur Paul Lucas will help us. He informs us, that being at *Broussa,* in Natolia, he met a person dressed like one of the Tartarian Dervises.

"On the 10th, the Dervise, whom I took for an Usbec, came to pay me a visit. I received him in the best manner possible, and as he appeared to me a very learned, as well as curious man, I showed him all the manuscripts I had bought, and he assured me, they were very valuable, and written by great authors: I must say, in favour of this Dervise, that he was a person every way extraordinary, even to his outward appearance. He showed me abundance of curious things in physic, and promised me more; but at the same time he could not help saying, that it was necessary, that I should make some extraordinary preparations on my side, in order to put myself into a condition of profiting by the lights he was able to give me. To judge according to his appearance, he should have been a man about thirty, but by his discourse, he seemed to have lived at least a century, and of this I was the more persuaded from the accounts he gave me of some long voyages he had made.

"He told me, that he was one of seven friends, who all wandered up and down the world, with the same view of perfecting themselves in their studies, and that at parting, they always appointed another meeting at the end of twenty years, in a certain city which was mentioned, and that the first who came waited for the rest. I perceived, without his telling me, that Broussa was the city appointed for their present meeting. There were four of them there already, and appeared to converse with each other, with a freedom that spoke rather an old acquaintance, than an accidental meeting."

With these persons the Sieur Lucas converses a long time about religion, natural philosophy, chemistry, alchemy, and the cabala.

"At last, I took the liberty to mention the illustrious Flamel, who, I said, had possessed the philosopher's stone, but was dead to all intents and purposes for all that. At the mention of his name, he smiled at my simplicity. As I had by this time begun to yield some degree of credit to his discourse, I was surprised he should make a doubt of what I advanced upon this head; the Dervise observed this, and could not help saying with an air of mirth, and do you really think the thing so? do you actually believe Flamel is dead? no, no, my friend, continued he, don't deceive yourself, Flamel is living still, neither he nor his wife are yet at all acquainted with the dead. It is not above three years ago since I left both the one and the other in the Indies, and he is, said he, one of my best friends; upon which, he was going to tell me, how their acquaintance grew, but stopping himself short of a sudden, that, said he, is little to the purpose, I will rather give you his true history, with respect to which, in your country, I dare say, you are not very well acquainted.

"We sages, continued he, though rare in the world, yet are of all sects and professions, neither is there any great inequality amongst us on that account. A little before the time of Flamel, there was a Jew of our fraternity; but as through his whole life he had a most ardent affection for his family, he could not help desiring to see them after he once came to the knowledge of their being settled in France. We foresaw the danger of the thing, and did all that in us lay, to divert him from this journey, in which we often succeeded. At last, however, the passion of seeing his family grew so strong upon him, that go he would; but at the time of his departure, he made us a solemn promise to return to us as soon as it was possible. In a word, he arrived at Paris, which was, as it is now, the capital of the kingdom, and found there his father's descendants, in the highest esteem among the Jews. Amongst others, there was a rabbi, who had a genius for the true philosophy, and who had been long in search of the great secret. Our friend did not hesitate at making himself known to his relation; on the contrary, he entered into a strict friendship with him, and gave him abundance of lights. But as the first matter is a long time preparing, he contented himself with putting into writing the whole series of the process, and to convince his nephew that

he had not amused him with falsehoods, he made projection in his presence on thirty ocques (an ocque is three pounds) of base metal, and turned it into pure gold. The rabbi, full of admiration, did all he could to persuade our brother to remain with him, but in vain; because he, on the other hand, was resolved not to break his word with us. The Jew, when he found this, changed his affection into mortal hatred, and his avarice stifling all principles of nature and religion, he resolved to extinguish one of the lights of the universe. Dissembling, however, his black design, he besought the sage in the tenderest manner, to remain with him only for a few days. During this space, he plotted and executed his execrable purpose of murdering our brother, and made himself master of his medicine. Such horrible actions never remain long unpunished. Some other black things he had done came to light, for which the Jew was thrown into prison, convicted, and burnt alive.

"The Jews fell soon after under a persecution at Paris, as without doubt you have heard. Flamel, more reasonable than the rest of his countrymen, entered into a strict friendship with some of them; and as his great honesty, and unblemished probity were well known, a Jew merchant intrusted him with all his books and papers, among which were those of the Jew which had been burnt, and the book that our brother had left with him. The merchant, taken up no doubt with his own affairs, and with the care of his trade, had never considered this valuable piece with any attention; but Flamel, whose curiosity led him to examine it more closely, perceiving several pictures of furnaces and alembics, and other vessels, he began immediately to apprehend that in this book was contained the grand secret. He got the first leaf of the book, which was in Hebrew, translated, and with the little he met with therein, was confirmed in his opinion; but knowing that the affair required prudence and circumspection, he took, in order to avoid all discovery, the following steps. He went into Spain, and as Jews were every where settled throughout that country, in every place that he came to, he applied himself to the most learned, engaging each of them to translate a page of his book; having thus obtained an entire version, he set out again for Paris. He brought back with him a faithful friend of his, to labour with him in the work, and with whom he intended to share the secret; but a raging fever carried him off, and deprived Flamel of his associate. When therefore he came home, he and his wife entered together upon the work, and arriving in process of time at the secret, acquired immense riches, which they employed in building public edifices, and doing good to a multitude of people."

The facts which we have quoted speak for themselves. The theories that have been from time to time brought forward, —of diet, air, exercise, &c., must of course be reduced to experiment, and take their station accordingly. With the astrologers we profess to have nothing to do: they are too occult. But the Hermetics are an interesting people. Less universal than ordinary conjurors, and with a sublimity to which our modern quacks (English or Italian) have no pretension, they have,

also, claims to our respect on the ground of pure and temperate lives, and sometimes of extensive learning.

We had intended to have devoted a page or two to the consideration of these wise men of the east and west; but we must defer it to some other article. It would be curious to trace the descent of these sages,—from Pythagoras (who has been much slandered, we think) or his masters, the Egyptians, down to the fellows who eat fire at a fair,—the ventriloquists,—the venders of patent medicines,—the jugglers, the cheats, the mountebanks, &c. &c. They may all, we think, with a little trouble be derived from the same source; like rivers of different colours, clear and dull, rapid and slow, they branch out from the parent channel, and assume their own peculiar hues or figures. Some of these mystics have been knaves, no doubt: yet, mystery has been sometimes adopted for wise purposes, and deceit practised for benevolent ends. James's powders are given to children in jelly and sugar. It is the same with medicines of a different sort. Whether this be the best plan, or not, is another question. Good, like truth, should certainly be attained, where it is possible, by the straitest road: but where there is *only one*, and that circuitous, we think, that it would not be altogether wise to avoid it. But the *ridentem dicere verum* has caused much debate, and we do not desire to revive the question.

ART. VI.—*The White Devil, or the Tragedie of P. Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Courtezan.* 4*to.* 1612.

The Devil's Law-case; or When Woman go to law, the Devil is full of Business. Tragi-Com. 4*to.* 1623.

The Dutchess of Malfy, a Tragedy, as it was approvedly well acted at the Blackfriers, by his Majesties' Servants. The perfect and exact copy, with divers things printed, that the length of the Play would not bear in the Presentment. Written by John Webster.

Appius and Virginia; a Tragedy, by John Webster. London, 1654.

In the course of our dramatic researches, we have continually occasion to regret the difficulty of obtaining any accurate information respecting the biography of the early authors in that species of literature. However distinctly the character of the poet may be marked in his works,—however well we may be able to ascertain the degrees in which these lights of the world,

these stars in the dramatic galaxy, differ from each other in magnitude, we cannot repress a feeling of dissatisfaction at our ignorance of their personal history, the want of which deprives them of half their individuality. Their lives seem to have been forgotten, "'ere the worm pierced their winding sheets,"—their names have become little more than an abstract idea, and their identity has for the most part merged in two or three syllables. We have wished, over and over, to know the history of their mental discipline—the process by which they became authors—nay, we have been almost as anxious to be acquainted with the lines of their face, as of their compositions. Of John Webster, we only know that he lived in the reign of James the First, was clerk of the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; and that after writing several plays, and one or two other compositions, he died, but when or where cannot now be discovered. If the emoluments of the office which he filled, bore any proportion to those which are said to be received from it at the present day, they were by no means inconsiderable. He is described in the "Notes from Blackfriars, 1620," as being ill-natured in criticism, and slow in composition. Whether the first charge be just or not, it is impossible to say, as none of his writings of that kind are now remaining; there is, however, strong evidence against its verity in the preface to *The White Devil,* in which he speaks in handsome terms of several of his contemporaries, and ill-naturedly of none. As to the last charge, he confesses in the same place "that he writes not with a goose-quill winged with two feathers."

There are four plays written by Webster, now extant, besides two which he is said to have written in conjunction with Rowley, called *The Thracian Wonder,* and *a Cure for a Cuckold;* and three which he wrote in conjunction with Dekker, viz. *Northward-Hoe, Westward-Hoe,* and *Wyat's History.* It appears from the dedication to *The Devil's Law Case,* that he had written more than the plays mentioned at the head of this article. "Some of my other works," he says, "as the *White Devil,* the *Dutchess of Malfy, Guise,* and others, you have formerly seen." Webster, however, has left behind a sufficient number of plays to entitle him to the gratitude of every lover of the histrionic art; we say of the histrionic art, because they are much better calculated for representation than most of our early dramas. Indeed, nothing can be more distinct than the excellence which most peculiarly characterizes Webster, and that which distinguishes his predecessors and the generality of his contemporaries. They are, in truth, very opposite branches of the dramatic art. An author may unite just conception and skilful portraiture of character, with an ardent imagination and poetical enthusiasm, and yet fail in the production of an effective play. He may scatter about his pages the blossoms of

poetry with the prodigality of a genius, whose affluence is inexhaustible,—he may dazzle us with new images or new combinations of old ones,—he may sooth the ear with the delicious harmony of his versification, or charm us with characters of unfading beauty ; and the drama, notwithstanding all these high qualities, be unfit for public representation. But. if he be not impressive as a spectacle, he delights as a companion,—he has his reward in the study,—he is taken into our bosoms, and tires not with repetition. There is, on the other hand, a class of dramatists with perhaps less genius but more judgement, whose excellence is purely scenic, and upon whom, if the original intention of dramatic composition, effect in representation, mere *acting*, were the test of superiority, the palm would be bestowed; —their success is more striking but less permanent than that of the former. Repetition weakens their effect; the *action* of such pieces fades from the memory when the poetry and characters of the other class is engraven on it in characters, which grey hairs may modify but not destroy. All things are not given to all writers; and there are but very few who conjoin both these qualifications. The present object of our consideration, is not to be ranked amongst these rare geniuses ; but he is an admirable dramatist, a learned artist in his own department. In reading our early dramatic poets, we cannot help being forcibly struck with the boldness with which they adventure on strange and eccentric characters, and the eagerness with which they seize on extraordinary incidents, that make the nerves tingle and the blood run cold. Webster was not behind the rest in these singular predilections, and if he had less imagination in the conception of them, he had more skill in working them up. Theobald, in the preface to his tragedy of *The fatal Secret, altered from the Dutchess of Malfy*, describes him as an impetuous genius, who travels so fast, that the imagination of his spectators cannot keep pace with him. To this opinion, however, we cannot assent; he appears to us to have possessed a strong mind, which kept its object steadily in view, and to the accomplishment of which he proceeded at as sober a pace as he probably did in the performance of his functions of a parish clerk, never allowing his enthusiasm to run away with his judgement. Indeed, of enthusiasm he had but little, at least he always kept it in perfect subserviency to his grand object to produce effect. But, although his judgement is conspicuous in the management of his incidents, he never thought of restraining himself within the canons of dramatic criticism. "If it be objected," says he in his preface to *The White Devil*, "this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it, *Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi;* willingly and not ignorantly have I faulted. For should a man present

to such an auditory, the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of style and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious chorus, and as it were enliven death, in the passionate and weighty *Nuntius;* yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum ilia,* the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it." In the integrity and consistency of character, he generally fails, and in poetical imagery he seldom indulges: his excellence is in the poetry of scenic action, in which he manifests the most exquisite art. *The White Devil,* which was probably the first play he wrote alone, for he had before the date of the earliest edition assisted Dekker in the plays beforementioned, does not indeed seem to have received its just measure of applause, although there are scenes in it well calculated to engage the attention of an "understanding auditory," to borrow Webster's phrase, when speaking of its failure. It is, however, more rambling, and lest compact and entire in its plot, than *The Dutchess of Malfy,* and *Appius and Virginia;* its characters are more coarse, and its incidents less strange; the author rather winds round the main action than proceeds to it in a strait forward course. But, in the plays just mentioned, he marches right on to the catastrophe; he has no time, if he had inclination, to search for flowers by the way to deck the consummation of the solemn event; he is full of important business, deep and tragical—he looks neither to the right nor to the left—he needs no subsidiary plots to swell his drama to the proper dimensions; the weight of his matter carries him straight to the pith of the action, and there he dwells enamoured of horror.

But, to return to *The White Devil,* which we shall first notice—it may be as well, for the more perfect understanding of the extracts which will be made, to give a brief narrative of the plot. Brachiano, Duke of Brachiano, while in Rome, is bewitched by the charms of Vittoria, (the white devil,) the wife of Camillo, a lady of no great character, though of good family. Flamineo, the brother of Vittoria, is the honest promoter of the Duke's suit, which meets with very hopeful success. Vittoria ingeniously invents a dream for disposing of the Dutchess, which is aptly interpreted by the Duke, and he, in consequence, resolves to poison Isabella his wife, who, with her brother Francisco de Medicis, Duke of Florence, soon after arrives in Rome. An interview takes place between Brachiano and his wife, with whom he vows never to live again; a vow which, for the sake of preserving peace between her husband and her kinsmen, she generously pretends that she herself has made. By an exquisite refinement of barbarity, she is poisoned by means of Brachiano's picture, which she was in the habit of kissing nightly, before she retired to rest, and the divorce which had been commenced

by her husband was completed by the poisoned lips of his picture. Camillo is next disposed of by Flamineo, under pretence of an accident, but in so improbable a manner, that Vittoria is brought to trial, for the double crime of murder and incontinence. Of the latter charge she is convicted, and ordered to be confined in a house of penitents; from which she escapes with Brachiano, and they fly to his dukedom, where he marries her. Hither they are followed by the Duke of Florence, and some companions, in disguise; who ultimately revenge the death of the Dutchess and Camillo, by the destruction of Brachiano, Vittoria, and Flamineo.

Isabella meets Brachiano, immediately after the Cardinal Monticelso, the cousin of Camillo, and Francisco de Medicis, have been remonstrating with him in irritating terms, against his attachment to Vittoria. The interview above alluded to, then takes place, which exhibits the tenderness and delicacy of Isabella in a most attractive light.

" *Bra.* You are in health, we see.
Isa. And above health,
To see my lord well.
Bra. So, I wonder much
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome?
Isa. Devotion, my lord.
Bra. Devotion!
Is your soul charg'd with any grievous sin?
Isa. 'Tis burthen'd with too many; and I think
The oft'ner that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder.
Bra. Take your chamber.
Isa. Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry;
Doth not my absence from you, now two months,
Merit one kiss?
Bra. I do not use to kiss:
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you.
Isa. O my lov'd lord,
I do not come to chide: my jealousy!
I am to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a virgin.
Bra. O your breath!
Out upon sweet-meats and continu'd physick,
The plague is in them.
Isa. You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected cassia, or the natural sweets

Of the spring-violet: they are not yet much wither'd.
My lord, I should be merry: these your frowns
Shew in a helmet lovely; but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too roughly knit.

Bra. O dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? Have you learnt
The trick of impudent baseness to complain
Unto your kindred?

Isa. Never, my dear lord.

Bra. Must I be hunted out? or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?

Isa. I pray, sir, burst my heart, and in my death
Turn to your antient pity, tho' not love.

Bra. Because your brother is the corpulent duke,
That is, the great duke: 'sdeath, I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred crowns at tennis,
But it shall rest upon record! I scorn him
Like a shav'd pollack; all his reverend wit
Lies in his wardrobe: he's a discreet fellow,
When he's made up in his robes of state.
Your brother, the great duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransacks a Turkish fly-boat,
(Now all the hellish furies rack his soul)
First made this match; accursed be the priest
That sang the wedding-mass, and even my issue!

Isa. O, too too far you have curst.

Bra. Your hand I'll kiss;
This is the latest ceremony of my love.
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee: by this,
This wedding-ring, I'll ne'er more lie with thee.
And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well;
Our sleeps are sever'd.

Isa. Forbid it, the sweet union
Of all things blessed! why, the saints in heaven
Will knit their brows at that.

Bra. Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With thy repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest, or sea-fight,
My vow is fix'd.

Isa. O my winding-sheet!
Now shall I need thee shortly. Dear, my lord,

Let me hear once more, what I would not hear,
Never?

Bra. Never.

Isa. O my unkind lord! may your sins find mercy,
As I upon a woful widow'd bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.

Bra. No more; go, go, complain to the great duke.

Isa. Now, my dear lord, you shall have present witness
How I'll work peace between you. I will make
Myself the author of your cursed vow,
I have some cause to do it, you have none;
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought the means
Of such a separation: let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy,
And think with what a piteous and rent heart
I shall perform this sad ensuing part."

* * * * *

The arraignment of Vittoria Corombona.

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinal Monticelso, Brachiano, Vittoria Corombona, Ambassadors, &c.

* * * *

"*Mon.* I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white,
Than that upon your cheek.

Vit. O you mistake,
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.

Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honoured lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit.

Vit. My honourable lord,
It doth not suit a reverend cardinal
To play the lawyer thus.

Mon. Oh your trade instructs your language!
You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems,
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She'll fall to soot and ashes.

Vit. Your invenom'd apothecary should do't.

Mon. I am resolved
Were there a second paradise to lose,

This devil would betray it.

Vit. O poor charity!
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were choakt with coaches, and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds of lights;
When she did counterfeit a prince's court
In musick, banquets, and most riotous surfeits,
This whore forsooth was holy.

Vit. Ha? whore? what's that?

Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall!
I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater: in man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are coz'ning alchymy;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell.
Worse than those tributes i'th' Low-countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;
Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by cursed riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begg'd at th' gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
She's like the gilt counterfeited coin,
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble
All that receive it.

Vit. This character 'scapes me.

Mon. You, gentlewoman?
Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison——

Vit. Well, what then?

Mon. I'll tell thee;
I'll find in thee an apothecary's shop,
To sample them all.

Fr. Amb. She hath lived ill.

En. Amb. True, but the cardinal's too bitter.

Mon. You know what whore is. Next the devil adult'ry,

Enters the devil murder.

Fra. Your unhappy husband
Is dead.

Vit. O he's a happy husband;
Now he owes nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting engine.

Mon. An active plot;
He jumpt into his grave.

Fra. What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards high, a slender man
Should break his neck?

Mon. I'th' rushes!

Fra. And what's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.

Mon. And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widow: she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence: is this a mourning-habit?

Vit. Had I foreknown his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.

Mon. O you are cunning!

Vit. You shame your wit and judgement,
To call it so; what, is my just defence,
By him that is my judge, call'd impudence?
Let me appeal then from this Christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.

Mon. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.

Vit. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leiger ambassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall,
So intangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point;
Find me but guilty, sever head from body;
We'll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life
At your's, or any man's intreaty, sir.

En. Amb. She hath a brave spirit.

Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.

Vit. You are deceived;
For know, that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,

Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break;
These are but feigned shadows of my evils.
Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils,
I'm past such needless palsy. For your names
Of whore and murdress, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind;
The filth returns in's face.

Mon. Pray you mistress, satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?

Bra. That question
Inforceth me break silence; I was there.

Mont. Your business?

Bra. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord.

Mont. He was.

Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cozen her.

Mont. Who made you overseer?

Bra. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows.

Mont. Your lust.

Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest! sirrah, priest,
I'll talk with you hereafter.——Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'll sheath in your own bowels.
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.

Mont. Ha?

Bra. Your mercenary post-boys;
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

Ser. My lord, your gown.

Bra. Thou liest, 'twas my stool.
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o'th' household stuff, for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or demy foot-cloth
For his most reverend moile. Monticelso,
Nemo me impune lacessit. [*exit* Brachiano.

Mon. Your champion's gone.

Vit. The wolf may prey the better.
Fra. My lord, there's great suspicion of the murder;
But no sound proof who did it. For my part
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,
And e'er next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass, only descend
To matter of incontinence.
Vit. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.
Mon. Now the duke's gone I will produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you shall meet
At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tyber. View't, my lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet.—I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest.
Vit. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation to lust proves not the act:
Casta est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.
Mon. Frost i'th' dog-days! strange!
Vit. Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and chrystal river
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in't.
Mon. Truly drown'd, indeed.
Vit. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble.
Mon. Very good.
Vit. But take you your course, it seems you have beggar'd me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusados;
Would those would make you charitable.
Mon. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.

Vit. You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me.
Fra. Who brought this letter?
Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.
Mon. My lord duke sent to you a thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August.
Vit. 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison, I paid use for't.
Mon. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vit. Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge; come from the bench,
Give in your evidence against me, and let these
Be moderators. My lord cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving,
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
I'll give you a choak-pear.
Vit. Of your own grafting?
Mon. You were born in Venice, honourably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my cousin's fate,
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you;
He bought you of your father.
Vit. Ha!
Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my knowledge
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio.
'Twas a hard penny-worth, the ware being so light;
I yet but draw the curtain, now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.
Vit. My lord!
Mon. Nay, hear me,
You shall have time to prate. My lord Brachiano—
Alas! I make but repetition
Of what is ordinary, and Ryalto talk,
And ballated, and would be play'd o'th' stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,
That preachers are charm'd silent.
You gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,
The court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Only you must remain upon your sureties
For your appearance.

Fra. I stand for Marcello.
Fla. And my lord duke for me.
Mon. For you, Vittoria, your public fault,
Join'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, than blazing stars
To princes. Hear your sentence; you are confin'd
Unto a house of converts, and your bawd——
Fla. Who, I?
Mon. The Moor.
Fla. O, I am a sound man again.
Vit. A house of converts! what's that?
Mon. A house of penitent whores.
Vit. Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect them for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?
Fra. You must have patience.
Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.
Mon. Away with her,
Take her hence.
Vit. A rape! a rape!
Mon. How?
Vit. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.
Mon. Fie, she's mad!
Vit. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you sit o'th' bench,
Let your own spittle choke you!
Mon. She's turn'd fury.
Vit. That the last day of judgement may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before!
Instruct me some good horse-leach to speak treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge!
Which dwells but in the tongue. I will not weep.
No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title?
Mon. Of converts.
Vit. It shall not be a house of converts;
My mind shall make it honester to me

Than the pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul; though thou art a cardinal;
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light."

Our author is not, in general, either felicitous or hearty in his legal pleadings; indeed, nothing can be more wretched than the stuff he puts into the mouths of his lawyers, both in this play and in *The Devil's Law-Case*. The preceding passage, however, is as fine a piece of ingenious pleading as the defence of that refined sophist, Eugene Aram. Vittoria is too much for the Cardinal, with all his cunning, and the advantage of his station to boot: yet, her answers are so pertinent, and her appeals so natural, that we never for a moment doubt the probability and consistency of the scene. She is truly "a woman of a most prodigious spirit." Her confidence and fearlessness, her dextrous retreats, and ready ingenuity at every turn, spread over the whole a very lively and dramatic air.

In the last extract we shall make from this play, there is solemn grief—a wild pathos, which accords well with the subject. Flamineo having slain Marcello, his gallant and honourable brother, Cornelia, their mother, becomes distracted in mind.

"Francisco de Medicis *in disguise, and* Flamineo.

"*Fra.* I met even now with the most piteous sight.
Fla. Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful
Degraded courtier.
Fra. Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies:
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont to outwear the nights with; that believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so over-charg'd with water.
Fla. I will see them.
Fra. 'Twere much uncharity in you: for your sight
Will add unto their tears.
Fla. I will see them,
They are behind the traverse. I'll discover
Their superstitious howling.

Cornelia, the Moor, *and three other ladies discovered winding* Marcello's *corse. A song.*

Cor. This rosemary is wither'd, pray get fresh;
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays;
I'll tie a garland here about his head:
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty years, and every day
Hallow'd it with my prayers; I did not think
He should have wore it.

Moor. Look you, who are yonder?

Cor. O reach me the flowers.

Moor. Her ladyship's foolish.

Wom. Alas! her grief
Hath turn'd her child again.

Cor. You're very welcome.
There's rosemary for you, and rue for you. [*to* Flam.
Heart's-ease for you. I pray make much of it,
I have left none for myself.

Fra. Lady, who's this?

Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.

Fla. So.

Moor. 'Tis Flamineo.

Cor. Will you make me such a fool? here's a white hand:
Can blood so soon be wash'd out? let me see,
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney tops,
And the strange cricket i'th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corpse shall hear.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckl'd! h'as handl'd a toad sure.
Cowslip water is good for the memory: pray buy me three ounces of't.

Fla. I would I were from hence.

Cor. Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell, to sing o'er unto her lute.

Fla. Do and you will, do.

Cornelia *doth this in several forms of distraction.*

Cor. Call for the robin red-breast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."

The next of Webster's Plays in chronological order is *The Devil's Law-Case*, which is, upon the whole, a tolerable play, and would afford us a few extracts; but as they are no tof the same rank or importance with those we shall make from his two remaining plays, and as, moreover, any extracts from it would carry us beyond the limit assigned to this article, we must pass on to *The Dutchess of Malfy*. There is not much of plot in the tragedy; the chief incidents in which are as follows: The widowed Dutchess of Malfy, eminent in beauty and excellent in virtue, secretly marries Antonio her steward, an accomplished and brave gentleman, by whom she has three children. Her brothers, Ferdinand and the Cardinal, who had, from motives of avarice and ambition, used both threats and persuasions to prevent her marrying again, are informed by Bosola, their creature, of the birth of the children; but he is unable to communicate to them the name of the father. The brothers resolve to punish the Dutchess for the pretended indignity done to their house, with the most ferocious vengeance. The Dutchess, apprehensive of injury from the well-known violence of Ferdinand, under pretence of a pilgrimage, flies to Ancona, where she is seized with two of her children by the followers of her brothers, and is brought back to Malfy; Antonio, at her request, having taken a different route with the remaining child. The first and chief scene in the drama, is the one in which the Dutchess is subjected to the most excruciating mental tortures; which commences thus:—

"Ferdinand, Bosola, Dutchess, Cariola, Servants.

"*Fer.* How doth our sister dutchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?

Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her:
She's sad as one us'd to't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it; a behaviour so noble,
As gives a majesty to adversity:
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears, than in her smiles;
She will muse for hours together; and her silence
(Methinks) expresseth more than if she spake.

Fer. Her melancholy seems to be fortified with a strange disdain.

Bos. 'Tis so; and this restraint
(Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with tying)
Makes her too passionately apprehend those pleasures she's kept from.

Fer. Curse upon her!

I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart; inform her what I told you. [*exeunt.*

The Dutchess, Bosola.

Bos. All comfort to your grace.
Dutch. I will have none:
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills
In gold and sugar?
Bos. Your eldest brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you; and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i'th' night;
And prays you (gently) neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber; he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but, for his vow,
He dares not see you.
Dutch. At his pleasure.
Take hence the lights, he's come.
Fer. Where are you?
Dutch. Here, sir.
Fer. This darkness suits you well.
Dutch. I would ask your pardon.
Fer. You have it;
For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon: where are your cubs?
Dutch. Whom?
Fer. Call them your children;
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
Dutch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o'th' church
Shall make you howl in hell for't.
Fer. It had been well,
Could you have liv'd thus always; for indeed
You were too much i'th' light; but, no more.
I come to seal my peace with you: here's a hand
[*gives her a dead man's hand.*
To which you have vow'd much love; the ring upon't
You gave.
Dutch. I affectionately kiss it.
Fer. Pray do; and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you, for a love token;
And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,

Send it to him that own'd it: you shall see
Whether he can aid you.

Dutch. You are very cold,
I fear you are not well after your travel:
Ha! lights; Oh, horrible!

Fer. Let her have lights enough. [*exit.*

Dutch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

[*here is discovered the artificial figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.*

Bos. Look you, here's the piece from which it was ta'en;
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead.
Hereafter you may (wisely) cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

Dutch. There is not, between heav'n and earth, one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dung-hill; and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What's that?

Dutch. If they would bind me to that liveless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.

Dutch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell;
In hell that they must live, and cannot die:
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive the rare, and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.

Bos. O fie, despair! remember
You are a Christian.

Dutch. The church enjoins fasting;
I'll starve myself to death.

Bos. Leave this vain sorrow;
Things being at the worst, begin to mend;
The bee, when he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid.

Dutch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live,
To be executed again: who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.

Bos. Come, be of comfort, I will save your life.

Dutch. Indeed I have not leisure to 'tend so final a business.
Bos. Now, by my life, I pity you.
Dutch. Thou art a fool then
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity it: I am full of daggers:
Puff! let me blow these vipers from me.
What are you? [*enter a Servant.*
Serv. One that wishes you long life.
Dutch. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me; I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity; I'll go pray; no,
I'll go curse.
Bos. O fie!
Dutch. I could curse the stars.
Bos. O fearful!
Dutch. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter; nay, the world
To its first chaos.
Bos. Look you, the stars shine still.
Dutch. Oh, but you must remember, my curse hath a great way to go.
Plagues (that make lanes through largest families)
Consume them.
Bos. Fie, lady.
Dutch. Let them, like tyrants,
Never be remembered, but for the ill they have done;
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Church-men forget them.
Bos. O uncharitable!
Dutch. Let Heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them; go, howl them this; and say, I long to bleed:
'It is some mercy, when men kill with speed.'
Fer. Excellent! as I would wish; she's plagu'd in art.
These presentations are but fram'd in wax,
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.
Bos. Why do you do this?
Fer. To bring her to despair.
Bos. 'Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty;
Send her a penitential garment, to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer-books.
Fer. Damn her: that body of hers,

XUM

While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Than that which thou would'st comfort, call'd a soul.
I will send her masques of common courtezans;
Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians;
And (cause she'll needs be mad) I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad folk, and place them near her lodging;
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o'th' moon:
If she can sleep the better for it, let her;
Your work is almost ended.

Enter Dutchess, Cariola, Servant, Mad-men, Bosola, Executioners, Ferdinand.

Dutch. What hideous noise was that?
Cari. 'Tis the wild consort
Of mad-men, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging; this tyranny
I think was never practis'd till this hour.
Dutch. Indeed, I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad: sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cari. O 't will increase your melancholy.
Dutch. Thou art deceived;
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
Dutch. Thou art a fool.
The robin red-breast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Cari. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
Dutch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Cari. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open.
Dutch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In th' other world?
Cari. Yes, out of question.
Dutch. O, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead:
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure
I never shall know here: I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.

Th' heaven o're my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur; yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Dutch. Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eye sight,
To behold my tragedy. How now,
What noise is that?

Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the pope was sick
Of a deep melancholly, presented him
With several sorts of mad-men, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Dutch. Let them come in.

[*here the dance, consisting of eight mad-men, with music answerable thereunto; after which,* Bosola (*like an old man*) *enters.*

Dutch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray question him: I'll leave you.

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Dutch. Hah! my tomb?
Thou speak'st, as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Dutch. Thou art mad sure, dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Dutch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best, but a salvatory of green mummy: what's this flesh? a little curded milk, fantastical puff-paste: our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible: since ours is to preserve earth-worms: didst thou never see a lark in a cage? such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-

glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Dutch. Am not I thy Dutchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner, than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleep'st worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up his lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant, that breeds it's teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Dutch. I am Dutchess of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleep so broken:

'Glories, like glow worms, afar off, shine bright,
But look'd too near, have neither heat or light.'

Dutch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tomb-maker.

Dutch. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Dutch. Let me be a little merry:
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashio

Dutch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs,
Do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray
Up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks,
As if they died of the tooth-ache; they are not carv'd
With their eyes fix'd upon the stars; but, as their
Minds were wholly bent upon the world,
The self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

Dutch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel?

Bos. Now, I shall:
Here is a present from your princely brothers.

[*a coffin, cords, and a bell.*

And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Dutch. Let me see it,
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins, to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cari. O, my sweet lady!

Dutch. Peace! it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man

That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.
Dutch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker?
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.
Harke! now every thing is still:
The screetch-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud:
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay 's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd,
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping:
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror,
Strew your hair with powders sweet:
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck,
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day,
End your groan, and come away.
Cari. Hence villains, tyrants, murderers
alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
Dutch. To whom? to our next neighbours? they are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give,
A many hungry guests have fed on me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.
Cari. I will die with her.
Dutch. I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some sirup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers, ere she sleep. Now what you please;
What death?
Bos. Strangling; here are your executioners.
Dutch. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o'th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Does not death fright you?
Dutch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company

In th' other world?

Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you?

Dutch. Not a whit:
What would it pleasure me, to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits, and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways; any way, (for heaven sake,)
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers,
That I perceive death, (now I am well awake,)
Best gift 'tis, they can give, or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.

Exec. We are ready.

Dutch. Dispose my breath, how please you, but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?

Exec. Yes.

Dutch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me:
Yet stay, heaven's gates are not so highly arch'd
As princely palaces, they that enter there
Must go upon their knees: come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora, to make me sleep:
Go tell my brothers when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [*they strangle her, kneeling.*

* * * * *

Fer. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what
You'd have her: but here begin your pity:
[*shows the children strangled.*
Alas! how have these offended?

Fer. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

Bos. Fix your eye there.

Fer. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

Fer. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
Fer. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I have liv'd
Her time to a minute.
Bos. It seems she was born first:
You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.
Fer. Let me see her face again;
Why didst not thou pity her? what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have been,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary?
Or (bold in a good cause) oppos'd thyself,
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocency and my revenge?
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done't.
For let me but examine well the cause;
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only, I must confess, I had a hope
(Had she continu'd widow) to have gain'd
An infinite mass of treasure by her death:
And what was the main cause; her marriage,
That drew a stream of gall quite through my
Heart; for thee, (as we observe in tragedies,
That a good actor many times is curs'd
For playing a villain's part,) I hate thee for't:
(For my sake) say thou hast done much ill, well.
Bos. Let me quicken your memory; for I
Challenge the reward due to my service.
Fer. I'll tell thee.
Bos. Do.
Fer. I'll give thee a pardon for this murder.
Bos. Hah!
Fer. Yes; and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody service?
Bos. By yours.
Fer. Mine? was I her judge?
Did any ceremonial form of law
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury
Deliver her conviction up i'th' court?

XUM

Where shalt thou find this judgement registered,
Unless in hell? See: like a bloody fool,
Th' hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for't.
Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another: who shall dare
To reveal this?
Fer. Oh, I'll tell thee;
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover
The horrid murder.
Bos. You, not I, shall quake for't.
Fer. Leave me.
Bos. I will first receive my pension.
Fer. You are a villain.
Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.
Fer. O horror!
That not the fear of him which binds the devils,
Can prescribe man obedience.
Never look upon me more.
Bos. Why, fare thee well:
Your brother and yourself are worthy men;
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance,
(Like two chain'd bullets,) still goes arm in arm.
You may be brothers; for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood: I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream;
I'm angry with myself, now that I wake.
Fer. Get thee into some unknown part o'th' world,
That I may never see thee.
Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected, sir?
I serv'd your tyranny; and rather strove
To satisfy yourself, than all the world;
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
You that did counsel it; and rather sought
To appear a true servant, than a honest man.
Fer. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:
'Tis a deed of darkness. [*exit.*
Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honour!
While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice, and freeze in fire:
What would I do were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience

For all the wealth of Europe. She stirs! here's life:
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell: she's warm; she breathes:
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour: who's there?
Some cordial drink! Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity: her eye opes,
And heaven, in it, seems to ope, (that late was shut,)
To take me up to mercy.

Dutch. Antonio.

Bos. Yes, (madam,) he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but feign'd statues;
He's reconcil'd to your brothers: the pope hath wrought
The atonement.

Dutch. Mercy. [*she dies.*

Bos. Oh, she's gone again: there the cords of life broke:
Oh, sacred innocence! that sweetly sleeps
On turtle feathers; whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register, wherein is writ
All our good deeds, and bad; a perspective
That shows us hell: that we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it.
This is manly sorrow:
These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk. My estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear: where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up: here is a sight
As direful to my soul, as is the sword
Upon a wretch hath slain his father. Come, I'll bear thee hence,
And execute thy will; that is, deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women; that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me: then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection."

The preceding passage needs no commentary to point out its fearful and terrible effect. It is one of the most laboured scenes which Webster has written, and in which he has shown the most consummate art. The measure is heaped up to the brim without being over full. The concluding dialogue between Ferdinand and Bosola, is an instance of that peculiar excellence of Webster which we have before mentioned. Nothing can be

more beautifully natural than the first dawn of good feeling in Ferdinand,

"Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young;"

nor the intense anxiety of Bosola, when the Dutchess for a moment opens her eyes before she expires:

"her eye opes,
And heaven, in it, seems to ope, (that late was shut,)
To take me up to mercy."

The whole of this part of the scene is most strikingly dramatic.

The ensuing dialogue between Antonio and Echo, which is introduced by some fine lines, is of a very singular kind, and is as skilfully managed, as it is singular in conception. The anxious and uncertain state of Antonio, as to the fate of the Dutchess, and the strange and awful responses of this airy nothing, notwithstanding the artificial nature of the dialogue, produce sensations thrilling and startling.

Antonio, Delio, Echo.

"*Del.* Yond's the cardinal's window: this fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey:
And to yond side o'th' river lies a wall,
(Piece of a cloister,) which, in my opinion,
Gives the best echo that you ever heard;
So hollow, and so dismal, and withall,
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
That answers.
Ant. I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;
And, questionless, here in this open court,
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather,) some lie interr'd,
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday: but all things have their end;
Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)
Must have like death that we have.
Ec. Like death that we have.
Del. Now the echo hath caught you.
Ant. It groan'd (methought), and gave
A very deadly accent.

Ec. Deadly accent.
Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.
Ec. A thing of sorrow.
Ant. Ay, sure; that suits it best.
Ec. That suits it best.
Ant. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.
Ec. Ay, wife's voice.
Del. Come, let's walk farther from't:
I would not have you to th' cardinal's to-night:
Do not.
Ec. Do not.
Del. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
Than time: take time for't; be mindful of thy safety.
Ec. Be mindful of thy safety.
Ant. Necessity compels me;
Make scrutiny throughout the passes
Of your own life; you'll find it impossible
To flie your fate.
Ec. O flie your fate.
Del. Hark: the dead stones seem to have pity on you,
And give you good counsel.
Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee;
For thou art a dead thing.
Ec. Thou art a dead thing.
Ant. My dutchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope, sweetly; oh, Heaven!
Shall I never see her more?
Ec. Never see her more.
Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the Echo
But that; and on the sudden, a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
Del. Your fancy merely.
Ant. Come; I'll be out of this ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life;
I will not henceforth save myself by halves,
Lose all, or nothing."

Antonio is afterwards unintentionally slain by Bosola. Ferdinand becomes mad, and gives mortal wounds to both the Cardinal and Bosola, with which internecion the play concludes.

It is out of the question to talk of the unities, with refe-

rence to our English dramatists, but we cannot help remarking, in perusing this play, the rapidity with which the author makes Time ply his wings. We learn, almost in the same breath, of the marriage of the Dutchess, and the birth of three children.* This play was successful.

The last play which Webster wrote was *Appius and Virginia*, whose history has been so frequently the subject of dramatic composition. It is, as a whole, the most finished and regular of all his plays; and although it does not contain scenes equal to those we have already extracted, it is full of dramatic interest—rife in striking action. There is a studious care in the management of the plot, and the most accurate judgement as to effect in the introduction and developement of the incidents. Our readers are aware of the main action—the nefarious attempt of Appius, one of the Decemvirs, to obtain possession of the person of Virginia, for whom he had a dishonest passion, by means of one of his servants claiming her as his bondwoman; and the death of the noble Roman lady by the hands of her own father, to save her from disgrace. The scene in which Icilius, to whom Virginia had been betrothed, discloses to Appius his knowledge of his base attempts, is very spirited and effective; and the one in which Virginius explains to the Roman soldiers the reasons which induced him to perpetrate the fatal act, is one of subduing pathos. It is remarkably superior to that of the trial and death of Virginia, which, indeed, is comparatively powerless, with the exception of the last beautiful speech of Virginius to his daughter. We shall present to our readers the scene at the camp.

" Virginius *enters, holding the fatal knife in his hand: he advances into the midst of the Soldiers, and then stops and addresses them.*

" *Virg.* Have I in all this populous assembly
Of soldiers, that have prov'd Virginius' valour,
One friend? Let him come thrill his partisan
Against this breast, that through a large wide wound
My mighty soul might rush out of this prison,
To fly more freely to yon crystal palace,
Where honour sits enthronis'd. What! no friend?

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* Mr. Campbell, in his *Specimens of British Poets*, erroneously states the preface to *The White Devil* to be prefixed to the *Dutchess of Malfy*, and thence infers, that the latter play was unsuccessful. He also affirms, that Dekker and Marston assisted Webster and Rowley in *The Thracian Wonder* and *A Cure for a Cuckold*, in which we cannot discover that they had any concern.

Can this great multitude then yield an enemy
That hates my life? Here let him seize it freely.
What! no man strike? Am I so well beloved?
Minutius, then to thee. If in this camp
There lives one man so just to punish sin,
So charitable to redeem from torments
A wretched soldier, at his worthy hand
I beg a death.

Min. What means Virginius?

Virg. Or if the general's heart be so obdure
To an old begging soldier, have I here
No honest legionary of mine own troop,
At whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat,
I may command a death?

1 *Sold.* Alas! good captain.

Min. Virginius, you have no command at all:
Your companies are elsewhere now bestowed.
Besides, we have a charge to stay you here,
And make you the camp's prisoner.

Virg. General, thanks:
For thou hast done as much with one harsh word
As I begg'd from their weapons: thou hast kill'd me,
But with a living death.

Min. Besides, I charge you
To speak what means this ugly face of blood,
You put on your distractions? What's the reason
All Rome pursues you, covering those high hills,
As if they dogg'd you for some damned act?
What have you done?

Virg. I have play'd the parricide:
Kill'd mine own child.

Min. Virginia?

Virg. Yes, even she.
These rude hands ripp'd her, and her innocent blood
Flow'd above my elbows.

Min. Kill'd her willingly?

Virg. Willingly, with advice, premeditation,
And settled purpose; and see, still I wear
Her crimson colours, and these withered arms
Are dy'd in her heart's blood.

Min. Most wretched villain!

Virg. But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongst you
One speaking organ to discourse her death,
It is too harsh an imposition
To lay upon a father. Oh, my Virginia!

Min. How agrees this? love her, and murder her?
Virg. Yes: give me but a little leave to drain
A few red tears, (for soldiers should weep blood,)
And I'll agree them well. Attend me all.
Alas! might I have kept her chaste and free,
This life so oft engaged for ungrateful Rome,
Lay in her bosom: but when I saw her pull'd
By Appius' Lictors to be claim'd a slave,
And dragg'd into a public sessions-house,
Divorc'd from her fore spousals with Icilius,
A noble youth, and made a bondwoman;
Enforc'd by violence from her father's arms
To be a prostitute and paramour
To the rude twinings of a lecherous judge;
Then, then, oh, loving soldiers, (I'll not deny it,
For 'twas mine honour, my paternal pity,
And the sole act, for which I love my life;)
Then lustful Appius, he that sways the land,
Slew poor Virginia by this father's hand.
1 *Sold.* Oh, villain Appius!
2 *Sold.* Oh, noble Virginius!
Virg. To you I appeal, you are my sentencers:
Did Appius right, or poor Virginius wrong?
Sentence my fact with a free general tongue.
1 *Sold.* Appius is the parricide.
2 *Sold.* Virginius guiltless of his daughter's death.
Min. If this be true, Virginius, (as the moan
Of all the Roman fry that follows you
Confirms at large), this cause is to be pitied,
And should not die revengeless.
Virg. Noble Minutius,
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too;
So most of you have, soldiers; why might not this
Have happen'd you? Which of you all, dear friends,
But now, even now, may have your wives deflower'd,
Your daughters slav'd, and made a lictor's prey?
Think them not safe in Rome, for mine lived there.
Roman. It is a common cause.
1 *Sold.* Appius shall die for't.
2 *Sold.* Let's make Virginius general.
Omnes. A general! a general! let's make Virginius general!
Min. It shall be so. Virginius, take my charge:
The wrongs are thine; so violent and so weighty
That none but he that lost so fair a child,
Knows how to punish. By the gods of Rome,

Virginius shall succeed my full command.
Virg. What's honour unto me? a weak old man,
Weary of life, and covetous of a grave:
I am a dead man now Virginia lives not.
The self-same hand that dar'd to save from shame
A child, dares in the father act the same. [*offers to kill himself.*
1 *Sold.* Stay, noble general.
Min. You much forget revenge, Virginius.
Who, if you die, will take your cause in hand,
And proscribe Appius, should you perish thus?
Virg. Thou oughtest, Minutius: soldiers, so ought you:
I'm out of fear; my noble wife's expir'd;
My daughter (of bless'd memory) the object
Of Appius' lust, lives 'mongst th' Elysian vestals;
My house yields none fit for his lictors' spoil.
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison, Rome,
Have lands unrifled, houses yet unseiz'd,
Your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted,
Prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time."

We thus conclude our extracts from the works of this certainly great dramatist, who was minute, without being trifling—elaborate, without becoming dull; and whose power in touching the passions was equalled by few of his contemporaries.

The comedy of *The Thracian Wonder,* which he is said to have written in conjunction with Rowley, is a vile performance, filled from the beginning to the end with the most wretched stuff. Langbaine says, Rowley had the least part in this, as well as in the other comedy ascribed to them; but we cannot conceive that Webster could have written any thing so bad; and, indeed, Rowley is also vastly superior to it. We should rather suppose, that they had agreed to correct it in some few places for "reasonable considerations," as the chapmen of that day express it, or perhaps the bookseller borrowed their names; for both *The Thracian Wonder* and *The Cure for a Cuckold* were published by Kirkman after the death of the supposed authors, and the last is stated by that publisher to be then printed for the first time. *The Cure for a Cuckold* is a much better comedy, but it is also below the separate productions of the reputed authors. Webster, indeed, seems to have had little inclination to cultivate an intimacy with the comic muse. With the exception of Virginia's servant, there is not in all his plays the usual accompaniment of the tragi-comedies of that day—a buffoon. He is rather sarcastic, than humourous—didactic, than witty. He would rather have soliloquized in the charnel-house, or com-

muned with the spirits of the dead, than have spread out his understanding to catch the poor jingle of words, and exercise his genius in manufacturing a pun.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man. Taken from his own mouth, in his passage to England, from off Cape Horn, in America, in the ship Hector. By* R. S. *a passenger in the Hector.* 1784.

In this brief title is comprised all that is known—all that the curiosity of this inquisitive age can discover of the history of the work, and name and lineage of its author. There is not a circumstance with which we are acquainted, connected with our literature, that is more strange in itself, or more melancholy in the thoughts it gives rise to. When we consider the high value deservedly attached to works of imagination, and, at the same time, the rare beauty of the fiction developed in the romance before us, it strikes us as incredible, that one, so calculated to please the fancy and beguile the attention, should have failed even to obtain notoriety enough to convey down to us, so much as the name of its author. For that we are right in ascribing this singular omission to the obscurity of the work itself, and not to any intention of concealment on the part of its author, may be fairly presumed, from the absence of any thing in the nature and contents of the book, which could furnish a reasonable cause for such a resolute withdrawing from the notice of the world. The incognito of the author of *Waverley,* besides being little better than a mere masquerader's disguise, which gives opportunity to a little harmless merriment, and enables persons, perfectly well known to each other, to discourse with a little more than their usual freedom, may also serve a more serious end, in acting as a provocative to the curiosity of the age; or having been originally assumed from a modest self-distrust, may have been involuntarily retained, for want of an opportunity of laying it gracefully aside. The shade too, which, under the name of *Junius,* has baffled the million attempts that have been made, by prying investigators, to detect the body from which it proceeded, had doubtless potent and weighty reasons for not making itself visible. We know indeed of no motive on earth that should have prevented the writer of those celebrated letters from stepping from behind his curtain to claim the applauses due to the exercise of mighty talents, but the portentous disclosure which such a step

might have occasioned of friendships violated, confidence betrayed, patrons abused, and principles, perhaps, strangely abandoned. What if this world of wonders had been alarmed by the apparition of some celebrated Tory chief, masquerading in the dress of *Junius;* and the rough old Roman had turned out a smooth, sleek, and supple courtier, with a back somewhat curved, by being too much in the sun, and an oily and adulatory tongue? At all events, the writer must be acknowledged to have had a sufficient motive for concealment, if it were only from the reflection, that as, like the original Arab, his hand and pen had been against every man, so every man's hand might be against him. That the "chield," whoever he was, had closed his "note" book on earth, and resumed his speculations on another stage, even before the storm he had raised on this had entirely subsided, there seem many reasons for concluding; but that he should have carried his secret with him to the safe depository of the grave, is to be attributed only to one or the other of these two causes: either his death was so sudden as to have left no room for the operation of human vanity and weakness, or he had been himself too notorious a fisher in the troubled waters of a political life, to care little about catching any such addition of fame or infamy as might have accrued to him from the dubious reputation of having been the author of *Junius.*

Similar to neither of these cases is the one, which is the subject of our present consideration. In the work before us, affording, as it does, numerous indications of a fine imagination, native elegance of mind, simpleness of heart, and purity of life and conversation, there are most of the qualities of which a man is deservedly proud, and nothing of which to be ashamed. To suppose the unknown author to have been insensible to, or careless about the fair fame, to which a work, original in its conception, and almost unique, we are sorry to say, in purity, did justly entitle him, is to suppose him to have been exempt from the influence of that universal feeling, which is ever deepest in the noblest bosoms;—the ardent desire of being long remembered after death—of shining bright in the eyes of their contemporaries, and, when their sun is set, of leaving behind a train of glory in the heavens, for posterity to contemplate with love and veneration. What, then, should have prevented him from being so known, so admired, and so remembered, but that the approbation of his contemporaries was wanting to set that seal upon his fair page, which was to give it currency with succeeding generations:—but that its modest author was reluctant to come forward, and claim a work the world had not deigned to notice, and that the world itself felt no curiosity about the anonymous writer of a book, in which

it had taken no interest. Obscure no doubt, and as poor, it may be, in the wealth of this world, as he was rich in that of an imaginary one, with a timid and hesitating hand he may have "cast it on the waters," to be at the mercy of the wind and tide. "Its vein," indeed, was "good," and the world has "found it after many days," and the stream of time, we will venture to predict, will carry it down to that ocean, destined to ingulph alike the whole of our literature; yet, at first, no favouring gale wafted it on its way, but, thrown out of the current, it had stuck fast among the reeds and shallows, till a good-natured poet kindly took it in tow, and set it once more fairly before the breeze. May he have his reward!—and when his own bark shall be dropping behind, or drifting aside among those dangerous shoals, where so many a goodly vessel has been wrecked, may its stouter companion return the kindness it before received, and draw it along even unto the end of the voyage. Something there is singularly mournful in the strange and wayward fate of many a bright genius, whose name is fraught to us with recollections of varied and distinguished excellence. Neglected by the world, an Otway dies of want, and five, or more, successive generations store their memories with the beauties of his verse, or their pockets with the profits of new editions of his works. And here a story of infinite merit, which has supplied the poet to whom we alluded, one certainly of no mean celebrity in his day, with the most elegant of his fictions, and from which, as from an unexpected mine, we mean to make large extracts to enrich our own pages, might possibly have originally brought enough of fame to raise a sigh over the vanity of human hopes, and enough of profit to suffice for the purchase of six deal boards, and the loan of a spade and pick-axe, to dig its author's grave.

> "Frange, miser, calamos, vigilataque prœlia dele,
> Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
> Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macra."

We must needs think it somewhat discreditable to the critical discernment of the times, which allowed a book, of such great and peculiar excellence, to fall still-born from the press; if, indeed, it be not more just to regard it as the misfortune of the age, that its taste was so constituted as to disqualify it for appreciating a work of so much imagination, and, at the same time, of a character so simple and unpretending.

Considered as a work of imagination, it appeared at a season, either too late or too early, to captivate the fancies or strike deep root in the minds of men. At that particular period, when the gross realities of life had superseded the

creations of fancy, and the imagination, lying as it were torpid, awaited the moment when it should be again called into life and action, a work, applying itself chiefly to that faculty of the mind, was likely to be coldly received, and unduly appreciated. In the first ages of our literature, when the bright sun was indeed risen, but the shadows of the past long night, rolling themselves slowly away before it, occasioned a sort of imperfect twilight, the imaginations of all men had been strongly excited; and he who read, had a fancy prepared to kindle at the visions of him who wrote. Then, in the glimmering obscurity of the mid-summer's night, the poet's eye beheld shapes unreal; and embodying his waking dreams, he gave to view Titania and her fairies, and all the wonders of the enchanted isle—bright and glorious creations, such as the world may never hope to see again. The refined and cultivated taste of the present day, by leading us back to the study of the olden time, has called forth the powers of the imagination into new being; and the *Peris* of Moore, and the *Glendoveers* of Southey, and many a bright vision beside, have been the fruits of this its second and artificial birth. But the intervening period was a dull, matter-of-fact, and uninventive age, when no creation of the fancy, however beautiful, could any more hope to prolong its existence, than the swallow, which has ventured from its retreat in the month of January, shall live to wheel its airy circles in the calm of the long summer's evening. No wonder, then, that the aërial creature of our author's fancy, his *glums* and *gawreys*, chilled by the inclement atmosphere of that untoward season, should have flagged, and drooped their pinions, and sunk again to the earth, there to lie till warmer suns should dispel the vapours, and call them once more on the wing.

Considered merely as an attempt to copy the realities of the world, and to delineate, in a fictitious narrative, the various accidents and adventures of a wandering life, its close resemblance, and, at the same time, sensible inferiority to a work, which had preoccupied all men's hearts and fancies, necessarily precluded, in some degree, the possibility of its being either kindly received, or hospitably entertained. Imitations, however great their merit, rarely meet with extensive or lasting popularity, but those who have attempted to pursue the track of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, have been singularly unfortunate; that celebrated production having, like the unnatural father of heathen mythology, devoured its own progeny, and its brethren to boot, born of the same pen, and conceived in the same brain with itself.

But there was another and more fatal course militating against its popularity, and that was the absolute incapability of the age, to relish any work of that modest and unostentatious beauty

which it exhibits. The merit of ease and simplicity, which at the present day is so much looked for in every species of composition, could not then, as now, in the absence of higher or more showy qualities, recommend a work to popular favour; nor was nature itself, if naked and unadorned, always sure of finding a passport to the reader's heart. It was not that our fathers, in estimating works of taste and genius, referred them to any other, than that universal standard of all ages and nations; but the nature they sought and worshipped was either raised above, or sunk below the common level;—they cared little for her in her ordinary dress, simple, plain, and unambitious, but loved to see her tricked out to advantage, and to hear her speak in good set phrase, and measured terms; or they gloried in her eccentricities, and were delighted to view her in situations and habits, grotesque and strange, with features distorted and action caricatured. To the condition of mankind, and the state of manners at the time, must we look for the causes of this prevailing humour. The elements, of which society is composed, were not reduced to that perfect order and complete harmony which the present age exhibits; but still existing in a somewhat chaotic state, produced various jarrings and collisions, such as arrested forcibly the attention of men, and cherished in them a passion for the strange and eccentric. The scale of rank too being not so finely graduated as it now is, nor the various orders and descriptions of men in that perfect keeping which a view of life would at this day discover, opportunity was given for numberless strange and ludicrous conjunctions, in which the peculiarities of character and manner, which men had not yet learnt to modify or disguise, were strikingly displayed, and oddly contrasted. The observation of a people possessing naturally a large fund of humour, was thus taken up with catering for the gratification of its own taste for the ridiculous; and in detecting and exposing the absurdities, which every turn and change in the fluctuating scene of life so plentifully revealed. The writers of the day, who are the index of the public taste, in whose page the manners of the age may be seen reflected, trimmed their sails to the popular breeze, and carried to excess the prevailing passion for the ludicrous and eccentric. They did not, it is true, forsake nature altogether, and draw entirely from their own fancy; but they took her in strange attitudes, and singular habits:—they chose for their model every thing that was most outrageous in character, and most oddly combined, or whimsically opposed in situation, and viewing all objects with a desire to extract from them food for the popular appetite, they insensibly exaggerated and embellished, distorted or caricatured, every aspect and feature of common life. The existence, or even the popularity, of one or two great writers, whose genius stooped

not to court the favour, by gratifying the palate of the age, is not enough to exempt it from the imputation of a bad or perverted taste. Under all the varieties of exterior, which diversity of fashion, age, or country can occasion, the heart still beats with the same emotions; and however different may be the modes, in which the passions reveal themselves to observation, they are always and immutably the same. Those master hands, then, who could touch and set in motion the deep and hidden springs of feeling and passion, necessarily subjected their readers to a spell, which they could not overcome, and moved them like puppets at their pleasure. They were superior to all the accidents of situation, and to all the changes in the tide of manners, fashion, and opinion. They wrote not for one people only, but for the world; not for one period alone, but for all time;—they were an universal good, in which all countries and ages might claim a portion. They raised monuments of their genius, imperishable and immortal, and exercised a sway potential and arbitrary not only over their contemporaries, but all succeeding generations. Our love and admiration are not voluntary, but necessary tributes,—not bestowed but exacted; and when we shall cease to feel warmth in the sunshine, or cold in extreme winter frost—to smile when we are glad, or weep when we are sorrowful, then may we expect that those tributes shall cease to be paid. Thus, by a law irresistible as that by which iron is attracted to the magnet, did the profound and genuine nature of Fielding, the deep pathos of Richardson, and the absolute and inimitable reality of De Foe, carry along with them the feelings, and absorb the attention of mankind. But the arts to which authors less profoundly versed in the knowledge of their species, or less powerful in moving the passions, were obliged to have recourse to arrest the attention and win the applause of their contemporaries, may be abundantly seen in the motley, grotesque, and eccentric, but still delightful pages of Smollett and Sterne. Their works are consequently not in that high state of preservation, which those of the immortal three exhibit:—their spirit has in some degree evaporated, and time has somewhat impaired the brilliancy of their colouring; but the others are still as lively, fresh, and blooming, as when they first won all hearts, and attracted all admiration. But they, who, with inferior power, attempted to tread in their footsteps, and were masters only of the lesser avenues to the heart; to whom nature had not revealed her inmost secrets, or unveiled the hidden sources of the deeper and more powerful feelings; these solicited in vain for that attention and regard they were not strong enough to exact. It was not sufficient to be easy, sensible, and natural,—to describe ordinary occurrences and characters, in simple and unaffected language;—to be capable of insinuating

moral instruction with amusement, and winning the affections, without an apparent effort to attract,—to play round the heart, touching the lesser chords of feeling, and gently pricking the foibles of mankind. Had this been a species of merit, which that age was capable of appreciating, the author of *Peter Wilkins* had not been defrauded of his just share of fame, nor had we, after being made sensible of his modest worth, and instructed by his pure and innocent conversation, been ignorant what name to repeat, when reckoning up the number of those who have been benefactors to their kind.

The slow and silent, but irrepressible, march of civilization has wrought a mighty revolution in taste, and a corresponding change in every art subject to its influence. The discordant parts of society have at length amalgamated, after having, by the previous friction, rubbed off a considerable portion of each other's rougher peculiarities and more prominent features. Each order and each individual now moves easily in his appointed sphere, without jostling his neighbours, or coming in rude contact with those whom the accident of birth has placed above or below in the great chain of human existence. He who looks abroad on society shall find it exhibits an uniform surface, nicely shaded off from the centre to the extremities, very different from that motley and diversified exterior, broken into rough projections, marked by strong lines of distinction, and made up of great masses of light and shade confusedly jumbled together, which it formerly presented to the eye of the spectator of human life and manners. The different classes too of men, wear not about them now, as they once did, the distinguishing marks of their caste ; but education,—mutual respect, —a quick sense of ridicule, and long habit, have assimilated their language and manners ; and taught them to soften or disguise the more prominent traits of their peculiar orders and professions. To read the characters of men, and detect their ruling passions, we must now look below the surface. By this revolution in the manners of our countrymen, we have both lost and gained ; but if the question be fairly considered, our gain will be found greatly to exceed the loss. The genius for humour, by which the English have been immemorially distinguished, languishes for want of objects to administer food, and a field in which to expatiate. We subsist upon the stores of past ages, to which our own has added little or nothing ; and the humours of our grandsires are those, to which we still revert for the gratification of our national appetite. The worst consequence has been, that our drama is impoverished, which can only be rich and flourishing among a people, abounding in characters strongly marked and distinguished, passions fierce and unbridled, peculiarities singular and humorous, and manners gro-

tesque and eccentric;—in short, among the earlier and unsettled stages of society. These are no longer exhibited in the intercourse of life; and there is nothing now to call forth the latent dramatic genius of a people, enthusiastically attached to the drama. The feeble attempts which are occasionally put forth —the last expiring shoots of the decayed and sapless trunk, are but the shadows of a shade, and repetitions of character an hundred times repeated. But if we have no longer so rich a harvest of absurdities to regale upon, neither is our penetration so engaged in the chase; and our attention not being absorbed in the contemplation of the caprices and incongruities which nature has manifested among her works, we are more at leisure to view her in the abstract, and to study man, as he is, independent of circumstance and situation. Many discoveries have thus been made into the secrets of his heart, his passions, and his feelings; and this knowledge being dextrously applied to those arts, which have the dominion over his breast and imagination, right principles have been established, the first grand step to successful practice. Hence the skilful artist knows better how to play upon his instrument, and set every fibre in motion, and every pulse a beating; the sources of our gratification being now clearly ascertained, that which comes home to men's bosoms is more diligently studied; and regulating our principles of taste by an appeal to nature herself, we more promptly and truly discriminate between what is genuine and what is spurious. Accordingly, much that passed current with our ancestors, we are enabled to reject as false and meretricious; and some pearls of rare price, which they trampled upon, unknowing of their value, we have picked up, and placed among the choicest treasures of our literature.

If it be true, that the writers of the earliest days of our literature were a race of giants—invincible in strength—god-like in port—sublime in conception—disdaining even the bounds of creation, and the limits of time; and that the race has, in these latter times, dwindled down to a mere dwarfish stature—yet these pygmies must still be allowed to possess one redeeming property, derived from that very diminutive size, we are so apt to complain of. They possess a clearness of sight and quickness of perception, which, though they may not be able to pursue the flight of former genius, or look in the sun's face undazzled by its beams, yet enables them to discriminate with the utmost nicety, where all, to the writers of loftier stature, was involved in the deepest obscurity. To draw the line of separation between the true sublime, and mere inflation, and an empty sound —and (what the ancients could never do) to detect, at once, what is forced and unnatural, either in sentiment or expression; and, warned by the unerring monitor, to say, *that* is not nature's

voice or language—to distinguish between the false glare and meteor flash elicited from strained conceits and the play of words, from the lambent flame of true wit, lighting up with new beauty, and irradiating every object on which it glances—to preserve the senses from being lulled to fatal repose, by the syren song of well-turned periods, and finely modulated verse—to strip nature of the cumbrous and ungraceful ornaments with which art had disguised her form, and to show her unadorned by aught but the charms of purity, simplicity, and truth—this is what has been given to the writers of the present age, to compensate for feebler powers, and less sublime conceptions; and this is what must render it an æra to all succeeding times, from which to date the revival of ancient genius without its errors, and the birth of genuine criticism, and of the true principles of taste.

The renovation of our literature leads us to anticipate for it a career as bright and illustrious as any that has preceded. In the literary history of Greece or Rome, we can mark out the exact period when genius and taste may be said to have reached their acme; and, thence, downward trace their gradual declension, from the age when gold was the coin that circulated among their writers, to that in which they paid in silver and worthless brass. But at each bright period in our own annals, when English literature seemed to have reached that limit, from which it must necessarily begin to decline, it has renewed its youth, assumed fresh and brighter colours, and starting forth with renovated strength, left hope and expectation far behind. The Elizabthan age, the æra of the Revolution, the latter part of the eighteenth century, have each been advocated, as the Augustan age of letters; but if any hope is to be grounded on the complete emancipation that has latterly been effected from the fetters of a corrupt and vitiated taste, we have a period to look forward to, which shall transcend all the glories of the past.

In some departments of literature, this renovation has been gradual and imperceptible, and still continues to work its silent way; but in one it was visible, both in its commencement and its progress; and we can trace the revival of poetry, from the faintest glimmering in the horizon, to the broad and full light of day. The first to shake off the trammels of custom and precedent, and to hang his lamp in the firmament, was the divine Cowper; but this might have proved a transitory gleam, and been swallowed up again in darkness, but that its light was caught and propagated by a set of men, who, disgusted at the view of art usurping nature's place, withdrew to seek and converse with her, in the solitudes of her birth-place. There, by the rushing of the torrent, or the lone margin of the

lake, imbowered in lofty mountains, they learnt true wisdom, and drank deep of nature's inspiration. In their verse, you seem to hear the rustling of the leaves, as they are gently stirred by the wind;—the distant sound of falling waters, and the faintest murmurs of the stream;—you feel the freshness of the evening air, and the coolness of the falling dew;—you catch the last smiles of the sun, as he sets below the hill; and every charm of that still and sacred hour sinks deep into the heart, and every string in the bosom is shook mysteriously. The melody of the Æolian harp, which rises, swells, and dies away with the breeze that agitates its chords, and causes the heart of man to dilate and swell, as though it should burst its tenement, makes not sweeter music, nor leaves the listener in more wrapt attention. What a relief was this from the monotonous chime of that which our fathers held to be poetry; where, if you caught a glimpse of nature, she was so cut and trimmed by the hands of art, that you hardly knew her face again;—where nought was to be seen or imagined, but slumbrous groves and formal alleys,—smooth shaven lawns and trim parterres,—dull cascades and leaden gods. True it is, that the great restorers of the art worshipped at nature's shrine, till their devotion became mystical, and their enthusiasm bordered on phrenzy;—bewildered in the pursuit of wild theories and fanciful speculations, they lost sight both of their judgement and discretion; and, viewed through the delusive medium of a heated fancy, the meanest objects became a fit theme for the Muse to handle. Then was she, who till then had kept none but the best company, been never otherwise than dressed out for a gala, and had dwelt in decencies for ever, bid, without ceremony, "to go spin," and put to servile tasks and household drudgery. But what then?

——— "they were not eagles, nourish'd with the day:
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their way?"

They were the emancipators of poetry from the chains of a mere rhyming age, and sacred be even their very errors. To them we owe that the tide of song, instead of mantling in pools, or creeping lazily on through artificial channels, now pours its glad waters sparkling in the sun-beam, through green banks and natural groves; whilst many a wild flower, that the busy pruning hand of elder art would have cast as a weed away, now floats on its stream, or is reflected on the polished mirror of its waves. The muse is free! and shall she not pardon the author of her freedom, his "duffel cloaks," and "boats," and "waggons," &c. or whatever other vile implement it has been his pleasure to put into her hands? The poet, who dates or did date from the Brenta, should reflect, that if he has soared

higher, or, by the aid of a stronger vision, kept clear of the errors into which they have fallen, that he was nursed in the light of their genius; and that if Wordsworth had not shown him how to worship her, Byron might not have looked on nature with the eye of a poet. If he do *really* believe in the poetical canons of the last age, it must be as the devils do, who believe and tremble; for there is not a line in Pope which does not speak as much condemnation to his own strong, careless, and free-born muse, as to that of him, whose delinquency he has invoked the departed shade to witness. Whatever may have been the errors which marked the progress of the reformers of our poetical creed, great and redeeming have been the benefits which have resulted from their speculations;—the genius of the land is unfettered, and as the first fruits of this free condition, we have the works of the noble author himself.

This revolution in poetry has been accompanied by a corresponding change, less marked indeed, but not less complete, in every department of literature, subject to the influence of taste, and connected with the feelings of men. In that, in particular, which we set out with considering, it is no longer necessary now to weave a tissue of strange and romantic incidents, and to cull from every scene of life the whimsical peculiarities of mankind. We turn away with loathing from the representation of character and passion, unnatural and exaggerated; and the expression of sentiment, false or artificial. We can no longer be affected by distress, that springs from no sufficient cause, or interested in critical situations, obtained by the sacrifice of truth and probability. We require nothing but good sense and good morals, exhibited in a succession of events, flowing from natural causes, and arriving at a probable issue. We ask not an elaborate display of wit, and eloquence, and repartee; but the conversation of men and women; and according as the persons of the story feel, think, and act, like reasonable and human beings, so do we sympathise with them in the various chances of their life, and mix ourselves up with their history. The more spirit infused into this the better, no doubt; but these are the channels in which it must flow:—genius must discover itself in the nice discrimination of character, and the expression of natural feeling, and not in attempting to embellish the one, or exaggerate the other.

But an example or two, selected out of multitudes, will prove the fact, and mark the degree of our improvement, more clearly than pages of gratuitous assertion. Thus a single artless expression of natural feeling, in an old Scotch blue-gown, is worth a whole chapter of sentiment, spun from the brain,

instead of flowing from the heart. It is better worth our while to stand for three minutes, with Waverley, on the field of Clifton, by the setting gleam of a cold December's sun; or to hear a caustic old antiquary, like Oldbuck, in one deeply affecting sentence, moralize the disunion of once firmly attached friends; than to follow the sentimental tourist on his travels, or sigh, "Alas, poor Yorick!" over his grave. A "simple tale" of the present day, as written by one whom we could name, in reading which a man may chance, on looking up, to find his sight grown dim on the sudden, is worth all the cold and artificial elegance of Mackenzie's volume; who never yet, we will be bold enough to say—beautifully as he writes—wrung one fair and genuine tear from a manly heart.

But two female writers there are, each the favourite of her generation, whom we would particularly specify, as illustrating in their works the opposite tastes of two successive ages; one still, we believe, in existence, but belonging, as a writer, to the last century; and the other, though coeval with ourselves, now no more, cut short by that early doom, which Heaven has ordained for all of the porcelain clay of human kind. In the lively and spirited caricatures of the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, we may see the style of portrait-painting relished by our fathers. Turning from them to the soberly coloured and faithful likenesses of Jane Austen, we may behold that approved by ourselves.

Over the works of the first, we laugh abundantly; but this is an expression which an author should be least anxious to extort. Do we ever experience that agreeable serenity and complacency, which is diffused over the mind by the sensible and pleasant conversation of persons with whose feelings we sympathise? There are a great many turns and changes in the eventful course of the narrative; but do we see, are we at the trouble to see, what produced them? and if we are so happy as to discern the cause, does it always appear a probable or a sufficiently important one? The hero and the heroine—the lover and the beloved—fall out and in, and out again, through the whole five volumes—do *they* always know, or *even* care to understand why? The heroine is constantly in distress—poor lady! does the hard-hearted reader ever take his share of the burden? The hero is always a very respectable young man—we have no fault to find with his moral qualities—but do we ever take a jot more interest in him, than in any well-behaved, insipid young gentleman, with whom it may be our hard lot to ride fifty miles or so on a rainy day? Then there are your villains—marvellous, shrewd, calculating villains—but do they ever plot with the least probability of success? And gay deceivers, too, there are, with whom no woman can be safe in heart or repu-

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tation. But are they your men, "to love, fight, banter, in a breath," and stay by a torrent of wit the angry speech just kindling in the blushing cheek, and glancing eye, and half-opened lip? O no!—mere conquerors they of hearts that beat against the shop-board. Whatever a man's cue is, that he never forgets for an instant. The miser is always most miserly, and always showing it. The proud man has the pride of Lucifer, and that in perpetuity. The bookworm, again, has a trick of absence of mind, and he forgets his dinner till it is clear he ought to die of starvation. The vulgar man is broad, irredeemably, intensely vulgar. The gay, dissipated man rides down hill to the devil, with unlocked wheels, and never spend a thought as to whither he is speeding. But is there not, in this medley of all the vices, follies, and absurdities personified, some intermixture of tenderness and sentiment? Yes; two persons are set apart to talk it—two soft-sighing sentimental souls, who whine and cry through the drama; and then, heart-broken for the loss of the objects of their separate affection, at the end of the play, club together each other's fragments, and become heart-whole again.

We ask the reader's pardon for speaking with so much levity of works, which, after all that can be said in detraction, are monuments of genius. The exaggeration of nature—the everlasting sameness of character—the perpetual acting—the want of truth in the incidents—of simplicity in the structure, and above all, of moral beauty in the tone and sentiments of the story, are the faults of that bad taste which she derived from her contemporaries. Great talents seldom or never err, but in compliance with the fashion or feeling of the age; and what a mist these can spread before the eagle vision of high-soaring genius, may be abundantly seen in the memorable example of Dryden. But the cleverness and spirit, the humour and acuteness, the observation, at once discriminating and deep, which had given its admirable possessor more experience of the world and knowledge of man at nineteen, than most have at ninety, belong solely to their author; and, in an age of female excellence, justly entitled her to the friendship of Johnson, and the gallant admiration of Burke—"Miss Burney *die* to-night!" She has, doubtless, in the course of a long life, heard and read her praises, till she can repeat them by rote; but this deep and emphatic expression of admiration will be found written in legible characters on her heart. She has, however, lived to see herself superseded in the public favour by writers, perhaps, then unborn; and the absolute failure of her latest production, must have brought home the sorrowful conviction of having outlived the admiration of her countrymen.

Born in the same rank of life, familiar with the same de-

scription of people, equally precocious, and equally possessed of a lively fancy, and an acute perception of character, with the single advantage of belonging to a later generation, the author of *Persuasion* and *Mansfield Park* has produced works of much fresher verdure, much sweeter flavour, and much purer spirit. Without any wish to surprise us into attention, by strangeness of incident, or complication of adventure,—with no great ambition of being amazingly facetious, or remarkably brilliant,—laboriously witty, or profoundly sentimental,—of dealing out wise saws and deep reflections, or keeping us on the broad grin, and killing us with laughter;—the stream of her Tale flows on in an easy, natural, but spring tide, which carries us out of ourselves, and bears our feelings, affections, and deepest interest, irresistibly along with it. She has not been at the trouble to look out for subjects for her pencil of a peculiar and eccentric cast, nor cared to outstep the modesty of nature, by spicing with a too rich vein of humour, such as fell in her way in the ordinary intercourse of life. The people with whom her works bring us acquainted were, we feel certain, like those among whom she herself shared the good and ill of life,—with whom she thought and talked—danced and sung—laughed and wept—joked and reasoned. They are not the productions of an ingenious fancy, but beings instinct with life;—they breathe and move, and think and speak, and act, before our mind's eye, with a distinctness, that rivals the pictures we see in memory of scenes we ourselves have beheld, and upon the recollections of which we love to dwell. They mingle in our remembrances with those, whom we ourselves have known and loved, but whom accident, or coldness, or death, have separated from us before the end of our pilgrimage.

Into those of her characters in particular, who engage our best affections, and with whom we sympathise most deeply, she seems to have transfused the very essence of life. These are, doubtless, the finest of her compositions, and with reason; for she had only, on any supposed interesting occurrence of life, to set her own kind and amiable feelings in motion, and the tide sprang up from the heart to the pen, and flowed in a rich stream of nature and truth over the page. Into one particular character, indeed, she has breathed her whole soul and being; and in this we please ourselves with thinking, we see and know herself.

And what is this character?—A mind beautifully framed, graceful, imaginative, and feminine, but penetrating, sagacious, and profound.—A soul harmonious, gentle, and most sweetly attuned,—susceptible of all that is beautiful in nature, pure in morals, sublime in religion;—a soul—on which, if, by any accidental contact with the vulgar, or the vicious, the slightest

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shade of impurity was ever thrown, it vanished instantaneously, like man's breath from the polished mirror; and, retreating, left it in undiminished lustre.—A heart large and expansive, the seat of deep, kind, honest, and benevolent feelings.—A bosom capacious of universal love, but through which there flowed a deeper stream of domestic and holy affections,—as a river through the lake's broad expanse, whose basin it supplies with its overflowing waters, and through which its course is marked only by a stronger current.—A temper even, cheerful, gladdening, and serene as the mild evening of summer's loveliest day, in which the very insect that lives but an hour, doth desport and enjoy existence.—Feelings generous and candid,—quick, but not irritable,—sensitive to the slightest degree of coolness in friend or lover, but not easily damped;—or, if overwhelmed by any heart-rending affliction, rallying, collecting, settling into repose again, like some still and deep waters disturbed by the fall of an impending rock.—Modest in hope, sober in joy, gay in innocence,—sweet soother of others' affliction,—most resigned and patient bearer of her own. With a sunny eye to reflect the glad smiles of happy friends,—dim and cloudy at the sight of others' grief; but not revealing the deep seated woes of the remote chambers of her own breast, by aught but that wild, pensive, regardful, profound expression, which tells nothing to a stranger or acquaintance, but, if a parent or friend, might break your heart but to look upon.—The beloved confidante of the young and infantine—at once playmate and preceptress;—the patient nurser of their little fretful ailments;—the more patient bearer of their rude and noisy mirth, in her own moments of illness or dejection;—exchanging smiles, that would arrest an angel on his winged way, for obstreperous laughs;—and sweet low accents, for shrill treble screams. The friend of the humble, lowly, and indigent; respecting in them, as much as in those of highest degree and lordliest bearing, the image of their common Maker. Easy, pleasant, amusing, playful, and kind in the intercourse of equals—an attentive hearer, considerate, patient, cheerfully sedate, and affectionate in that of elders. In scenes of distress or difficulty, self-dependent, collected, deliberate, and provident,—the one to whom all instinctively turned for counsel, sympathy, and consolation. Strong in innocence as a tower, with a face of serenity, and a collectedness of demeanour, from which danger and misery—the very tawny lion in his rage—might flee discomfited,—a fragile, delicate, feeble, and most feminine woman!

Whether, in this enumeration of female excellencies, one of those deeply attached friends, of whom she was sure to have had many, might recognize some, or most of the admirable

qualities of JANE AUSTEN, we cannot say;—but sure we are, if our memory have not failed us, or our fancy deceived us, or our hearts betrayed us, such, or nearly such, are those, of which she has herself compounded one of the most beautiful female characters ever drawn;—we mean, the heroine of *Persuasion*.

But we have digressed farther than we intended.—Indeed, so fast and thick do recollections of what is beautiful and good in the works of this admirable woman, throng into our mind, that we are borne away involuntarily and irresistibly. They stole into the world without noise,—they circulated in quiet,—they were far from being much extolled,—and very seldom noticed in the journals of the day,—they came into our hands, as nothing different from ordinary novels,—and they have enshrined themselves in the heart, and live for ever in the thoughts,—along with the recollections of all that is best and purest in our own experience of life. Their author we, ourselves, had not the happiness of knowing,—a scanty and insufficient memoir, prefixed to her posthumous work, not written in the best taste, is all the history of her life, that we or the world have before us; but, perhaps, that history is not wanted,—her own works furnish that history. Those imaginary people, to whom she gave their most beautiful ideal existence, survive to speak for her, now that she herself is gone.

The mention of her works happened to fall in our way as the noblest illustration we could give of that improvement in this department of literature, which we are fond to believe in; but we frankly confess, we would, at any time, have travelled far out of it to pay our humble tribute of respect to the memory of Jane Austen. Nor is it so foreign to our regular speculations, as the reader may be apt to imagine. Our conversation, as one of our own number has well observed, is among the tombs; and *there* dwells all that once enshrined in a form of beauty a soul of exceeding and surpassing brightness.—O lost too soon to us!—but our loss has been thy immortal gain.

Writers, and the generation for which they write, act upon one another with mutual wholesome or pernicious influence. The taste of the age first inspires or corrupts the author, and then the author returns the benefit or injury, by inspiring or corrupting the age. Works, like those we have been considering, are calculated to recommend and widely diffuse the principles on which they are written. But the work of regeneration had previously began, and prepared the world for their reception; and it is to this general improvement in taste that the novelist owes the exaltation of his character; for, in endeavouring to win the public favour, he has ceased to be a writer of romance, and become the faithful historian of life and man-

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ners. He supplies that information, so essential to a complete knowledge of our species, which is wanted in history; but which history, occupied with great and national events, cannot descend to give. He, who in after times shall apply himself to the study of the present period, will not have to infer our private habits from dry notices, and insulated facts in our public annals, but will have before him a full and fair picture of the domestic life and manners of his ancestors. A species of writing so long held in dubious estimation has thus obtained a high rank in the literature of our age; and, having absorbed the dramatic talent of the nation, vies, in interest and dignity, with the noblest productions of our most illustrious bards. Nothing, indeed, but the flagrant abuse of this kind of composition could ever have occasioned it to be viewed in any other light,—but to deny that the novel, as now written, is the pride and ornament of our literature, is mere ignorance and dotage. Had such note-takers, for example, existed in the times of Pericles and Aspasia, we should not have been left to glean scanty notices and form wrong conceptions of the Athenian character, from the pages of the great political satirist and libeller of his countrymen. What would we give for a fire-side view of those old Romans who conquered the world;—to see, in the security, repose, and self-indulgence of domestic life, those whom we only know amidst the factions of state, and the toils, dangers, and excitation of war. They loved, doubtless, and hated,—they sang, and danced, and wept,—they had their intrigues, their fashions, their follies, their scandals;—the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred were thus wasted;—they were as frail in all respects, as indulgent, as pleasant, as facetious, as humourous, as sentimental, as loving, and beloved as ourselves;—but what do we see of all this? To us they are stern, haughty, and vindictive warriors, intriguing politicians,—factious statesmen,—abusive demagogues,—and oppressive rulers. The English have been all this, more or less;—yet how far would he, who, from the perusal of their annals, had made this wonderful discovery, have travelled to a right view of their character? And even suppose him, by eking out his historical information, by the study of such political satires as time might have spared him, to have gained a notion, more or less just, of their national character, what conception would he be able to form of the individual Englishman?—one, perhaps, as just, as we, at this day, are instructed to entertain of the Athenian democrat, or Roman citizen.

It is by considerations of this sort, that we are made sensible of the value and importance of a description of writing, which is to transmit to posterity a full and fair view of the English character, and to prevent it from sustaining such egre-

gious wrong at their hands, as the Ancients, and more particularly the Athenians, have suffered from some of our contemporaries. To us, at the present day, it may be only an amusement to see our own physiognomy reflected in a glass; but in some thirtieth or fortieth century of the Christian æra, when the English character and manners shall be studied as those of the Greeks and Romans are now, the learned Zealander of the southern hemisphere, or the polite native of New Holland, may be thankful to those who have handed down a faithful picture of times, as remote to him as those of the first Roman adventurers in Britain, and of our painted and skin-clad ancestors, are to us.

One who chose to carry his speculations beyond mere matters of taste and feeling, might imagine that he beheld, in this sensible progress of the politer arts, an indication of the great moral improvement of his countrymen. And, in truth, however little the principles of taste may have to do with the policy of state, and the morals of a people, yet it is not impossible that the light, by which they have discovered truth in the one, may also serve to show them how to proceed in amending the other. That the improvement, in point of taste, is national, that is, that it extends through the whole of the liberal and enlightened part of society, we think ourselves authorized to assume; and, instead of looking for its causes in the writings of those great and illustrious authors, in whom that improvement is most clearly evinced, we rather take them to be the necessary consequences, and at the same time clearest indications, of its general existence. The reformers of taste, as well as those of religion and government, are but the men of greatest genius and strongest minds of the age, who first chip the shell, and burst the ligatures, by which the understanding of man has been confined. The tide of reason and truth rises highest in those, no doubt, whom nature and education have best prepared for its reception; yet it flows not in those particular channels only, but works its irresistible way, with more or less rapidity, through the whole mass of society. But it is not only in the liberal arts that the progress of human improvement is evinced—the very table on which we write—the furniture of the apartment in which we sit—every object that meets the eye, in which we trace the finger of man, when contrasted with the same as wrought by the artists of former days, forces upon us the conviction of the great progress which has been made, and, in these latter days, with even an accelerated rapidity, towards perfection in mechanism. In architecture, in dress, in equipage, and in every thing which the taste of the last age loaded with cumbrous and unmeaning decoration, we have begun to consider that shape or form to be the most elegant and perfect, which is best adapted to answer the intended purpose of the

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building or implement itself. In the altered manners of society —in the substitution of an easy, disengaged, and natural deportment, for the embarrassing and stately forms of a barbarous etiquette, we appear to see an improvement corresponding to that which has taken place in the liberal and mechanical arts of life. In short, to whatever we direct our attention, we observe one common effort in all, to throw off whatever obstructs, or has no tendency to promote, and to assume whatever is best calculated to produce the end in view, whether that end be one of convenience or ornament, whether it have reference to the mind or the body.

Simplicity, then, which is usually considered as the attribute of a savage or primitive life, is, in fact, the result of excessive refinement; and is to be found only in highest perfection among the most cultivated and polite societies: for what is it but an assimilating our own works to those of nature, who does *nothing in vain,* but produces the end desired, by the simplest means and the most certain success. It is the last lesson which man learns—the end of all reason and study—true wisdom; and though called by different names, is the same thing, whether exhibited in the make of a gown, in the structure of a poem, the building of a house, or the framing of a constitution. The degree of wisdom requisite to construct the one may be inconsiderable, compared with that which is necessary to frame the other; yet it is an argument of some force*, that the people who, in building their houses, discover throughout a perfect acquaintance with the great law of nature

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* That this connexion between the progress of art, and the science of legislation, is not merely fanciful, may be seen by comparing with our own, any half barbarous country of the present day—as Russia, for example. There, art, if it can, indeed, be said to be born, is in its earliest infancy—whilst ornament and splendour are at their height. Every thing is for show, nothing for use. The commonest implements, cumbered with decoration, yet vilely constructed, and performing their office in the most bungling manner. Houses, rich with "barbaric gold" and carving, without a single comfort or convenience, or any thing for which houses are designed. Every thing ill-calculated, even to a degree of perversity, for the end meant to be obtained—every thing, in short, done in vain. As to manners, an etiquette formal, perplexing, complicated, and manœuvring, in the court, and among the nobles and people at large, descending down to the very dregs—and there, even, they quarrel for precedency of title! Their literature, if they have any, we should not be surprised to find full of oriental imagery, and unnatural and tasteless splendour; for the poetry of a rude people, we are apt to believe, is any thing but simple and natural. Look at their moral and political condition—

—that of doing nothing in vain—will exhibit a proportionable degree of political wisdom in the structure of their government.

Of those arts, then, on which the comfort, the pleasure, and the happiness of man chiefly depend, we find that, in some, a discovery has been made of their true and genuine principles; and that a corresponding improvement has consequently ensued, in the works of their professors. The poet, in whose hands the reader is but an instrument on which to play, now understands how to strike every chord, from the highest even unto the lowest—from the loud trumpet note, that sounds to boot and spur, to that of the flute, which entrances the soul with its liquid melody. There is the high note of passion, the low note of fear, the soft note of love, and the glad note of joy. All these, and many more besides, does the cunning poet of this day touch, and sound, and vary, with such exquisite skill, as maketh the breast of his reader to discourse most sweet music. This, if we mistake not, however metaphorically it be expressed, is the sole end and object of all poetry; and this the bard now understands how to effect, on certain principles and in the simplest manner. The novelist has learnt his duty too, as well as the poet. To show the reader what man is, and to teach him, by judicious and chosen examples, what it is his interest to be. Every one who takes up his pen can do something towards this, if he will but contribute faithfully, and without reservation, to the general stock, his own knowledge, experience, and observation of life. The mechanic, in his humble art, has probably outstripped them both, and will be the first to reach that goal, which man calls perfection, but which is only the farthest extent of his own limited faculties.

In these, and most other useful and ornamental arts, with which the well-being and delight of men are connected, we can remark a visible improvement of his capacity and expan-

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what do we see? A naked iron despotism in the government, in which peacefully to their grave

——————————— *pauci*
Descendunt reges, et sicca morte tyranni.

A nobility covered with gold and vermin, at once slaves and tyrants; a miserable, oppressed, degraded, and brutalized peasantry, for whose wretchedness we can find no parallel, without crossing the Atlantic, to see it in the West India plantations. And, to crown the whole, —the close of all—an immense army, that eats up the provisions of a sterile and impoverished country, and then is thinned from mere starvation!

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sion of his intellect: it carries, then, no show of reason with it to suppose that, whilst for his comfort or amusement he has pushed forward all other arts, even to a discovery of their true and genuine, he has been stationary in the one, in whose advancement, of all others, he is most deeply interested—the science of legislation and government. The strongest evidence, indeed, that can be given of the existence of good principles, is here unfortunately wanting, we mean good practice; but though few or no outward signs have been given of inward grace, we would rather be at the trouble of accounting for their non-appearance, than take up with the belief, that the great work of regeneration is carried unequally or partially forward.

In matters of taste or convenience, conviction is comparatively soon wrought: pride, indeed, or prejudice,—habit, or ignorance, may, for a while, impede the progress of improvement; but man discerns his interest in these minor affairs, too clearly, to remain long under the cloud. He sees his neighbour's plough perform twice the work in half the time that his own does—the tyranny of habit must, indeed, be strong, that shall keep him from adopting, in the end, the new-invented and, at first, odious implement; and, though it be even that with which his fathers tilled their lands, of consigning his old one, like a useless log, to the flames.

In literature, again, there are some wrong-headed persons, of such a bad taste, or no taste at all, who exclaim against what they call the poetical license of the age; and would have the muse resume the chiming fetters, which she so long ago bequeathed, with all the other particulars of her cast-off suit, to prize poems and academic odes. But our modern poets have, in nature, an advocate that will be too hard and cunning for them, who will, sooner or later, constrain these lovers of chimes to sound what stop she and they please. But in all that has to do with the policy of nations, and the government of states —where either the science of man's true interest becomes so difficult, or himself so profoundly dull—where the well-disposed, on the one hand, entertain such a dread of innovation; and the ill-affected, on the other, are so deeply interested in the maintenance of old corruption—where the wise and the good, fearful of making a false step, are so backward with their salutary counsels,—and vain theorists, unmindful of the mischief they may make, are so ready with their flimsy speculations; it becomes, indeed, a marvel, how in any society, however enlightened, any great political good is ever achieved. The prejudices by which, in matters of taste or convenience, the exercise of the understanding is cramped, are but as thongs of flax, which give way before the strong and vigorous exertions of the waking giant. But the fetters with which habit, the love of order,

veneration for antiquity, fear, ambition, and self-interest, confine the operations of political wisdom, are as chains of iron or adamant, only to be burst asunder by the last ground swell of the great tide of national civilization.

Notwithstanding, therefore, we have retained the manifold errors of the political faith and practice of our fathers, whilst we have put off their cumbrous and embroidered garments, and emancipated ourselves from the restrictions of their literary creed, we are not to suppose that the true principles of legislation have not kept pace, in their advancement, with the dawn of reason and truth in the other arts of life. In the absence, then, of all *practical* proof of enlarged political wisdom, for which we have attempted to account, in order that we might not be reduced to deny or disbelieve in that wisdom's existence, we are content to take such testimony as the manifest improvement of all the other kindred arts of social life may be considered to afford. That the great principles, indeed, on which the welfare of nations is grounded, are better understood and more widely diffused, at this present time, than in any former age, and that their march will not stop short of a universal establishment, we as firmly believe, as we do in the rapid and evident progress of those on whom depend the happiness and comfort of individuals.

But seeing that for beneficial ends, no doubt, it is permitted to madmen, or fools, to disturb the tranquillity of a world at peace, we are thankful to heaven, that has placed *us* in the bosom of the broad Atlantic; where wild waves and blustering winds are the only tyrants, whose storm and thunder we hear or feel. Surveying our own beloved and still happy land, its arts, its literature, the manners, spirit, energy of its people, we cannot but vindicate for our countrymen a decided superiority in every thing that is connected with the respectability, ornament, and comfort of social life. How far in philosophical pursuits, and the advancement of science, it may claim an equal precedence, we presume not to say, and leave it to others to decide. From the present condition of society, we think sufficient grounds may be derived for entertaining large and magnificent hopes of glorious improvement, in every liberal and dignified art: and so far from thinking, with some despairing minds, that our sun draweth towards its set, we confidently anticipate years, generations, centuries—not so much of political greatness (for the most powerful nations are not always the wisest and happiest), but of proud moral and intellectual superiority.

The progress of education, which is diffusing itself with such a rich and healing influence through the land, will gradually exalt every individual in it to the dignity of a well-in-

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formed and well-judging man; and among a nation of thinking and intelligent citizens, it cannot be but that the true principles of government and morals will not only be fully developed in theory, but universally adopted in practice. It is a reflection that should never be absent from the minds of our illustrious *writers*—calculated, as it is, at once to animate with new spirit, and chasten, with added purity, the productions of their genius; —that not a truth, which they utter, but strikes root downward, and bears fruit upward in every corner of the island—that not a false or erroneous notion but misleads, not an obscene or indecent idea but sullies the purity of countless numbers;—that not a generous, free, and manly sentiment drops from their pens, but it strikes through a thousand thousand hearts,—not a touching expression of genuine feeling, but it thrills every fibre in the vast body of the sensitive and reading public.

Though our business be solely, or properly, with those from whom death has long since taken pen and occupation, we clearly shew that our WE—the common representative of the collective bodies of all reviewers,—is not so habituated to looking backwards, as not sometimes to cast a prospective glance. In good truth, we neither rank ourselves among the *laudatores temporis acti*, nor rail at the present; but think we should pay our ancestors but an ill compliment, were we to believe that their descendants of the nineteenth century had profited so little by the precepts of their forefathers, as not to have beaten them hollow in practice. One thing, however, we know and are sure of, that whatever other crimes may be laid to the charge of this age, it at least has not to answer for letting the writer of a well-principled, pure, and elegant work, tumble headlong into the gulph of oblivion, without a single effort to rescue as much as his name or a desire that it should be pronounced, with kind thoughts of his memory, by generations yet unborn. Certainly this destruction of the immortal fame of the unknown author of *Peter Wilkins*, is the greatest literary delinquency of the last age.

But, lest the reader should begin to suspect us of being oblivious, and equally regardless of his fair and honest reputation, we shall proceed to lay before him, the best abstract of this ill-treated work, which we are able to give: not without a lurking hope that he will be induced to bind up our obscure and humble favourite, with his own chosen closet companion—whether *Captain Gulliver*, or the *Mariner of York*.

As some of our readers may possibly belong to that class of men, to whose satisfaction it greatly contributes, to know under what circumstances and by what sort of person a narrative is delivered, we think it proper to state, that the following adventures were orally communicated to R. S. a passenger on board the Hector, by an elderly man, of middle size, having

long blackish hair on his head, and a beard of extravagant length. The good ship Hector, it appears, was doubling Cape Horn, on its return to England; when the wind and currents, setting strong against it, drove it several degrees to the south of the track usually followed by persons navigating those seas. "It was about the middle of June, when the days are there at the shortest, on a very starry and moonlight night, that we observed, at some distance, a very black cloud, but seemingly of no extraordinary size or height, moving very fast towards us, and seeming to follow the ship, which then made great way." The strangeness of its appearance, together with its being perceived, frequently to divide and presently to close again, occasioned it to be observed, with a mixture of alarm and curiosity, by the persons on deck, and many conjectures were offered as to what the phenomenon might portend. The sagacious commander, however, decided the question at once, by causing one of the ship's guns to be fired at it, under the idea that there might possibly be a storm gathering in the air, of which this was a prognostic. "This was no sooner done, than we heard a prodigious flounce in the water, at but a small distance from the ship, on the weather quarter; and after a violent noise, or cry in the air, the cloud, that upon our firing dissipated, seemed to return again, but by degrees disappeared." In the pause of wonder, created by this unexpected incident, they plainly heard a voice calling out for help, like that of a person in distress. Upon this they slackened sail; and hoisting out the boat, R. S. and seven others made to the cry, which they soon found to come "from an elderly man, labouring for life, with his arms across several long poles, very light, and tied to each other in a very odd manner." After some demur on the part of the sailors, who, according to the usual faith of tars, took him for a monster, that would certainly upset the boat, he was taken in; when he abundantly disproved the suspicions entertained of his humanity, by squeezing them successively by the hand, and, in good English, thanking them very courteously for their civility. The adventures of a person thus unexpectedly dropped from the clouds, were naturally enough conjectured by R. S., to contain something remarkable; and the kind offices he had an opportunity of doing the old man, with the brute of a captain, were eventually rewarded by a complete satisfaction of his curiosity. Besides, the hero himself, good man, was sure, that as they were of such an uncommon nature, "the world would be glad to know them," and he had even "flattered himself with hopes of raising somewhat by the sale of them, to put him in a way of living." In the course of a long and tedious voyage, they had ample leisure, the one to relate, and the other to hear and write down the narrative of the stranger's life; but on their arrival in

England, the latter was more happily and effectually provided for than he ever could have been by the vainly hoped-for curiosity of his countrymen. He died the very night they landed, bequeathing the expenses of his funeral, and the profits of the MS. to his benevolent amanuensis. Such is the miraculous manner in which Peter Wilkins is introduced to the acquaintance of the reader; and under such circumstances are his *Life and Adventures* represented to have been written. That he himself, in hoping the world would be glad to know and feel an interest in them, was deceived by his own wishes, is sufficiently clear; since, otherwise, it would not have fallen to us at this late day to present, as something new, to the majority of our readers, the following imperfect outline of his story.

Peter Wilkins, a Cornish man, as the title page bears, was the son of one of those unfortunate persons, who had been judged by Jefferys, in the West, for taking the air one day, as far as Sedgemoor, with the Protestant Duke. He coming to that unhappy end, Peter naturally succeeded to all his mother's affection, and meeting "with so much indulgence from her, for that reason, found very little or no contradiction from any body else." At the ripe age of sixteen, he conceived himself too big for confinement at the apron string, and began to take all opportunities of enjoying the company of his neighbours. In pursuance of this dutiful design he had the happiness to make a kind and loving father of a person, whom he had only courted for a friend. This was a gentleman of a small paternal estate, "which had never been the better for being in his hands," and having at that time "some uneasy demands upon it," its owner was of opinion, that the widow's effects might be usefully applied towards freeing it from incumbrances. The method which this worthy takes to worm himself into the good graces of Peter's mother, is described with great truth and naiveté, and may be safely recommended as infallible in all cases similar to the present. The mother is courted through the son; and many wonderful things, clearly foreshown by his discourse and actions, are presaged of him, if his genius be but properly cultivated. Proud of such a hopeful youth, the mother is straight inflamed with a desire of adding what lustre she can to abilities so applauded; and who so proper to advise with on the subject, as the person whose discrimination had first remarked their existence? "My gentleman then had his desire, for he feared not the widow, could he but properly dispose of her charge." Having beaten her quite out of her inclination to a grammar school in the neighbourhood, he proposes an academy not more than thirty or more miles distant, kept by a very worthy and judicious person, where, if Peter could but be admitted, he did not in the least doubt he would fully answer the expectations

formed of him, and outshine most of his contemporaries. Well; the whole family is now employed in fitting Peter out on his expedition, and as his friend had been so instrumental in bringing it about, it was only natural he should be frequent in his inquiries how affairs went on; and during the process, by humouring the son, ingratiate himself with the mother, though without appearing in the least to aim at it.

"Thus I, (the coach waiting for us at the door) having been preached into a good-liking of the scheme by my friend, who now insisted upon making one of our company to introduce us, mounted the carriage with more alacrity than could be expected for one who had never before been beyond the smoke of his mother's chimney; but the thoughts I had conceived, from my friend's discourse, of liberty in the academic way, and the weight of so much money in my pocket, as I then imagined would scarce ever be exhausted, were prevailing cordials to keep my spirits on the wing."

Finding himself thus rich, he confesses he heartily wished they were all fairly at home again, that he might have leisure "to count his cash, and dispose of such part of it as he had already appropriated to several uses then in embryo." But when this was over, and the money all spent, he found his friend's academic liberty but a poor substitute for the complete vacation from all sorts of employment which he had enjoyed in his mother's house. Alas! after sixteen years of idleness at home, he had but little heart to his nouns and pronouns, which now began to be crammed upon him, and "was ashamed to stand like a great lubber, declining of *hæc mulier*, a woman," whilst his juniors, by five years or more, were engaged in scanning Horace, or turning Ovid into nonsense. After passing some time in the melancholy contemplation of his own dullness, a certain accident befell him, when "inclination," as he expresses it, "framed by opportunity, produced the date of a world of concern;" for, in about six months after his arrival at the academy, instead of proving his parts by his scholarship, he had proved his manhood, by taking unto him a wife, with the distant promise of an heir to boot. This increased establishment necessarily demanded a recruited purse: he wrote to his mother for a fresh supply; and was answered by his former friend, in a letter, short indeed, but sufficiently significant, beginning with "Your mother and I are much surprised you should write for money," &c.—addressed, "Son Peter," and subscribed, "your loving father." Peter's consternation on the receipt of this letter, he leaves the reader to imagine, and after "a thousand thoughts altogether jostling out each other," he takes refuge in the counsels and sympathy of his wife. But not to tire his hearer "any further with amours between self and Patty," he

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proceeds to inform him, that having somebody to disburthen his mind to, and to participate in his concerns, he "had been much easier, and kept true tally" with his book, with more than usual delight, so as to win the acknowledgment of his master, "for the best capacity he ever had under his tuition." By the advice of the latter, and under his dictation, he writes his new father a dutiful letter, praying that he would be pleased to order him home, the next recess, he being now near nineteen years of age; and receives in answer, from that very honest gentleman, the following laconic epistle:

"Son Peter,—Your mother has been dead a good while; and as to your request, it will be only expensive, and of little use; for a person who must live by his studies cannot apply to them too closely."

"A person who must live by his studies!"—is the natural exclamation of the master:—"Why, have you not a pretty estate to live upon, when it comes to your hands? Peter," says he, "I would advise you to go to your father, and inquire how your affairs are left." The consequence of this advice is an interview with Peter's "loving father," which is extremely well described, and reminds us of those more sober parts of Smollett, where he ceases to play the buffoon, and instead of burlesquing nature, is content to copy her with fidelity.

It seems that old Peter Wilkins, previous to his fatal execution, had conveyed to his wife both the estate, money, and every thing else he had in the world; and that she, in the common course of such things, had transferred them, with herself, to her liege lord and spouse.

Dolorous and mal-content, master and pupil make the best of their way home again; where, during the remainder of Peter's stay, which was but a week or so, the former frequently moralized with such effect, that his pupil was "almost convinced he ought to submit, and be content." The passage, indeed, may serve as a specimen of that practical good sense, and unaffected piety, which pervades the whole work, and vie with the beauty of the fiction in recommending it to the good will of the reader.

"You are not now to learn, Peter, that the crimes of the father are often punished in the children, often in the father himself, sometimes in both, and not seldom in neither, in this life; and though, at first one should think the future punishment, annexed to bad actions, was sufficient, still it is necessary some should suffer here also for an example to others; we being much more affected with what the eye sees, than what the heart only meditates upon.

"Now, to bring it to our own case: your father, Peter, rose against the lawful magistrate, to deprive him (it matters not that he was a bad

one) of his lawful power. Your father's policy was such, and his design so well laid, as he thought, that upon any ill success to himself, he had secured his estate to go in the way of all others he could wish to have it, and sits down very well contented, that, happen what would, he should bite the government, in preventing the forfeiture. But, lo! his policy is as a wall of sand blown down with a puff! for it is to you it ought, even himself being umpire, to have come, as no one would think he could prize any before you, his own child. Now, could he look from the grave, and know what passes here, and see Mr. G. in possession of all he fancied he had secured for you, what a weak and short-sighted creature would he find himself! If it be said, he did not know he should have a child, then herein appears God's policy beyond man's; for he knew it, and has so ordered, that that child should be disinherited; for, by the way, Peter, take this for a maxim, wherever the first principle of an action is ill, no good consequence can possibly ever be an attendant on it. Could he, as I said before, but look up and see you, his only child, undone by the very instrument he designed for your security, how pungent would be his anxiety."

——— "Heaven seems
To claim her stern prerogative, and visit
Upon my boy, his father's faults and follies."

Whilst his master continued to talk after this way, Peter thought he spoke like an angel; but when left to solitude and his own reflections, his former uneasiness returned upon him. "In short, without more consideration, I rose in the morning early, and marched off, having first wrote to my wife, assuring her, if ever I was a gainer in life, she should not fail to be a partaker." His thoughts by the way were uncomfortable enough —at night he slept tolerably; but the morning once more "brought its face of horror with it." However, after walking about three miles and calling to mind his master's last discourse, his spirit by degrees grew calmer; and he found another set of thoughts were preparing a passage into his mind, "which did not carry half the dread and terror with them that their predecessors had." It was now that he became sensible of the benefit of a virtuous education; for, though his religious duties had hitherto been performed from force, custom, or habit, rather than any proper regard to their object, yet having "been always used to say his prayers, as they called it, morning and night," he began with a sort of superstitious reflection, to accuse himself for having omitted that duty the night before, and also at the setting out in the morning, and very much to blame himself for it, and at the same instant even to wonder at himself for that blame. This leads him into a train of natural reflections, as to the real use of prayer, and the object of it.—Does the Being, to whom it is addressed, concern himself with one, who can do him no service? Have the prayers, he has

been in the habit of rehearsing from day to day, been heard and regarded? No—for if they had, he should scarce have sustained this hard turn in his fortune. But then,—how had he prayed? —earnestly, as he used to petition his mother for any thing, when he wanted it against her inclination? No—he cannot say he had. But her he had actually present before him; now the object of his prayers is far remote from his view; yet he had often heard his master say, (who, he could not help thinking, must know) that God was a spirit, not confined by the incumbrance of flesh as themselves were; and if so, why may he not be virtually present, although they are unable to perceive him. If then he is a purely spiritual being, whose space is diffused through all nature, and truly he believed it must be so, why may he not be ever present with him, and able to hear him; and why should not he himself have a full idea of the being, though not of any corporeal parts or form of God, and so have actually somewhat to be intent upon in his prayers?—and not do as he had hitherto done, say so many words only upon his knees, which he could not help thinking "might be as well without either sense or meaning in themselves, as without a proper object in the mind to direct them unto." By these and similar reflections, he is wrought up to a strain of pious fervour, extremely simple and touching.

"These thoughts agitated me at least two miles, working stronger and stronger in me; till at length, bursting into tears, Have I been doing nothing, says I, in the sight of God, under the name of prayers, for so many years? Yes, it is certainly so. Well, by the grace of God, it shall be so no longer; I will try somewhat more. So looking round about me, to see if I was quite alone, I stepped into an adjoining copse, and could scarce refrain falling on my knees, till I came to a proper place for kneeling in. I then poured forth my whole soul and spirit to God; and all my strength, and every member, every faculty, was to the utmost employed, for a considerable time, in the most agreeable as well as useful duty. I would, indeed, have began with my accustomed prayers, and had repeated some words of them; when, as though against and contrary to my design, I was carried away by such rapturous effusions, that to this hour, when I reflect thereon, I cannot believe but I was moved to them by a much more than human impulse. However, this ecstasy did not last above a quarter of an hour; but it was considerably longer before my spirits subsided to their usual frame. When I had a little composed myself, how was I altered; how did I condemn myself for all my past disquiet! what calm thanks did I return for the ease and satisfaction of mind I then enjoyed! and coming to a small rivulet, I drank a hearty draught of water, and contentedly proceeded on my journey."

Such was the pure and simple devotion of elder and better days, ere men had learnt what it was to feel pride or shame in the worship of the Deity. Alas! that since those times, the

allay of human vanity, and the disgusting cant of hypocrisy, should have had such abundant harvests, as, like the tares in the parable, to have choked the effusions of genuine piety; and constraining us, from mere dread of sinister imputations, to confine our own language within the bounds of a strict and freezing formality, should have made us regard, with coldness or suspicion, every warmer and stronger expression of devotional feeling in others.

After having refreshed himself on his arrival at the seaport—the place of his destination—he walked the same evening down to the key, asking all he met, who looked like sea-faring men, for employment, but without success; till, at length, he was engaged as ship's steward, by the master of a vessel, bound for Africa. This person at first shook his head at the softness of Peter's hand, and told him "it would not do;" but he appears to have felt that our hero's inner man was of a much hardier and more vigorous stamp than his exterior promised. "I told him I was determined for the sea, and that my hand and heart should go together; and I hoped my hand would soon harden, though not my heart."

What happened during the first fourteen days of their passage he was unable to say, having been all that time so sick and weak, as scarcely to keep life and soul together. But growing better as they sailed farther, he passed a pleasant interval enough; till one evening, being within sixty leagues of the Cape of Palmas, in the African seas, calm weather, they espied a strange sail; and the wind not permitting them to make much way, during night, about peep of dawn they perceived they were infallibly fallen in with a French privateer, who, hoisting French colours, called out to them to strike. "The privateer being a light ship, and a small breeze arising, run up close to us; first firing one gun, then another, still calling out to us to strike; but we neither returned fire nor answer, till he came almost within pistol-shot of us, and seeing us a small vessel, thought to board us directly; but then our captain ordered a broadside, and immediately all hands to come on deck; himself standing there at the time of our first fire with his fusee in his hand, and near him I stood with another." This unequal fight is maintained with great gallantry, and described with equal spirit, till at length, in a volley of small arms from the privateer, the captain is shot through the heart, when the men begin to droop, and the loss of the ship becomes inevitable. A prisoner on board the Glorieux, he has ample leisure for bitter reflection; being turned into the hold, along with the remainder of the survivors, chained two and two, where they lay till the fetters on their legs had almost eaten to the bone, and the stench of the place had well nigh suffocated them. At

length, Monsieur finding that his prisoners were too numerous to be trusted, and fearing that, by the great addition of mouths, he might be reduced to short allowance, commits them, without a moment's hesitation, to the number of twenty-one, to the prize's boat; and turns them adrift, with two days' provisions, to shift for themselves. Here, when they came to reflect on their condition, the prospect before them was black enough; though at first they had readily embraced the alternative, rather than remain to perish in a loathsome confinement.

The scene which ensues is painted with a master's hand, and is conceived with all the liveliness and force of actual experience. The gradual declension from the cravings of famine, to the indolence and imbecility of despair, and thence to the furious longings of the cannibal, when each "began to look with an evil eye upon his fellow," is worked with such strokes of deep and genuine suffering, as to make us feel, for the moment, all the horrors of their condition; and when, at length, at the sight of a distant sail, they strain their throats but are unable to raise a cry, "that might be heard fifty yards," we feel a choking sensation in our own, as if in like manner deprived of the power of utterance.

"We now judged we were above two hundred leagues from land, in about eight degrees north latitude; and it blowing north-east, a pretty stiff gale, we could make no way, but rather lost, for we aimed at some port in Africa, having neither sail, compass, nor any other instrument to direct us; so that all the observation we could make was by the sun for running southward, or as the wind carried us, for we had lost the north-pole. As we had little above two days' provisions, we perceived a necessity of almost starving voluntarily, to avoid doing it quite; seeing it must be many days before we could reach shore, if ever we did, having visibly driven a great deal more southward than we were; nay, unless a sudden change happened, we were sure of perishing, unless delivered by some ship that Providence might send in our way. In short, the ninth day came, but no relief with it; and though we had lived at quarter allowance, and but just saved life, our food, except a little water, was all gone, and this caused us quite to despair. On the twelfth day four of our company died with hunger, in a very miserable way; and yet the survivors had not strength left to move them to pity their fellows. In truth, we had sat still, attempting nothing in several days; as we found that, unless the wind shifted, we only consumed the little strength we had left to no manner of purpose. On the fourteenth day, and in the night, five more died, and a sixth was near expiring; and yet we, the survivors, were so indolent, we could scarce lend a hand to throw them overboard. On the fifteenth day, in the morning, our carpenter, weak as he was, started up, and as the sixth man was just dead, cut his throat, and, whilst warm, would let out what blood would flow; then pulling off his old jacket, invited us to dinner, and cutting a large

slice off the corpse, devoured it with as much seeming relish as if it had been ox-beef. His example prevailed with the rest of us, one after another, to taste and eat; and as there had been a heavy dew or rain in the night, and we had spread out every thing we had of linen and woollen to receive it, we were a little refreshed by wringing our clothes, and sipping what came from them; after which we covered them up from the sun, stowing them all close together to keep in the moisture, which served us to suck at for two days after, a little and a little at a time; for now we were in greater distress for water than for meat. It has surprised me, many times since, to think how we could make so light a thing of eating our fellow-creature just dead before our eyes; but I will assure you, when we had once tasted, we looked on the blessing to be so great, that we cut and eat with as little remorse as we should have had for feeding on the best meat in an English market: and most certainly, when this corpse had failed, if another had not dropped by fair means, we should have used foul, by murdering one of our number as a supply for the rest.

"Water, as I said before, to moisten our mouths, was now our greatest hardship, for every man had so often drank his own, that we voided scarce any thing but blood, and that but a few drops at a time; our mouths and tongues were quite flayed with drought, and our teeth just falling from our jaws; for, though we had tried, by placing all the dead men's jackets and shirts over one another, to strain some of the sea-water through them by small quantities, yet that would not deprive it of its pernicious qualities; and though it refreshed a little in going down, we were so sick, and strained ourselves so much after it, that it came up again, and made us more miserable than before. Our corpse now stunk so, what was left of it, that we could no longer bear it on board, and every man began to look with an evil eye on his fellow, to think whose turn it would be next; for the carpenter had started the question, and preached us into the necessity of it; and we had agreed, the next morning, to put it to the lot who should be the sacrifice. In this distress of thought, it was so ordered, by good Providence, that, on the twenty-first day, we thought we spied a sail coming from the north-west, which caused us to delay our lots, till we should see whether it would discover us or not: we hung up some jackets upon our oars, to be seen as far off as we could, but had so little strength we could make no way towards it; however, it happened to direct its course so much to our relief, that, an hour before sun-set, it was within a league of us, but seemed to bear away more eastward, and our fear was, that they should not know our distress, for we were not able to make any noise from our throats that might be heard fifty yards; but the carpenter, who was still the best man amongst us, with much ado, getting one of the guns to go off, in less than half an hour she came up with us, and, seeing our deplorable condition, took us all on board, to the number of eleven, of whom four more died in as many days after."

We cannot, we think, pass a higher eulogium upon this striking picture of human wretchedness, than by saying, that it

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appears to us to contain the sum and substance of a noble poet's description of a similar scene; divested, indeed, of those poetic graces, and touches of finer sentiment, with which his genius has relieved the images of gaunt famine and grim despair, but at the same time unalloyed by the intermixture of any of the levity and drollery with which it has pleased that exquisite player upon the feelings of mankind to burlesque the sufferings of our common nature, and irritate and perplex the mind of his reader. Here we are not cheated into commiseration, to become a mockery even to ourselves;—here our sympathy may flow on unchecked by any ludicrous or degrading considerations; nor, whilst we deeply feel for fancied woes, is our pity liable to be profaned by the sneer of scorn and the laughter of derision. Grateful as we are, and as every one must be, that speaks our mother tongue, to a genius, who has with such a lavish and a bounteous hand enriched and adorned our literature, we yet hardly know whether we owe him many thanks for having so sported with our better feelings, and associated in our minds burlesque and ludicrous ideas with the appalling image of human infirmity. To shake our sides with laughter at the follies of men may be true philosophy,—for folly is properly met with derision,—but why else do we suffer ourselves to be wrought upon by scenes of imaginary distress, than for the wholesome exercise of those feelings, which were all the portion that man had left to solace his woes withal, and mitigate the rigour of his fate? In scenes too of this description there lurks a moral, which he who dwells upon in the right spirit of mind shall extract for his soul's medicine;—it may serve to sober his joys, in the moment of insolent exultation, and check the soaring of his pride, even at its highest pitch of flight. "We know what we are," sighs poor Ophelia, "but know not what we shall be;" and would that the reflection of her slumbering senses were the deeply seated and ever present thought of our own waking reason. Partakers of the same nature, heirs to the same infirmities, subject to the same mischances, if man scorn and mock his fellow man—heaven befriend him! 'Twere an unreasonable philosophy that should teach us to scoff at our brother's fall, when the gulf down which he has been precipitated may yawn equally for ourselves. It was with a better sentiment, and in a higher view of morality, that the noble poet (if report, that has told so many lies of him, belied him not in this also) was pleased, in his hours of revelry, to quaff rich draughts of wine from the scull of one, who might, in his time, have been a gay and lusty reveller too. To twine the cypress ever round the bowl,—to moderate our exulting spirits by never ceasing reflections on our own decay,—to chasten our joys by the constant remembrance of the miseries of the less happy and less

fortunate among us, is wisdom and deep philosophy. The noble author doubtless reflected, whenever he raised that curious goblet to his lips, that, as he drank out of a skull that had once been the tenement of reason and intelligence, so his own —the "dome" of brightest thoughts,—the "palace" of a lofty soul,—might one day be put to a yet viler use. But in following this train of reflection, we have been led insensibly very far from our present subject; and the only excuse we have to offer our hero and the reader must be a candid confession, that the recollection of that writer never comes across our mind without exercising a magnetic influence on our thoughts, and drawing them in long succession after it. But ceasing to contemplate the strange incongruities of one, in whose page a thousand "Dalilahs" lie ambushed, to surprise the hearts of the coldest and most rigid, and break through all the guards with which sanctity and decorum can fence us round, we return with thankfulness to the consideration of a story of innocence and purity.

The unknown author, as we have elsewhere remarked, does not appear to us to have drawn the scene, he has so forcibly pourtrayed, from the recollections of his own experience, but rather, like the writer of whom we have been speaking, to have conceived it by a strong imagination, aided by the study of such disastrous chances as are recorded in the authentic narratives of maritime suffering. In pursuing, indeed, the study of nautical adventures and distress, it is possible that the latter may have become familiar even with the present obscure and anonymous work; for he is clearly a wide and excursive reader, and elsewhere in our researches we fancy we have beheld the print of his footsteps, and found him, by the right royal prerogative of genius, to have been levying contributions in the most secret and lonely recesses of our literature*. But

* Witness the following singular appropriation of the idea and even words of a passage, conceived by one dramatic writer in prose, and transferred by the other into verse: the noble poet's impress is not sufficiently deep to prevent our plainly discerning underneath, the hand and seal of the original maker.

———" as yet 'tis but a chaos
Of deeply-brooding thought: *my fancy is*
In her first work, more nearly to the light
Holding the sleeping images of things
For the selection of the pausing judgment."

Doge of Venice.

" When it was only a confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark: when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the judgment."

Dryden's Dedication to the " Rival Ladies."

supposing, as is much more likely, the coincidence to be accidental, we cannot but regard this general resemblance as a strong and conclusive testimony of the accuracy and success with which each writer has copied from one great original, Nature herself.

But to resume the thread of our hero's narrative.—He had no sooner arrived safe in port, than he was despatched by the captain who had taken him on board, along with nine others, on a secret expedition down the coast; when on the tenth day, just at sun-rise, they fell in with a fleet of boats, which had way-laid them, and were made prisoners. Wherefore or by whom this was brought about, as Peter appears to have been ignorant himself, we are not concerned to discover; he only knows that they were imprisoned three months, and nearly starved; but afterwards sent with a guard to Angola, and set to work in removing the rubbish of an old fortress, destroyed by lightning; where so many men of different nations were employed, that he often fancied himself at the tower of Babel, "each labourer almost speaking a language of his own." Here having continued about five months, very sparingly dieted, and locked up every night, he contrived to effect his escape, in company with a native African, but of a different kingdom from the one they were in. They prosecute their journey very successfully for several days, considering that the interior of Africa does not present any extraordinary facility to travellers; and that having to carry their provisions on their backs, "every pound in the morning weighed ten before night." This inconvenience, however, they remedy by plundering an Angolan hovel, "worse contrived," says our hero, "than an English hog-stye,"—which Glanlipze pronounces, with right African morality, to be "no hurt;" but which makes Peter, as he honestly confesses, for fear of the consequences, have his eyes, for the remainder of that day, "the best part of the way behind him." Their disputes with the natural proprietors and lords of the soil are not more numerous than might be expected:—only once at dinner, they are scared by the approach of a lioness and her cubs, in a couchant posture, who seize upon the ribs of the goat they are dining upon, grumbling all the time, and cracking them "like so many rotten twigs." Peter's own adventure with a crocodile, deserves more particular mention: travelling one day with great glee, about noon, their progress was impeded, on the sudden, by a broad and deep river, over which Peter, not being a swimmer, despaired of ever being able to get.

"I told him, if he could get over, I would not desire to prevent his meeting with his family; but, as for my share, I had rather take my chance in the woods on this side, than plunge myself into such a

stream only for the sake of drowning.—Oh! says Glanlipze, then you can't swim?—No, says I, there's my misfortune.—Well, says the kind Glanlipze, be of good heart, I'll have you over.—He then bade me go cut an armful of the tallest of the reeds that grew there near the shore, whilst he pulled up another where he then was, and bring them to him. The side of the river sloped for a good way with an easy descent, so that it was very shallow where the reeds grew, and they stood very close together upon a large compass of ground. I had no sooner entered the reeds a few yards, to cut some of the longest, but (being about knee-deep in the water and mud, and every step raising my feet very high to keep them clear of the roots, which were matted together) I thought I had trod upon a trunk of one of the trees, of which, as I said, there was such plenty thereabouts; and, raising my other foot to get that also upon the tree, as I fancied it, I found it move along with me: upon which I roared out, when Glanlipze, who was not far from me, imagining what was the matter, cried out, Leap off, and run to shore to the right!—I knew not yet what was the case, but did as I was bid, and gained the shore. Looking back, I perceived the reeds shake and rustle all the way to the shore, by degrees, after me. I was terribly frightened, and ran to Glanlipze, who then told me the danger I had escaped, and that what I took for a tree was certainly a large alligator or crocodile.

"My blood ran chill within me, at hearing the name of such a dangerous creature; but he had no sooner told me what it was, than out came the most hideous monster I had ever seen."

The human wit of the African proves too much for the brutal strength of the crocodile, in the contest that ensues between them; at the end of which he comes running back:—"So, Peter, says he, I have done the business.—Aye! business enough, I think, says I, and more than I would have done to have been king of Congo.—Why, Peter, says he, there is nothing but a man may compass by resolution, if he takes both ends of a thing in his view at once, and fairly deliberates on both sides what may be given and taken from end to end." This morsel of African wisdom makes deep impression on our hero's mind: we find him, at various periods of his life, recalling it to remembrance, and, finally, inscribing it on the walls of his solitary dwelling. The full force of the sentiment we have probably missed, by looking for too much meaning, or too far below the surface; so we leave it to the reader to extract that deep moral from it, which Peter found, but which we ourselves have been unable to discover.

With the exception of a cut that our hero's guide and companion received, by a rugged stone, in his foot, they arrived, without any further misadventure, at Quamis, a small place on a river of that name, in Loango, where Glanlipze had left a wife and five children when he set out to the wars. The day had just closed in previous to their arrival, and, as it is soon dark

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there after sun-set, you could but just see your hand before you, when Peter, by his guide's direction, goes straight to the door of a neat dwelling enough, and strikes two or three strokes against it with his stick. On this there comes to it a woman in the dress of the country, *deep black:* "I asked her, in her own language, if she knew one Glanlipze. She told me, with a deep sigh, that once she did. I asked then, where he was? She said, with their ancestors, she hoped, for he was the greatest warrior in the world; but, if he was not dead, he was in slavery." Now you must know that Glanlipze, with the provident caution of an Ulysses, had a mind to hear how his wife took his supposed death, or slavery, before he discovered himself. On Peter's telling her that he brought news of her husband, she, in the first instance, well nigh smothers him with caresses; and then on *ringing* for a light (a slip this, no doubt, of Peter's tongue) is in the utmost confusion at being discovered, by a white man, so thinly clad. However, being given to understand that her husband wanted a ransom to redeem himself, she assures Peter, that though she had nothing in the world to sell or make money of but her five children, yet, "as this was the time for the *slaving-trade*, she would see what she could raise by them; and if that would not do, she would sell herself," rather than her husband should remain in slavery. The conclusion of this scene of black felicity shews the native of Loango in the light of an African Dandie Dinmont.

"The bustle we made had by this time awakened the children: who, stark-naked as they were born, both boys and girls, came crawling out, black as jet, from behind a curtain at the further end of the room, which was very long. The father, as yet, had only inquired after them; but upon sight of them, he fell into an extacy, kissing one, stroaking another, dandling a third, for the eldest was scarce fourteen; but not one of them knew him, for seven years makes a great chasm in young memories."

The sight of this sport brings to Peter's remembrance the wife and children he had himself left far behind—those dear images, which his own distresses had almost effaced from his mind. After admiring the love and constancy of the sable couple he had just left to themselves, he thus thinks to himself, with a sigh:—Heavens! how happy has this return made Glanlipze and his wife; and what is the occasion?—"Is it that he has brought home great treasures from the wars? Nothing like it; he is come naked. Is it that, having escaped slavery and poverty, he is returned to an opulent wife, abounding with the good things of life? No such thing." Then why could not he and Patty have been as happy with each other?—Why, it was

his pride that interposed, and prevented it. He could not, forsooth, labour for a living where he was known; but is he any better for labouring here, where he is not known, and has nobody to console and befriend him?

"I have been deceived then, and have travelled so many thousand miles, and undergone so many dangers, only to know, at last, I had been happier at home; and have doubled my misery for want of consideration, that very consideration which, impartially taken, would have convinced me I ought to have made the best of my bad circumstances, and to have laid hold of every commendable method of improving them. Did I come hitherto avoid daily labour or voluntary servitude at home? I have had it in abundance. Did I come hither to avoid poverty or contempt? Here I have met with them ten-fold. And now, after all, was I to return home empty and naked, as Glanlipze has done, should I meet a wife, as bare as myself, so ready to die in my embraces, and to be a slave herself, with her children, for my sake only? I fear not!"

With these kind-hearted blacks he passed two years of sufficient bodily quiet, employed in cultivating the ground, and occasionally relieving that occupation by fishing, and hunting for venison. But "as for excursions for slaves, the practise of many of those countries, and that by which the natives make money," it was what neither he nor his black friend could endure, for the best of all reasons—they had been slaves themselves. But his "mind hankering after England made his life still unhappy;" an infelicity which daily increased, in proportion as the probability of his ever getting back grew less and less. This impatience of spirit at length stimulated him to risk his fortune, along with some of his own countrymen, who were confined in a Portuguese fort not far off, in an attempt to seize the ship Del Cruz, belonging to that people, by which their own had been captured. Having executed this bold design cleverly and successfully, they crowd all the sail they can, and push southward very briskly before the wind for many days, in order to be quite out of the fear of pursuit. The want of wood and water reduced them to some perplexity, as they were determined, on no account, to get in with the African shore; and not exactly knowing whereabouts to look for land elsewhere, under the guidance of different opinions—"for they were all captains"—they sometimes steered eastward, and sometimes westward. Continuing this erratic course, they one day espied a little bluish, cloud-like appearance to the southward, which, on nearer approach, proved to be an island; and casting anchor about two miles from it, they sent their boat to shore, with part of the crew, to get wood and water. The boat repeated this trip five days successively, till at length on the

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sixth she went off for wood only, leaving none but our hero and one John Adams on board.

"The boat had scarce reached the island this last turn, before the day overcast, and there arose such a storm of wind, thunder, lightning, and hail, as I had never before seen. At last our cable broke close to the anchor, and away we went with the wind, full southward by west; and not having strength to keep the ship upon a side wind, we were forced to set her head right before it, and let her drive. Our hope was, every hour, the storm would abate; but it continued with equal violence for many days; during all which time, neither Adams nor I had any rest, for one or other of us was forced, and sometimes both, to keep her right before the wind, or she would certainly have overset. When the storm abated, as it did by degrees, neither Adams nor I could tell where we were, or in what part of the world."

Though the sea was now very calm and smooth, yet the ship seemed to sail at as great a rate as before; which they, being but inexperienced navigators, attributed to the velocity she had acquired by the storm, or the currents, which had set that way by the violence of the wind. Thus sailing, they knew not whither, the sight of land, in the distance, makes the heart of both to leap for joy; and they trust that the currrent that seemed to carry them so fast, set in for some island or river which lay before them. Still they are exceedingly puzzled to account for the ship's making such way; and though not a breath of air was stirring, the nearer they approach land, which began now to be distinctly visible, the more speed does the vessel appear to make. Their speculations upon this unexpected phenomenon are unpleasantly interrupted by discovering, that the promised land, for which they had been looking out, was a rock of tremendous height.

"Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs and shaggy shores—a dreadful sight!
All rough with rock, with foamy billows white."

To this iron-bound coast, as they drew nearer, the ship increased its motion, and all their strength could not make her answer the rudder any other way.

"This put us under the apprehension of being dashed to pieces immediately; and, in less than half an hour, I verily thought my fears had not been groundless. Poor Adams told me he would try when the ship struck, if he could leap upon the rock, and ran to the head for that purpose: but I was so fearful of seeing my danger, that I ran under hatches, resolving to sink in the ship. We had no sooner parted, but I felt so violent a shock, that I verily thought the ship had

brought down the whole rock upon her, and been thereby dashed to pieces; so that I never more expected to see the light.

"I lay under this terror for at least half an hour, waiting the ship's either filling with water, or bulging every moment. But finding neither motion in her, nor any water rise, nor the least noise whatsoever, I ventured, with an aching heart, from my retreat, and stole up the hatchway as if an enemy had been on deck, peeping first one way, then another. Here nothing presented but confusion; the rock hung over the hatchway, at about twenty feet above my head, our foremast lay by the board, the mainmast yard-arm was down, and great part of the mainmast snapped off with it, and almost every thing upon deck was displaced. This sight shocked me extremely; and, calling for Adams, in whom I hoped to find some comfort, I was too soon convinced I had lost him."

After standing for some time in the utmost confusion of mind and spirits, his first thought is to follow his comrade Adams into the other world; his next to fall on his knees, and petition for his deliverance; and, finally, after having refreshed himself with a biscuit and can of water, to sit him down upon the deck, and soliloquize. Here he reasons with himself in a very edifying manner, and comes at length to the conclusion, that, though fixed against his "will in this dismal mansion, destined, as rats might be, to devour the provisions, and, having eat all up, to die of hunger;" yet, as God was the author of his being, he only had a right to dispose of it, and he may not put an end thereto without his leave.

Reconciled, by these and such thoughts, to his solitary abode, in a cleft of the rock, in which the ship had stuck immoveably fast, he walked about the vessel, of which, he mournfully reflected, he was "now both owner and master;" and having struck a light, he went down into the hold, to see what he could find which might be of service to him. Here he observes some long iron bars, lying all with one end close to the head of the ship, which, he presumed, was occasioned by the violent shock they received when she struck; but meaning, for some reason or other, to take one of them up, he had no sooner raised it, than it flew out of his hand, with such violence and noise, as sent him upon deck again, with his hair standing on an end, and no other thought than that some subtle demon had played him the prank merely to terrify him. For some days he durst, on no account, go into the hold; and the mystery even spoiled his rest, till one afternoon, as he was putting on his shoes, he happened to lay one of the buckles on the broken piece of mast upon which he sat, when, to his consternation, it was no sooner out of his hand, than up it flew to the rock, and stuck there. This put him in still greater perplexity: he was sorry to find "the devil had got above board," who must, as

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he imagined, have a hand in such unaccountable things. His reason, however, getting the better of his apprehensions, he makes experiments successively on a pipe, a bottle, and various other things, to try whether they would take the same course, when none of them answer; but the key of the cupboard, out of which he had taken them, happening to drop from his finger, whilst thus employed, it was no sooner disengaged, than away it went. Upon this, and finding that the needle of his compass stood fixed to the rock, he concluded that the latter contained great quantities of load-stone, or was itself one great magnet, and that their lading of iron was the cause of the ship's violent course above mentioned.

During the three months he continued to live on board, he found the days grew shorter and shorter, till having lost the sun for a little while, they were nearly quite dark. This gloomy season he employed as well as he could, in shifting his water, to purify it—in rummaging the vessel, to ascertain more exactly what it contained, and in amusing himself with hopes, that ships were making towards him; for by the faint, glimmering light, he often fancied he saw large bodies moving at a little distance from him; but though he halloed as loud as he could, and often fired his gun, he never received an answer. He afterwards found reason to suspect, that what he had taken for ships were only large floating masses of ice that came int his vicinity. When light returned, and the days began to grow longer, he found his own spirits rise in proportion, and he determined to launch the ship's boat, and coast the rock quite round, in hope of finding a landing place, or perhaps a snug habitation on shore. This voyage he thought he might safely undertake, as he had never seen a troubled sea since he came to the islands; for though he heard the wind often roaring over his head, yet coming always from the land side, it never disturbed the water near the shore. Having replenished his bark with stores sufficient for a considerable voyage, and arms and ammunition, together with an axe or two, which might be of service, in case of his landing, he sets out on his expedition, "with God's speed," and commits himself "once more to Providence and the main ocean."

During the three weeks he continued to coast the island, he saw no entrance any where, nor place to land in, nor any thing but the same unscaleable rock; till one evening, just as it was growing dark,

"I heard a great noise, as of a fall of water, whereupon I proposed to lie by and wait for day, to see what it was; but the stream insensibly drawing me on, I soon found myself in an eddy; and the boat drawing forward, beyond all my power to resist it, I was quickly

sucked under a low arch, where, if I had not fallen flat in my boat, having barely light enough to see my danger, I had undoubtedly been crushed to pieces, or driven overboard. I could perceive the boat to fall with incredible violence, as I thought, down a precipice, and suddenly whirled round and round with me, the water roaring on all sides, and dashing against the rock with a most amazing noise.

"I expected every moment my poor little vessel would be staved against the rock, and I overwhelmed with waters; and for that reason never once attempted to rise up, or look upon my peril, till after the commotion had in some measure ceased. At length, finding the perturbation of the water abate, and as if by degrees I came into a smoother stream, I took courage just to lift up my affrighted head; but guess, if you can, the horror which seized me, on finding myself in the blackest of darkness, unable to perceive the smallest glimmer of light."

Still, as the boat seemed to glide easily along, he roused himself so far as to strike a light, with materials he happened to have with him; but the horrors which this revealed, were worse than the darkness it dispelled; giving him the "tremendous view of an immense arch over his head, to which he could see no bounds." The stream itself, which might be about thirty yards broad, flowed black and murky, sometimes impeded by craggs, jutting out from the side of the cavern—at others running with such violence, where it was confined in a narrower channel, that unless his light had enabled him to keep the middle of the stream, he must have suffered a worse shipwreck than any that had yet befallen him. He was fortunate, too, in having some oil on board, to supply his lamp; yet, though he husbanded it with the utmost frugality, it was nearly spent, whilst the same gloomy arch yet hung suspended over his head, and no prospect of deliverance appeared.

"I had now cut a piece of my shirt, for a wick to my last drop of oil, which I twisted and lighted. I burnt the oil in my brass tobacco-box, which I had fitted pretty well to answer the purpose. Sitting down, I had many black thoughts of what must follow the loss of my light, which I considered as near expiring, and that, I feared, for ever. I am here, thought I, like a poor condemned criminal, who knows his execution is fixed for such a day, nay, such an hour, and dies over and over in imagination, and by the torture of his mind, till that hour comes: that hour which he so much dreads! and yet that very hour which releases him from all farther dread! Thus do I—my last wick is kindled—my last drop of fuel is consuming!—and I am every moment apprehending the shocks of the rock, the suffocation of the water; and, in short, thinking over my dying thoughts, till the snuff of my lamp throws up its last curling, expiring flame, and then my quietus will be presently signed."

His spirits growing low and feeble at this melancholy

prospect, he has recourse to his brandy bottle to raise them; when, reflecting that this would only increase his thirst, and that it were better to take a little of the white Madeira he had brought along with him, he applied what he took to be a bottle of the latter to his mouth, when the first gulp cheered his heart more than all the cordials in the world could have done—"It is oil, cried I aloud, it is oil." In this incident, he once again acknowledges the superintendence of heaven over his affairs; and reposing his trust on the goodness of his Maker, who he had thus rescued him from being swallowed up in darkness, feels ground to hope, that he should yet live to praise him in the full brightness of day.

A series of such meditations, after a considerable lapse of time, brought him once more under the fair canopy of heaven; when he found himself at one extremity of a prodigious lake, whose noble expanse was bordered with a grassy down, about half a mile wide, of the finest verdure he had ever seen: this, again, was flanked with a grove rising around, like an amphitheatre, of the same breadth; whilst behind this, and above all, towered the naked rock to an immense height—so high, as to contract even the circle of the heavens, and to present an eternal barrier to all but birds of the strongest pinion and highest flight. Having thus emerged to new light and life, he forgot not the Providence that had protected him in the darkness of the cavern; but, kneeling on the green-sward, returned thanks for his deliverance—praying that he might continue to be shielded by his care, and that whatever should hereafter befall him, he might once more behold the green fields of the island of his birth, and die, at last, on his native soil. After a most delightful meal on his coarse fare by the grassy margin of the lake, taking his gun in hand, he walked towards the wood, in order to contemplate the retreat his destiny had assigned him; when, looking behind him and all around the plains, "is it possible," said he, "that so much art (for I did not then believe it was natural) could have been bestowed upon this place, and no inhabitant in it? Here are neither buildings, huts, castle, nor any living creature to be seen! It cannot be, says I, that this place was made for nothing." The extreme beauty of the wood next draws his attention, inviting him to explore its recesses, till the approach of darkness, when every thing about him, however agreeable in the day time, "would have more or less of horror in it," warned him to seek out a safe retreat for the night. Finding a small natural grotto in the rock, he determined to take up his quarters there, till the return of day; and disposing himself to rest, he slept as soundly as he had ever done on ship-board. Indeed, from the time he shot the gulf down to the present moment, he had not had the enjoy-

ment of one hour's rest together. "Nature, indeed, could not have supported itself thus long under much labour; but as I had nothing to do but only keep the middle stream, I began to be as used to guide myself in it with my eyes almost closed, and my senses retired, as a higgler is to drive his cart to market in his sleep." The next morning he awoke sweetly refreshed, and after breakfasting on such provisions as his boat contained, he laid him down to drink at the lake, which looked as clear as chrystal, intending, no doubt, a delicious draught; but he had forgot it brought him from the sea, and the first gulp almost poisoned him. However, he is far from despair: so rivetted on his mind was a sense of Divine care and mercy, that though the vast lake of salt water was surrounded by an impenetrable barrier of rock, he rested satisfied that he should rather find even that yield him a fresh and living stream, than that he should be suffered to perish for want of water. After walking about seven miles along the banks, nearly round five-sixths of the lake's circumference, his confiding trust was rewarded by the sight of a small hollow, or cut in the grass, from the wood to the lake, at a little distance before him: "thither I hasted with all speed, and blessed God for the supply of a fine fresh rill, which, distilling from several small clefts in the rock, had collected itself into one stream, and cut its way through the green sod to the lake."

One of the principal charms of the work will, in the estimation of the reader of good taste, be found to consist in the serene and tranquil air, which is diffused around it by pure thoughts and innocent conversation, joined to this beautiful and sublime dependence on the merciful care of the Great Father of the universe, which, in all the chances and disasters of his eventful life, the simple-minded and good-hearted hero never fails to evince. Stuck, like a sea-gull in its nest, in the cleft of a sea-beat rock—or absorbed in the thick darkness of a subterranean cavern—or left to himself amidst solitudes, where never foot of man had trod since the creation; and cut off for ever even from the possibility of mingling again with beings formed like himself, of ever hearing more the accents of a human voice,—the poor wanderer, though one of those more especially formed to enjoy society, is far from being overcome by the tremendous stillness of his abode, but strangely hugging himself with an air of comfort, carries a serene mind about with him for the present, and looks forward with hope to the future. A solitary individual, abstracted from the great mass of human society, with no kind eye to reflect his joys in the hour of gladness, and nothing but the moaning winds to answer his sighs, when sorrowful, still he is not alone; but, like the patriarch of old, walking with God, among his

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eternal solitudes, he finds in that hallowed intercourse ample compensation for the pleasures of society, the comforts of home, and the affectionate endearments of kindred. The awful barrier of the rock for ever interposes between him and the prospect of the world; but it excludes not from his sight the blue heavens, which smile upon him, as it were, with the eye of a father and an everlasting friend. If the wood bear him fruit, he is grateful to him who has thus prepared a table in the wilderness; if he find the clear waters of a brook to quench his thirst withal, he drinks of it with even more delight, because it is the boon of Him, who in the dry and sandy desert did fetch water from the living rock, to refresh a murmuring and thankless generation. This is wisdom!—this is true philosophy!—thus, indeed, may the devout contemplator of Nature's works "find tongues in brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." What a noble view of man! God-like in reason himself—conversing with God! amply, indeed, does he vindicate the divinity of his origin. The anchorites, who forsook the busy scenes of life to muse amidst the solitudes of the desert, or in the gloom of primæval forests, and by the banks of lone sequestered streams, held high communion with heaven; on whom the stars, as they glittered in the vast expanse of air, shot down rays of the divine intelligence; and who, in the mysterious sighings of the gale, as it waved the lofty branches under which they sat, heard the voice of the ever-living God,—were a superstitious race no doubt, who forgot in their mystical devotion the first duties of life; but they had noble aspirations, and a sublime sense of religious worship. But when by the irresistible tide of human events, over which man has no controul, he is cast, like a stranded vessel on a lone and desolate sea-beach, far out of the sphere of domestic or social life, environed by the ocean, imprisoned in rocks, an exile forgotten of all men—a wanderer by sea and land for conscience sake; yet still reposing with such implicit faith and singleness of heart, on the kind protecting care of a benevolent and almighty Being, as to be superior to every hardship; cheerful in desolation; familiarly acquainted with and indifferent to every danger, and regarding death no more than as a friend welcome at any hour; neither the hero triumphant amidst the tide of battle, nor the poet in imagining new worlds, nor the philosopher developing the mysteries of the universe, affords so grand a display of the energies of the human soul, or the glorious capabilities of our nature.

But to return.—Having thus found a stream of water, and, in the wood, a never-failing repast, to supply the wants of nature, he began to think of commencing housekeeper; and being about to build, as he imagined for life, he determined upon

adding to his grotto an apartment outside the rock. This, although being without either spade or mattock he found the earth difficult to deal with, "for, to be sure, it had never been stirred since the creation," he raised with marvellous expedition and facility. His next business was to provide himself with some necessary implements of housekeeping, in the construction of which he is equally clever. He cuts a dock for his boat, makes a cart for the conveyance of water, and out of a number of large gourds, which he found growing upon the taller trees, he manufactures pots and pans, and other household utensils. By various experiments upon the different vegetable productions of the island, having furnished his table, in even a sumptuous manner; he began to enjoy himself in his solitary *arkoe*, like the absolute and sole lord of the country, as he was. There was nothing, indeed, to dispute possession with him—neither man nor beast, nor any animal, but some squirrels, or something like them, in trees, and a few water rats about the lake. Birds there were of various kinds, both in the lake and woods, but such as he had never before seen.

There being no fear for the present, it became his business to lay up stores against the season of sickness and dark weather, which last he knew, by the experience of the former year, would be soon upon him. The sun, indeed, he had never seen, since he first entered the gulph, "and though there was very little rain, and but few clouds, yet the brightest day-light never exceeded that of half an hour after sun-set in the summer-time in England, and little more than just reddened the sky."

By ekeing out the materials, with which he had stowed his boat, by the soft rushes which he had cut and dried on the banks of the lake, he made himself a very comfortable bed, in which he slept as soundly as he used to do in his hammock; and made very long nights of it, now the dark season was set in. As thus snugly ensconced he lay awake one night or day, he knew not which, he "very plainly heard the sound of several human voices," but though he could distinguish the articulations, the words were unintelligible. Neither did the voices seem at all like such as he "had any where heard before, but much softer, and more musical." He was startled; and rising immediately, took his gun in hand, and stepped on tip-toe into his anti-chamber, where he heard "the voices much plainer, till, after some little time, they, by degrees, died quite away." He was inclined to open the door of his anti-chamber, but owns he was afraid; besides, he could have discovered nothing, by reason of the thick and gloomy wood that surrounded him. He has a thousand surmises—

"Where should this music be? I' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more."——

How should there be any human beings in his kingdom, and he never yet see them, or any trace of their habitation? But as he had not explored the whole extent of the rock, might there not be innumerable grottos like his own, and this beautiful spot, lonely as it looked, be, after all, very well peopled? Yet, surely, they "don't skulk in their dens, like wild beasts by daylight, and only patrole, for prey, at night? If so, I shall probably, ere long, become a delicious morsel for them an' they meet with me!" This vague fear keeps him much within doors; till hearing no more voices, nor seeing any one, he composed his mind so far, as to think it all a delusion,—to doubt whether he were fully awake when he heard them,—to persuade himself that he had risen in his sleep, in a dream of voices,—calling to mind the stories he had heard of people walking in their sleep,—and the strange effects of it;—so the whole notion was now blown over.

Alas! for his tranquillity—hardly a week had elapsed, and he is roused afresh by the same sound of voices, and is obliged, at length, to own himself awake. From the languor of the sound, he judges they are at a considerable distance; and again regrets the thickness of the wood, that prevents him from getting a view of the utterers.

But the light beginning to return, and not having received any fresh alarm, he partly regained his equanimity; and now put in execution the design he had formed of exploring this island round. The result of his tour was a conviction, that he himself was really and truly the only inhabitant, and that the rock afforded no ingress from the ocean, but by the subterranean gulf, through which he himself had come. To the winds then ride his fears!—there is not one rival or enemy to fear in his whole dominions. He now goes quietly about his own business, and among other employments betakes himself to fishing in the lake, having constructed, very cleverly, a large drag net, of some matweed, which he had accidentally discovered, of the thickness and strength of whipcord. The lake he finds well stocked with fish of various descriptions, which enable him to keep a better table than before. On one occasion, upon casting his net, he met with a resistance that quite amazed him. However, exerting all his might, he finally became conqueror; when he brought up "so shocking a monster," that he was just rising to run for his life, at the very sight. But as he reflected the creature was hampered in the net, and out of its element, he mustered courage to disentangle

the thing, and then drawing the net away, a most surprising sight presented itself:—

"The creature reared upright, about three feet high, covered all over with long black shaggy hair, like a bear, which hung down from his head and neck quite along his back and sides. He had two fins, very broad and large, which, as he stood erect, looked like arms, and those he waved and whirled about with incredible velocity; and though I wondered at first at it, I found afterwards it was the motion of these fins that kept him upright; for I perceived when they ceased their motion he fell flat on his belly. He had two very large feet, which he stood upon, but could not run, and but barely walk on them, which made me in the less haste to despatch him; and after he had stood upon his feet about four minutes, clapping his fins to his sides, he fell upon his belly.

"When I found he could not attack me, I was moving closer to him; but, upon sight of my stirring, up he rose again, and whirled his fins about as before, so long as he stood. And now I viewed him round, and found he had no tail at all, and that his hinder fins, or feet, very much resembled a large frog's, but were at least ten inches broad, and eighteen long, from heel to toe; and his legs were so short, that when he stood upright his breech bore upon the ground. His belly, which he kept towards me, was of an ash-colour, and very broad, as was also his breast. His eyes were small and blue, with a large black sight in the middle, and rather of an oval than round make. He had a long snout like a boar, and vast teeth. Thus having surveyed him near half an hour living, I made him rise up once more and shot him in the breast. He fell, and giving a loud howl, or groan, expired."

The skin of this beast-fish, as he named it, supplied him with coverlids and cushions,—on broiling some of the flesh, he found that it ran down to excellent oil,—a grand acquisition,—and of this he extracted considerable quantities.—He also extracts from it, something almost as valuable as oil,—namely, relief on the subject of his fears,—for having heard the creature make a deep howl at the time of his death, he endeavoured to persuade himself, and did, at last, verily believe, that the voices he had so often heard, in the dark weather, proceeded from numbers of these creatures diverting themselves on the surface of the lake.

This security of mind, together with the additional comforts he had acquired, rendered his life very easy, "yea, even comfortable." But after the darkness of the third year of his abode on the island had set in, the voices were frequently heard again, sometimes few at a time, and then again in vast numbers. More deliberate attention convinces him, that they could be uttered by none, but beings capable of articulate speech; so that he is obliged to give up his notion, that the

beast-fishes made these sounds in their nocturnal gambols on the water. He grows quite melancholy, though he receives no injury, and seems safe from discovery. But his ignorance on the subject ever galls him.—What are they? Where are they? Whence are they?

"At length, one night or day, I cannot say which, hearing the voices very distinctly, and praying very earnestly to be either delivered from the uncertainty they had put me under, or to have them removed from me, I took courage, and arming myself with gun, pistols, and cutlas, I went out of my grotto, and crept down the wood. I then heard them plainer than before, and was able to judge from what point of the compass they proceeded. Hereupon I went forward towards the sound, till I came to the verge of the wood, where I could see the lake very well by the dazzle of the water. Thereon, as I thought, I beheld a fleet of boats, covering a large compass, and not far from the bridge. I was shocked hereat beyond expression. I could not conceive where they came from, or whither they would go; but supposed there must be some other passage to the lake than I found in my voyage through the cavern, and that for certain they came that way, and from some place, of which as yet I had no manner of knowledge.

"Whilst I was entertaining myself with this speculation, I heard the people in the boats laughing and talking very merrily, though I was too distant to distinguish the words. I discerned soon after all the boats (as I still supposed them) draw up, and push for the bridge; presently after, though I was sure no boat entered the arch, I saw a multitude of people on the opposite shore all marching towards the bridge; and what was the strangest of all, there was not the least sign of a boat now left upon the whole lake. I then was in a greater consternation than before; but was still much more so, when I saw the whole posse of people, that, as I have just said, were marching towards the bridge, coming over it to my side of the lake. At this my heart failed, and I was just going to run to my grotto for shelter; but taking one look more, I plainly discovered that the people, leaping one after another from the top of the bridge, as if into the water, and then rising again, flew in a long train over the lake, the lengthways of it, quite out of my sight, laughing, hallooing, and sporting together; so that looking back again to the bridge, and on the lake, I could neither see person or boat, nor any thing else; nor hear the least noise or stir afterwards for that time."

> "This is no mortal business, nor no sound
> That the earth owes."——

"I am in a land of spirits!"—"I am never safe, even in my grotto; for that can be no security against such beings as can sail on the water in no boats, and fly in the air on no wings,—who can be here and there, and every where!" Glad should he have been of some human being to converse with,—

but not having any one, he had consoled himself with the thought, that he was, at last, safe from the ills to which man, in society, is obnoxious to. But now—"what may be the consequence of the next hour, I know not."—Though at a distance, these aërial beings may perceive his thoughts and discontent, and be hatching revenge against him, for his dislike of them. His usual resource, in danger and distress, fails him not now.—His prayer is,—that his doubts may be resolved, and that if not helpful, these beings may, at least, prove not hurtful. "Hereupon, as I always did on such occasions, I found myself much more placid and easy, and began to hope for the best."

He is even composed enough in spirits to rest sweetly, till fancy, set at work, doubtless, by the previous agitation; and busy, restless, and toiling, when all the other faculties are defunct; commenced her operations. In plain language, he dreamt; and thought he was in Cornwall, inquiring for his wife and children. He was told they were dead; but that his wife, before her departure, had desired them to tell him, on his arrival, she was only gone to the lake, where he should "be sure to see her, and be happy with her ever after."—"I then, as I fancied, ran to the lake to find her. In my passage she stopped me, crying, Whither so fast, Peter? I am your wife, your Patty. Methought, I did not know her, she was so altered; but, observing her voice, and looking more wistfully at her, she appeared to me as the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld."—"Oh! that this was but a reality," thought he, when he awoke to solitude and terror. How happy could he be with her, though their years should go down the vale of life in the silence and loneliness of his present abode. But as it is—nobody to converse with—nobody to assist, comfort, and counsel him! Thus ran he on lamenting, till, on a sudden, the voices, clear and distinct, and apparently close at hand, broke in upon the silence of the night. Hark! there they are again. "Come life—come death"—he'll face them, though they blast him! but scarcely had he got his gun in hand, with the intention of showing himself to those who uttered them,

"When I felt such a thump upon the roof of my anti-chamber, as shook the whole fabric, and set me all over into a tremor; I then heard a sort of shriek, and a rustle near the door of my apartment; all which together seemed very terrible. But I, having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door and leaped out. I saw nobody; all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive but my own fears a moving. I went then softly to the corner of the building, and there looking down by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I gave the word, Who is there? Still no one answered. My

heart was ready to force a way through my side. I was for a while fixed to the earth like a statue. At length, recovering, I stepped in, fetched my lamp, and returning, saw the very beautiful face my Patty appeared under in my dream; and not considering that it was only a dream, I verily thought I had my Patty before me, but she seemed to be stone dead. Upon viewing her other parts, (for I had never yet removed my eyes from her face) I found she had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-coloured silk garment, which, upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her into my arms, and treading a step backwards with her, I put out my lamp; however, having her in my arms, I conveyed her through the door-way in the dark into my grotto; here I laid her upon my bed, and then ran out for my lamp."

Well, thought he, this is an amazing adventure! Patty here, and "dressed in silk and whalebone, too! Sure that is not the reigning fashion in England now." But then his dream said she was dead—this cannot, surely, be the place for persons to inhabit after death!—Be that as it would, she felt like flesh and blood.

On re-entering the grotto with his lamp, he found that she lay without motion—and he began to fear that the fall had absolutely killed her; but, laying his hand on her breast, he perceived the fountain of life had still some pulsation. By moistening her lips with some wine, that he had yet remaining, and pouring a few drops into her mouth, he brought her, by degrees, to sit up, and look about her. He then spoke to her—and, in reply, she uttered a few words in an unknown language, but in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent he ever heard. Making some motion, as if she would rise, he went to assist her, when she felt to his touch in the oddest manner imaginable; for while, in one respect, it was as though she had been cased up in whalebone, it was, at the same time, as soft and warm as if she had been naked. His dream still ran in his head—and still he could not persuade himself that this was not his own English wife; though, upon a deliberate comparison, Patty, pleasing as she had been to his taste, "would no more come up to this fair creature, than a coarse ale-wife to Venus herself."

"You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I, by what means we came so near each other. I offered her every thing in my grotto, which I thought might please her; some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back toward it. I, observing that, and ascribing it to her modesty in my company, let her have her will, and took

care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

"After we had sat a good while, now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, she got up, and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable; but the strangeness of her dress put me to trumps, to conceive either what it was, or how it was put on."

He then set some eatables before her, and gave her some of his cordials, "for which she showed great tokens of thankfulness, and often, in her way, by signs and gestures, which were very far from being insignificant, expressed her gratitude for my kindness." When he showed her his place of repose, and signified, by signs, that she might rest herself, she evinced some slight degree of discomposure; but on his "making the matter intelligible," she lay down very composedly. He himself rested with perfect security, for he could have no suspicious thoughts, or fear of danger, from a form so excellent. Thus he continued to treat her with every kindness and respect; and it pleased him, to see her endeavouring to learn to talk like himself. It occasioned him, indeed, some wonder, that she showed no symptoms of disquiet at her confinement; for, at first, he kept his door shut through fear of losing her, thinking she might take the first opportunity to run away from him. This thought gives him great concern, insomuch that when, after some days, he found they were in want of water, he cannot muster up courage to leave her. Upon his intreating her, by signs, not to leave him in his absence, she sits down, with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure him she would not stir. However, for fear of the worst, he thought fit to secure the door on the outside. During the remainder of the dark season, by from morning to night endeavouring to make themselves understood, they acquired knowledge enough of each other's language to hold pretty long conversations. All this time, the modesty of her carriage and sweetness of her behaviour were such as to fill him with the highest regard for her, and to strike him with dread of giving the least offence.

"When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of day-light, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake; but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a frightful glare of light, as she said; but, looking out at the door, told me, if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me: so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and thinking it rather too high for her, I took her in my arms and lifted her over. But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but seeing her by a steadier and truer light in the

grove, though a heavy, gloomy one, than my lamp had afforded, I begged she would let me know of what silk or other composition her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket."

This is the commencement of a dialogue at cross purposes. She appears somewhat indignant at his replying, that he had nothing but his skin under his clothes; "but, indeed, I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear." When he tells her that he has no prospect of departing thence—"have you not, says she, the same prospect that I, or any other person has? Sir, added she, you don't do well, and really I fear you are slit, or you would not wear this nasty cumbersome coat, (taking hold of my jacket sleeve) if you were not afraid of showing the signs of a bad life upon your natural clothing." As she was so peremptory, he supposed there must be some way out of his dominions, though he could not imagine where; but as to his jacket, and showing himself in his natural clothing, he professed she made him blush. He was extremely puzzled to know what she meant by being *slit*, and had a hundred strange notions in his head, as to whether he was slit or not. She next inquires how he came there—and on his offering to conduct her to the mouth of the cavern, she tells him, that as she knew all the rocks round, she could understand by his description, from whence he descended, without going to look. Descended!—he descended from no rock at all.—"Sir, says she, in some anger, it is false, and you impose upon me."

"Bless me, madam! says I, do you think I and my boat could fly? Come over the rock? did you say. No, madam; I sailed from the great sea, the main ocean, in my boat, through that cavern into this very lake here.—What do you mean by your boat? says she. You seem to make two things of your boat, you say you sailed with, and yourself.—I do so, replied I; for, madam, I take myself to be good flesh and blood, but my boat is made of wood and other materials.—Is it so? says she. And, pray, where is this boat that is made of wood and other materials? under your jacket?—Lord, madam! says I, you put me in fear that you was angry; but now I hope you only joke with me. What, put a boat under my jacket! No, madam, my boat is in the lake.—What, more untruths! says she.—No, madam, I replied; if you would be satisfied of what I say, (every word of which is as true as that my boat now is in the lake), pray walk with me thither, and make your own eyes judges what sincerity I speak with.—To this she agreed, it growing dusky; but assured me, if I did not give her good satisfaction, I should see her no more."

Being shown the boat, as it lay in dock, she was yet hardly content to believe him, till he stepped into it, and push-

ing it from the shore, took the oars in his hand, and sailed along the lake by her, as she walked on the bank. At last she appeared so well reconciled to him and his boat, that she desired he would take her in. He did so, and they sailed a good way.

"Well, says she, I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my life-time, but never in such a thing as this. I own it will serve very well where one has a great many things to carry from place to place; but to be labouring thus at an oar, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is, in my mind, a most ridiculous piece of slavery.—Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the boat only, will not carry us this way or that without using some force.—But, says she, pray where did you get this boat, as you call it?—O, madam! says I, that is too long and fatal a story to begin upon now: this boat was made many thousand miles from hence, among a people coal-black, a quite different sort from us; and when I first had it, I little thought of seeing this country: but I will make a faithful relation of all to you when we come home.—Indeed, I began to wish heartily we were there, for it grew into the night; and having strolled so far without my gun, I was afraid of what I had before seen and heard, and hinted our return; but I found my motion was disagreeable to her, and so I dropped it.

"I now perceived, and wondered at it, that the later it grew, the more agreeable it seemed to her; and as I had now brought her into good humour again, by seeing and sailing in my boat, I was not willing to prevent its increase. I told her, if she pleased, we would land, and when I had docked my boat, I would accompany her where and as long as she liked. As we talked and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprung into it. Perceiving this, I cried out; whereupon she merrily called on me to follow her. The light was then so dim, as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her when she jumped in; and looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat in the water, which skimmed along at so great a rate that I almost lost sight of it presently; but running along the shore for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me; and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake.—This, says she, accosting me with a smile, is my way of sailing, which, I perceive, by the fright you were in, you are altogether unacquainted with; and, as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from me: but, surely, we are the part of the creation which has had most care bestowed upon it; and I suspect, from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, it is possible you may no more be able to fly than to sail as I do.—No, charming creature, says I, that I cannot, I'll assure you.—She then, stepping to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before her, sprung up into the air, and away she went, farther than my eyes could follow her."

So, thought he, all is over!—a delusion after all!—a mere phantom! for it is plain she is no human composition. But

yet she felt like flesh too when I lifted her up at the door." Better had it been never to have seen her, than thus to lose her again! Thus ran he sorrowfully on, with the heavy heart and utter self-abandonment which the shades of evil men may be supposed to feel, when, as classic story tells, they chance to catch, through the open gate, a glimpse of Elysium—gay, smiling vallies, populous cities, cheerful and happy groups, and, by the closing of the door against them, are again left to solitude and the darkness of eternal night. And like that same unhappy ghost, unexpectedly admitted to the light of day, was he, when, in about ten minutes after she had left him, in this mixture of grief and amazement, she alighted just by him on her feet. The transport, with which her return fills his soul, he is unable to conceal:—"I was some moments in such an agitation of mind, from these unparalleled incidents, that I was like one thunderstruck; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms, with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing—Are you returned again, kind angel, said I, to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you! Can it be, that you who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed you for, and all your friends, to take an asylum in my arms? But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow—my love and constancy."

> "All my ambition will in you be crown'd;
> And those white arms shall all my wishes bound.
> Our life shall be but one long nuptial day,
> And, like chaf'd odours, melt in sweets away:
> Soft as the night our minutes shall be worn,
> And cheerful as the birds that wake the morn."

Need we add, that vows so feelingly tendered were kindly heard, and blushingly accepted?—Or that the heart of Youwarkee—for so was this winged beauty called—the gentlest heart that ever beat in female bosom—was not insensible to the humanity that had preserved her life, the tenderness that had fostered her with even a mother's care, and the delicacy, that never in thought, word, or deed, had offended against her purity? So, like the first man and woman, in Eden's bowers—in the presence of teeming and prolific nature—with the "evening song" of summer breeze for their nuptial chaunt, and the bright host of heaven to witness their espousals, they plighted simple, but most sacred and binding vows of mutual love, and constancy, and protection. "In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments, and soft speeches, hand in hand, we arrived at the grotto; after having entered into "those solemn en-

gagements to each other, which are, in truth, the essence of marriage, and all that was there and then in our power."

The account which Youwarkee gives of her country folks, and their occasional expeditions, in the dark season, to this remote island, set finally to rest the fears which Peter had so long entertained on the subject of the voices. He inquires of her, if she did not, by some accident, fall from the top of the rock, over his habitation, upon the roof of it.

"I'll tell you how it happened. A parcel of us, young people, were upon a merry swangean round this arkoe, which we usually divert ourselves with at set times of the year, chasing and pursuing one another, sometimes soaring to an extravagant height, and then shooting down with surprising precipitancy, till we even touch the trees; when of a sudden we mount again and away. I say, being of this party, and pursued by one of my comrades, I descended down to the very trees, and she after me; but as I mounted, she, over-shooting me, brushed so stiffly against the upper part of my graundee, that I lost my bearing; and being so near the branches before I could recover it again, I sunk into the tree, and rendered my graundee useless to me; so that down I came, and that with so much force, that I but just felt my fall, and lost my senses. Whether I cried out or no upon my coming to the ground, I cannot say; but if I did, my companion was too far gone by that time to hear or take notice of me; as she, probably, in so swift a flight, saw not my fall. As to the condition I was in, or what happened immediately afterwards, I must be obliged to you for a relation of that: but one thing I was quickly sensible of, and never can forget, viz. that I owe my life to your care and kindness to me."

After the winter had once more set in, the voices were heard again in the night, when Peter, notwithstanding what his wife had told him of her "country folk's swangeans in that place—being frightened a little, waked her; and she, hearing them too, cried out, There they are! It is ten to one but my sister, or some of our family are there. Hark! I believe I hear her voice.—I myself hearkened very attentively; and by this time understanding a great deal of their language, I not only could distinguish several speeches, but knew the meaning of several words they pronounced." Peter would have had her call to them, but to this she objected; being afraid that her friends should incline to force her to desert with them, against her will. "This reason perfectly satisfying me, and endeared the loving creature to me ten times more, if possible, than ever."

Besides having in Youwarkee a kind, consoling friend, to lighten every labour, and share in every joy; and a most endearing wife, who annually presents him with "a *yacom*, as fair as alabaster," our hero finds her a winged minister,

XUM

" To answer [his] best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the sea, to ride
On the curl'd clouds."

He had often regretted to her the want of that ship-load of all the necessaries of life, which was sticking on the outside of the bulk of rocks; usually ending his lamentation with the vain wish, that he had " been born with the graundee." On one of these occasions, she was mighty inquisitive to learn, what sort of things, in shape and appearance, those needles and other utensils were, of which he appeared so much to regret the want; and he " not then conceiving the secret purpose of her soul, answered all her questions to a scruple."

" About two days after this, having been out two or three hours in the morning, to cut wood, at coming home I found Pedro crying, ready to break his heart, and his little brother Tommy hanging to him, and crawling about the floor after him; the youngest pretty baby was fast asleep upon one of the beast-fish skins, in a corner of the room. I asked Pedro for his mother; but the poor infant had nothing farther to say to the matter, than Mammy run away, I cry! mammy run away, I cry! I admired where she was gone, never before missing her from our habitation. However, I waited patiently till bed-time, but, no wife. I grew very uneasy then; yet, as my children were tired and sleepy, I thought I had best go to bed with them, and make quiet; so, giving all three their suppers, we lay down together. They slept; but my mind was too full to permit the closure of my eyes. A thousand different chimeras swam in my imagination relating to my wife. One while I fancied her carried away by her kinsfolks; then, that she was gone of her own accord to make peace with her father. But that thought would not fix, being put aside by the constant tenderness to her children, and regard to me; whom I am sure she would not have left without notice. But alas! says I, she may even now be near me, but taken so ill she cannot get home, or she may have died suddenly in the wood."

Thus he lay tumbling and tossing in great anxiety; and not being able to sleep, or lie still, he rose, intending to search all the woods about; when on opening the door he was agreeably surprised to meet her coming in, with something in her arms. He tells her how inconsolable he and the children have been in her absence.

" Winds murmur'd through the leaves, your long delay."—

This, for the instant, blanks her smiling countenance,—but recovering, and kissing him and them;—" Don't you remember what delight I took the other day, to hear you talk of your ship?—Yes, says I, you did so, but what of that? Nay, pray says she, forgive me, for I have been to see it." And, indeed, the faithful creature had been; and brought a collection of

those very things, which she had questioned him so particularly about. Peter afterwards instructs her how to find the gulf, down which he himself had been precipitated, " which she could not mistake by reason of the noise the fall of the water made," and, having filled the chests on board with all sorts of goods, to draw them by means of a line, into the draught, which of itself would suck them under the rock down the gulf. He hoped that the subterranean stream would carry them down into the lake, in like manner as it had conveyed him. This project is put successfully in execution, but had like to have terminated fatally. The chests made their appearance successively in the lake in due course of time, bringing with them all that the ship contained in any way serviceable to a domestic life. On the evening of the day on which they came to hand, as they were sitting together, after supper, in the grotto, Youwarkee looked very earnestly at him, with tears just glittering in her eyes,—then, " setting free a sigh," broke out into these words:

" What should you have thought, Peter, to have seen me come sailing, drowned, through the cavern, tied to one of your chests?—Heaven forbid such a thought, my charmer! says I. But, as you know I must have been rendered the most miserable of all living creatures by such a sight, or any thing else that would deprive me of you, pray tell me how you could possibly have such a thought in your head?—She saw she had raised my concern, and was very sorry for what she had said. Nothing, nothing, says she, my dear! it was only a fancy just come into my head.—My dear Youwee, says I, you must let me know what you mean: I am in great pain till you explain yourself; for I am sure there is something more in what you say than fancy: therefore, pray, if you love me, keep me on the rack no longer.—Ah, Peter! says she, there was but a span between me and death not many days ago; and when I saw the line of the last chest we took up just now, it gave me so much horror I could scarce keep upon my feet—My dear Youwee, proceed, says I; for I cannot bear my torment till I have heard the worst.—Why, Peter, says she, now the danger is over, I shall tell you my escape with as much pleasure as I guess you will take in hearing it. You must know, my life, says she, that having cast that chest into the sea, as I was tugging it along by that very line, it being one of the heaviest, and moving but slowly, I twisted the string several times round my hand, one fold upon another, the easier to tow it; when, drawing it rather too quick into the eddy, it pulled so hard against me, towards the gulph, and so quick, that I could no way loosen or disengage the cord from my fingers, but was dragged thereby to the very rock, against which the chest struck violently. My last thought, as I supposed it, was of you, my dear, (on which she clasped me round the neck, in sense of her passed agony;) when taking myself for lost, I forbore farther resistance; at which instant the line, slackening by the rebound of the chest, fell from my hand of itself, and the chest returning to the rock, went down the current.

XUM

I took a turn or two round on my graundee to recollect my past danger, and went back to the ship, fully resolved to avoid the like snare for the future."

> " O Heav'ns ; did ever woman yet attempt
> An enterprise like mine ?"—

Well, indeed, might " the colour forsake" our hero's lips, and his eyes " grow languid," and himself drop almost fainting into her arms !

> " But heaven, which, moulding beauty, takes such care,
> Makes gentle fates on purpose for the fair :
> And destiny, that sees them so divine,
> Spins all their fortunes in a silken twine."

The reader, who, from this imperfect sketch of a small portion of the work, may be haply led to make himself better acquainted with these deserving and beautiful volumes, will find the winged heroine of our tale, a creature of the imagination, only so long as she hovers in the air over her companion with expanded wings, or drifts with the light cloud that scuds before the gale along the face of heaven. In all other respects she is a very woman,—beautiful, winning, tender, and devoted, but still a woman. And, indeed, we would not, if we might, have had her otherwise. Man, in his fancy, may vary, modify, combine, or augment, to infinity, the qualities and powers with which his Maker has endowed man ; but, though he stretch his invention to the utmost, he is unable to imagine or conceive a new one. The elements, of which his own being is composed, are the only materials his imagination has to work upon ; and out of these must he form whatever creature of the fancy he may amuse himself with pourtraying. Fatigued, indeed, in the manufacture of human character, and in the wantonness of an imagination, which space could not confine, nor matter content, the mighty bard once said, let there be " spirits of air," and " earthly goblins," and spirits and goblins came to do his " great command." But this was in the plenitude of powers, if not more than mortal, at least greater than were ever conferred on any other man ; yet, even these creations of a most unbounded fancy are neither so etherialized, nor yet so brutalized, but that you detect the passions and workings of the human breast, in the spirituality of the one, and the earthy composition of the other. What Shakespeare tasked his genius to perform and hardly accomplished, our author has wisely not attempted at all ; but in giving his heroine the fidelity and entire devotedness—the meekness of spirit, and purity of mind—the shrinking sensitiveness joined to a noble fortitude of soul—the docility and playfulness of temper, united with a capacity

for deep and sound reflection—light spirits,—light air,—graceful motion and elastic step, which distinguish the "favourites of nature" among our own countrywomen, he has given her virtues and charms sufficient to raise her on the wings of the wind, and enable her to soar into her native element,—the purified and serene profundity of heaven. In the construction of material forms the author's invention is great, and his fancy beautiful; but the wings when formed, (the readers of *the Curse of Kehama* will have already seen the description of them,) he has presented to some one of his countrywomen,—it may be some fair favourite—a Patty, whom he himself knew and loved; but the feminine charms, with which he has endowed her,—and we have no doubt he drew upon experience for them—will entitle her to the enjoyment of aërial excursion, the most exhilarating and refined sensation, which the most luxurious fancy could conceive, or the most aspiring heart pant to enjoy. On earth, as we have said, stepping along the banks of the lake, or skimming over its surface, a self-moving boat; sharing in the labours of her companion and friend, or lightening his hands of half their toil, and his heart of all its cares, by cloud-dispelling smiles, and gay conversation, in the absence of that sun he never sees, she is the sun to him, and the light of his countenance. For his sake, content to leave father and mother, friends and countrymen, house and home; and gifted with a power almost equal to ubiquity, yet bound by the golden tie of conjugal affection to one solitary spot of earth; she is the very woman whom an unhappy poet, in some soft moment of repose from the workings of a crazed imagination, has conceived to be born to

——"act the little part that nature gave her,
On the green carpet of some guiltless grove,
And having finish'd it, forsake the world."

The facility with which she gives up home and kindred, for the sake of one with whom accident alone had brought her acquainted, may chance to strike some readers as implying too much lightness of mind, or shallowness of affection. But if he lay any considerable stress upon this, it will be clear that he, at least, knows not the force of passion in young hearts, or what deep gratitude, conjoined with a tender and devoted regard, can do in the breast of woman. If he argue that the novelist has done ill to introduce her with the breach of a solemn moral obligation, she might be supposed to reply in the beautiful words of the poet, which infinitely better become her mouth than those of the original speaker.

"What right have parents over children, more
Than birds have o'er their young? Yet they impose
No rich-plum'd mistress on their feather'd sons;

But leave their love more open yet and free
Than all the fields of air, their spacious birth-right."

We doubt whether the author's imagination has sustained an equal flight through the whole extent of the fiction; or whether we impart to the father, brother, and countrymen of Youwarkee, to whom we are successively introduced, any very large portion of that affection, which every reader, unless differently constituted from the rest of mankind, will be disposed to entertain towards *her*. We doubt, we say, whether the author's powers have enabled him to raise into the air, and poise the grosser and heavier bodies of masculine make, with an equal degree of graceful ease, and without a greater demand upon the reader's acquiescence. We doubt, too, whether the elevation of their minds corresponded to the superiority of their external form; and whether their feelings and passions are sufficiently spiritualized to buoy them up, and prevent their sinking again to the earth. "To go drifting along on a fleecy white cloud," were recreation meet for a being of angelic mould, animated with the pure affections and buoyant spirit of woman; but the nature of man required to be refined, and even undergo a kind of transmutation, before he could have power, or be permitted to patrole the fields of air, and expatiate in vacuity. Whether his humanity has undergone such change in the hands of our author, we leave the reader to collect, by acquainting himself with the original, which at all events will amply repay his trouble, if it do not quite satisfy him on the subject of his inquiry. Meanwhile, without any wish that he should be led to prejudge the question, we merely intimate that our own private opinion leads us to think, that the honest author, instead of raising a sort of mortal spirit, or spiritual mortal, to the skies, has only given wings to a better kind of Otaheitean savage. Peter, whom this people of the air deem it worth their while to transport with his cannon to *Normnbdsgrsutt* (a soft monosyllable in Youwarkee's pretty mouth), the *glumm* Peter, prophesied of in the sacred traditions of their priesthood, as one who should arise out of the sea, "with hair round his face," (the Swangeans had no more beard than their women,) and "unknown fire and smoke" in his hands, is a law-giver and demi-god among those denizens of the upper regions. Never prophet wrought such instantaneous conversion—never legislator was so promptly obeyed; never general—no, not he who gave his eagles to fly over "prostrate Asia," was so triumphant. At a single *moucheratt*, he eradicates the prejudices of a thousand years, and makes a whole people ashamed of their idolatry—with one stroke of his sword, he annihilates the image which

priestcraft had substituted for the great Collwar himself, though defended by an organized body of devout and holy *ragans*, whom he finally compels to recant their creed and read their Bibles. Slavery, which it cost the British parliament so many years of hot and dusty debate, in its *moucheratts*, to abolish, Peter does away in the twinkling of an eye; and by one bold and sensible speech, [we wish we could give the reader it here] makes every man—as the great Collwar made him—*free!* As for his exploits in war, hear Lieutenant-General Nasgig detailing them, in his place, in the parliament of Brandleguarp:—"Peter only sat in his chair, and commanded victory: he spoke aloud but thrice *(with his cannon)*, and whispered *(with his musket)* once to them, but so powerfully, that having at the two first words laid about three hundred of the enemy at their lengths, and brought Harlokin to the ground with a whisper, at a third word he concluded the war."—It may be very well all this—yet still, wars and rumours of wars—kings and their courts—profligate courtiers, and faithless mistresses—factious priestcraft—treason, and rebellion!—Surely the author needed not have lifted us into the air, and carried us thousands of miles, to see a repetition of the same dull work that is transacted on our own earth, and which we have an opportunity of seeing every day!

But in all this action and adventure, this changing of dynasties, and marrying of sovereigns, and modelling states, do we love and respect our hero more, than when silent and solitary he cuts faggots in his wood, and then flinging them on his back, trudged home to cook his dinner? Alas! no.—From the midst of a palace, and a crowded capital (scooped though they be out of the solid rock, and lighted neither by the rays of the sun, nor yet by artificial fire, but by living glow-worms,) we cast many a backward look to the remote and solitary *arkoe*, surrounded by the pathless ocean. There you may see the path from the grotto to the pure streamlet, worn by the foot of him who daily drank at it,—and as he drank, thanked the heavens for their boon—now almost erased by the rank springing and untrodden grass. The grotto that once knew a simple-hearted tenant, and was jocund with the mirth of an affectionate wife, and lovely *yacoms*, who grew unseen of men, but smelt most fragrant in the face of heaven, now knows him no more. His boat rots, and falls piecemeal in the little dock his hands had made—the rain and wind have beaten down his thatched roof—the implements of his own industry—the rude toys of his children, and Youwarkee's little attempts at sempstress work, lie scattered all about it. The fowls, whom he took so much care to tame and pen, now roam at large, and vainly stretch their necks for the expected step of him, who comes to feed them. On the lake he is not seen in the wood he is

missed—the wild birds no longer eye him with curious glance from the higher branches. His wife and little glumms no longer frolic in the serene and evening air, as once they used, whilst he more slowly, and sedately bent his way along the bank. All is silent, all forsaken, as if no human eye had ever looked upon the still waters of that quiet lake, even from the "birth of time." Blank and dreary, nature seems to droop, grieving, "if aught inanimate e'er grieves," over the everlasting farewell of man.

In good truth, the change is not one at all to our liking, but the reader may be of a more cheerful and lively turn of mind than we elderly persons, who are looking forward to that bourn whence no traveller returns; and we would not that our gloomy views should lead him to appreciate unfairly the merit of any ingenious performance. Of the latter portion of the work, we are unable to give a detailed account; but the reader will do well to take the trouble into his own hands, and peruse it for himself. He will find much ingenuity, much good sense, much kind and honest feeling, and much striking description of the winged people and their aërial excursions; not to mention trees, that grow excellent fish and fowls—*sweecoes*, that give a mild, steady, and agreeable light, with the additional advantage of not burning the fingers,—a flight-race, where a *gawrey* wins the prize, when a *glumm* was too corpulent to enter the lists,—and Hannibal's mixture, with which the labourer of Brandleguarp

Diducit scopulos et montes rumpit aceto.

Our hero, too, throughout the various *schemes*, acts always like a liberal-minded and well-meaning man. It may be, that by dealing too much in general affairs he loses sight, rather more than he ought to do, of individual interests; and brings to the ground a flying countryman, to gain any information wanted, with as much *sang froid* as a sportsman would fetch down a woodcock on the wing. But, on the whole, it would be well, we think, if the ministers of royalty never evinced themselves more undebauched by the possession of power, than does Glumm Peter of Graundevolet. We confess, we deem our hero more honoured in the simple epithet of Peter, sweetly pronounced in the soft accents of Youwarkee's voice, as it waked the echoes that dwelt in the rocks around, than in the proud title of father to his most gracious majesty King Georigetti; and would rather any day have had an hour's fishing with him in the lake of Graundevolet, than assist him in manufacturing laws in the capital of Brandleguarp.

We ask pardon of our readers for detaining them so long

in a remote island, which never had existence but in the imagination of the amiable and unknown author; and whence, perchance, they have been long desiring to escape. For our own parts, happy to have discovered, though but in fancy, that "lodge—the vast wilderness" which the poor poet vainly sighed for, to escape the "rumours of wars, oppression and deceit," we quit it with regret, having found it a pleasant hour's rest for our thoughts, as well as food for the imagination.

> "Like the day dreams of melancholy man—
> I think and think on things impossible,
> Yet love to wander in that golden maze."

The reader will already have partly divined how it came to pass that Peter tumbled so unexpectedly out of the clouds, in sight of the ship Hector. The fact was, that our hero having had the misfortune to lose his Youwarkee, after several years' residence in her country, became, in consequence of that melancholy event, so unsettled, as to long extremely after his own: accordingly, he had persuaded some stout Swangeantines to attempt to convey him over to the great continent of America, in like manner as they had before conducted him over the wide ocean to Brandleguarp. "If in your history," he addresses his kind amanuensis, "you think fit to carry down the life of a poor old man any farther, you will as well know what to say of me as I can tell you; and I hope what I have hitherto said will in some measure recompense both your expense and labour."

ART. VIII.—*Examen; or, an Inquiry into the Credit and Veracity of a pretended Complete History; shewing the perverse and wicked Design of it, and the many Falsities and Abuses of Truth contained in it. Together with some Memoirs occasionally inserted. All tending to vindicate the Honour of the late King Charles II., and his happy Reign, from the intended aspersions of that foul Pen.* By the Hon. Roger North. *London*, 1690.

This is one of the most striking and melancholy proofs, that exist in print, how incapable contemporaries are of forming a right judgement, and obtaining just views of transactions, which even pass before their eyes, or within their hearing. Here is a man of no ordinary abilities, quick, intelligent, and

honest,—with no more or stronger prejudices, we imagine, than fall to the lot of the generality of men, and who, from his connection with some principal actors on the then stage of the world, had more than common opportunities of right information, has written a bulky quarto volume of near seven hundred pages, to disprove facts, which the course of time has incontrovertibly established. And he not only in his own estimation does disprove them, but he does it triumphantly,—he not only hurls his opponent to the ground, but he spoils him of his very armour, and insults over his prostrate body. He maintains the conflict with a cheerfulness that shows him confident of success—his mood is mirthful from beginning to end,—he lays down the charges only to have so much the more pleasure in refuting them in the strongest terms, and even banters while he fights. And so much will we say for the ingenious author of the *Examen*, that if it had been possible to vindicate the honour of King Charles the Second, and his *happy reign*, from any aspersions, however foul,—that the pen of Roger North was the weapon to have done them that good service. But the most acute and zealous advocate in the world will find the simple truth, in the long run, too strong an adversary to cope with. He may trample upon it,—hold it down by main force,—and essay to strangle it; but no sooner does he release his grasp, than straight it rises, Antæus-like, uninjured and unwearied. In undertaking to prove that Charles was not a bad man, not a libertine, not a voluptuary, not a papist, or if not a papist, nothing at all, not a dissembler, not a prince of arbitary designs, not a pensioner of France, not desirous, with the aid of that power, to subvert the liberties of his country, he undertook, we think, what the most plausible and dextrous reasoner, that ever gulled mankind, would have failed to accomplish. Over his more immediate adversary he appears to obtain advantages without end; but the cause of truth, thank heaven! rests not on one pair of shoulders, but finds an advocate in every honest and correctly thinking man. When we turn from the perspicuous pages of that work, which a great statesman has bequeathed us —the precious memorial of his own benevolent and manly principles—to those of the *Examen*, we confess we even sigh over the author's fancied victories, and cannot help regretting that an honest and well-meaning man should have put himself to so much utterly unprofitable labour. That his intentions were upright, and his own faith in the goodness of his cause sincere, we do him the justice to believe. A mere flatterer of people in power—gaping for place or preferment in state or church,—does not usually choose his patrons from the great of other days, or espouse the cause of princes, whose bones have been long mouldering in the common grave of men. Besides

at the period, when Roger North stepped forward to vindicate the memory of King Charles from aspersions, which he thought unjustly thrown upon it—a stranger had "filled the Stuart's throne," and their favourite principles of government were equally proscribed with their persons. In a world of interested self-seekers, where departed greatness is the only description of power that lacks supporters, we reverence the man, whatever his principles, or however mistaken his views, who, under such circumstances, stands manfully forth to undertake their defence.

As a book of political and historical information, it is too decidedly a party work to be of much value, and as our knowledge has far outgrown the author's, and we are in possession of the undisputed truth of most of the facts about which he reasons, it were a loss of time and labour to examine minutely the grounds, or weigh the value, of his argument. But the course of the reader's progress through the volume (if he have the patience, which we confess we had not, to pursue it diligently) will be strewn with many just observations, many incidental truths, many pieces of correct information, relating to private persons and minor transactions, and many specimens of ingenious reasoning, worthy of a better cause.

The author too has occasionally described persons and things with great truth and effect; and we every now and then, through the complicated web of the argument, gain a near view of some celebrated character, which goes far to repay the reader for much weary and unprofitable travel. For instance, if he have any curiosity to know how the Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury ordered his procession to Westminster-hall, on the first day of term, he will find the adventures that befel that grave cavalcade told with a good deal of harmless mirth.

"His lordship had an early fancy, or rather freak, the first day of the term, (when all the officers of the law, king's counsel and judges, used to wait upon the great seal to Westminster-hall,) to make this procession on horseback, as in old time the way was, when coaches were not so rife. And accordingly the judges, &c. were spoken to, to get horses, as they and all the rest did, by borrowing and hiring, and so equipped themselves with black foot-cloths, in the best manner they could: and divers of the nobility, as usual, in compliance and honour to a new lord chancellor, attended also in their equipments. Upon notice in town of this cavalcade, all the show company took their places at windows and balconies, with the foot-guard in the streets, to partake of the fine sight, and, being once well settled for the march, it moved, as the design was, statelily along. But when they came to straights and interruptions, for want of gravity in the beasts, and too much in the riders, there happened some curvetting, which made no little disorder. Judge Twisden, to his great affright, and the consternation of his grave brethren, was laid along in the dirt: but all, at length, arrived safe, without loss of

life or limb in the service. This accident was enough to divert the like frolic for the future, and the very next term they fell to their coaches as before."

If he would know in what dress the chancellor sat to administer equity, he will here find a full description of it, together with some few particulars which concerned that nobleman's inner man. His lordship, he tells us, was of a free air, ready apprehension, witty in his conceits and turns of speech;

"And regarded censure so little, that he did not concern himself to use a decent habit, as became a judge of his station. For he sat upon the bench in an ash-coloured gown, silver-laced, and full-ribboned pantaloons displayed, without any black at all in his gait, unless it were his hat, which, now, I cannot say positively, though I saw him, was so. He was a little man, and appeared more like an university nobleman than an high chancellor of England. And whether out of inclination, custom, or policy, I will not determine, it is certain he was not behind-hand with the court, in the modish pleasures of the time, and to what excess of libertinism they were commonly grown, is no secret."

His Majesty King Charles, who must be allowed to have been an able judge of the matter, placed Shaftesbury in no inferior rank among the profligates of the day. "I believe," said he, "Shaftesbury, thou art the wickedest dog in England."—"May it please your Majesty," replied the statesman, dutifully yielding up the post of honour, "of a *subject*, I believe I am."

The author, who has taken the very worst view of his character, and recorded every thing bad of him that he had heard, seen, or could rake up, says, that if Shaftesbury was a friend to any human being besides himself, he believes it was to King Charles, whose gaiety, breeding, wit, good humour, familiarity, and disposition to enjoy the pleasures of society and greatness, engaged him very much, that had a great share of wit, agreeableness, and gallantry himself. But the superiority he claimed spoiled all; his Majesty would not always be influenced by him, but would take short turns on his toe, and so frustrate his projects; and finding by that he could not work under him, he strove, if possible, to reduce his authority, and get above him. It seems, by what was given out, that he would not have hurt the king personally, but kept him tame in a cage, with his ordinary pleasures about him.

We do not wonder that Shaftesbury should have regarded Charles with some sort of personal affection, if the account we have read of the mode of his removal from office have any truth in it. A number of his political enemies were assembled in the

anti-chamber to witness his going to surrender the seals, and anticipating the triumph of seeing him return deprived of the badges of his office. Shaftesbury, who observed this, resolved to deprive them of this expected enjoyment, and give them, like the flying Parthian, a panic even in his retreat. He begged of the king that he might be allowed to carry the seals before him to chapel, and send them to him afterwards from his house, in order that he might not appear to be dismissed with contempt. "Codsfish," replied Charles, "I will not do it with any circumstance that looks like an affront." Having conversed, for a length of time, upon such gay topics as usually amused the king, his adversaries, who had been all the while on the rack of expectation, were at length greeted with the sight the king and his chancellor, issuing forth together, smiling, and apparently upon the best possible terms. His expected successor and enemies were inconsolable; they concluded nothing less, than that Shaftesbury's peace was made. After enjoying this triumph, the ex-chancellor returned the seals to the king.

A great portion of the work is taken up with unravelling the manifold falsehoods and impostures of the popish plot; and in the course of this, we meet with several characteristic notices of its notorious father and begetter, Titus Oates. He is described as "a low man, of an ill-cut, very short neck; and his visage and features most particular. His mouth was the centre of his face; and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead, and chin, within the diameter. *Cave quos ipse Deus notavit.*

> "Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud;
> Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud:
> His long chin proved his wit; his saint-like grace
> A church vermillion, and a More's face."

To make the description complete, we give the following specimen of his singular mode of enunciation:—Bedloe, his brother witness, being taken ill at Bristol, had been examined by the Lord Chief Justice North, then on the circuit. It turned out, however, to be merely a repetition of the old story, that the world which had been led to expect great things, and even Dr. Oates himself was disappointed. "For soon after, on a council day, (he diligently attended at all those times) as the lord chief justice passed through the court, he was heard to say aloud, *Maay Laird Chaife Jaistaice*, whay this baisiness of Baidlau caims to naithing." But his lordship walked on, not attending to his discourse.

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During the time of his exaltation, when his plot was in full force, efficacy, and virtue, he walked about with his guards, assigned for fear of the papists murdering him. He had lodgings in Whitehall, and one thousand two hundred pounds per annum pension; and no wonder, after he had the impudence to say to the House of Lords, in plain terms, that if they would not help him to more money, he must be forced to help himself. He put on an episcopal garb, except the lawn sleeves, silk gown and cassock, great hat, sattin hat-band and rose, long scarf,* and was called, or most blasphemously called himself, the saviour of the nation. Whoever he pointed at was taken up and committed; so that many people got out of his way, as from a blast, and glad they could prove their two last year's conversation.

On his examination before the council,he committed palpable blunders. One of Oates's scenes lay in Spain, where, upon his conversion he had been sent to be trained up a jesuit, and for his absolute incapacity was soon sent back again. He spoke of Don Juan doing some great thing towards killing the king; as I remember (says North) it was said to have been paying ten thousand pounds to the jesuits, which they were to furnish for that end, and this done in his (Oates's) presence, who was then amongst them. The king asked him quick, *What manner of man Don Juan was?* Oates, knowing the *Spaniards are commonly reputed tall and black, answered, He was a tall black man;* at which the king fell into a laugh, for he had known Don Juan personally in Flanders, and he happened to be a low, reddish-haired man. By this it was manifest he had never seen Don Juan; and farther, when Oates spoke of the jesuits' college at Paris, the king asked him where it stood, and he answered as much out of the way, as if he had said, Gresham college stood in Westminster.

Oates never would say all he knew, for that was not consistent with the uncertainty of events. For he could not foresee what sort of evidence there might be occasion for, nor whom it might be thought fit to accuse: all which matters were kept in reserve, to be launched or not as occasion, like fair weather, invited, or storms discouraged. When Oates was examined in the House of Commons, and was asked if he knew of any farther design against his majesty, &c., instead of answering that question, he told a tale of a fox and a goose; that the fox, to see if the ice would bear him and his goose, first

* After the king had expelled him from Whitehall, and withdrawn his guards, Oates altered his dress, assumed a sword, and associated with Colledge, Ferguson, and those men.

carried over a stone as heavy as the goose. And neither then, nor ever after, during his whole life, would he be brought to say he had told all he knew. "Every new witness that came in made us start—now we shall come to the bottom. And so it continued from one witness to another, year, after year, till, at length, it had no bottom, but in the bottomless pit." Yet in defiance of all this tergiversation, partial disclosures, and gross and palpable falsehoods, "'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot:"—one might have denied his Redeemer, says our author, with less contest than attainted the veracity of Oates. "What! don't you believe the plot?" was the reply to every man who attempted to reason or talk sense on the subject. "The city," says the author of the *Examen*, "for fear of papists, put up their posts and chains; and the chamberlain, Sir Thomas Player, in the court of aldermen, gave his reason for the city's using that caution, which was, that he did not know but the next morning they might rise all with their throats cut!" The king early perceived it to be a mere fiction; and when first revealed by Dr. Tong, positively forbad the making any other persons privy to it, although Lord Danby pressed very much for it. The king said he would alarm all England, and put thoughts of killing him into their heads, who had no such thoughts before. And afterwards, that nobleman had ample occasion to regret, in the leisure of the Tower, his having introduced it into parliament, contrary to the king's advice, observing, that the event had proved his majesty the best prophet of them all. This incredulity, however, was productive of some inconvenience; for notwithstanding the absurdity of making him an accessory before the fact, to an attempt upon his own life, it gave rise to a general idea, that he knew more of the matter than he would be thought to know, and Oates did not afterwards hesitate to drag him in for a share in the conspiracy. The suspicions vulgarly entertained of his religion, too, furnished a handle against him,—as the following dialogue, which was given in deposition, on the trial of Colledge by one Smith, will show. He deposed, that while one day they were going to dinner at the house of an alderman Wilcox, Colledge told him, "He (the alderman) was as true as steel, and a man that would endeavour to root out popery." Says I, "That may be easily done, if you can but prevail with the king to pass the bill against the Duke of York."—"No, no," said he, "now you are mistaken, for Rowley is as great a papist as the Duke of York is, (now he called the king Rowley), and every way as dangerous to the protestant interest." (*State Trials.*) Thus was good King Charles himself brought in a notorious encourager of *stifling* and ridiculing the plot. This charge our author treats thus:

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"It is certain, the king put no stop to the course of any enquiry: and as for laughing, to do his majesty right, he as seldom laughed in the wrong place, as any one of his subjects; if any thing was truly ridiculous, he was apt to smile, that he was. Therefore, I must needs say, that the author doth his plot no justice, if he intends we should think the king laughed at it. As for his majesty, he honestly paid the pensions and rewards as was desired; his council doors were open to every paltry fellow, even to the Irish fool, Cummins, pretending to testify in the plot, and all business of state must give way to them."—*Examen*, 214.

This remarkable and disgraceful plot was fortunate in the chief justice it found to preside over its diabolical disclosures, who, however, at length deserted its interests. The following extracts give us a good idea of Scroggs.

"Before a committee of the commons, appointed to examine the proceedings of the judges, Francis Smith, bookseller, deposed, that he was brought before the chief justice (Scroggs,) by his warrant, charged with having a pamphlet, called *Observations on Sir G. Wakeman's Trial*, in his shop: upon which the chief justice told him, he would make him an example; use him like a boor in France, and pile him and all the booksellers up in a prison like faggots; and so committed him to the king's bench, swearing and cursing at him in great fury, &c.

"And further, it appeared to the committee, that the said chief justice committed in like manner, Jane Curtis, she having a husband and children, for selling a book, called, *A Satyr against Injustice*, which his lordship *called a libel against himself*, and her friends tendering sufficient bail, he swore by the name of God, she should go to prison, and he would show her no more mercy than they could expect from a wolf that came to devour them, &c.

"Sir W. Scroggs, says Burnet, was a man more valued for a readiness in speaking, than either learning or virtue. His life had been indecently scandalous, and his fortunes very low. It was a melancholy thing to see so ignorant a man raised up to be chief justice. Yet he, now seeing how the stream ran (1678) went into it with so much zeal and heartiness, that he was become the favourite of the people. But, when he saw the king had an ill opinion of it, he grew cold in the pursuit of it. He began to neglect and check the witnesses: upon which they, *who behaved as if they had been tribunes of the people, began to rail at him.*

"Scroggs summed up the evidence on Wakeman's trial very favourably for the prisoners, far contrary to his former practice. The prisoners were acquitted, and now the witnesses saw they were blasted. And they were enraged upon it, which they vented with much spite upon Scroggs. *And there was in him matter enough to work on for such foul-mouthed people as they were.*"

But the principal personage of the work, to whom we design to devote this article, now demands our more particular

attention; we mean King Charles himself. We have stated that the present does not appear to us a successful vindication of his character; less because it is not ably and cleverly conducted, than because we are of opinion, that no vindication whatever could possibly be successful. It is a subject which has employed alike both friends and foes; and has, in every instance, been drawn with some degree of fondness or resentment. The Marquis of Halifax has handed down to us a portrait of the master he served, and the wittiest of monarchs, as might naturally be expected, has been cleverly drawn by the wittiest of statesmen. We think his representation, however, as well as that of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, far too general, as well as too partially coloured, to convey to the reader an adequate or just conception of the original. Mr. Hume has taken their view of the subject; and throughout the history of this reign, evinces an evident partiality for the good-natured monarch. He seizes every opportunity of commendation, deals his censures sparingly, and by the composure with which he relates acts of dishonesty or violence, would seem as if he wished to diminish in his readers the sense of their enormity. Bishop Burnet, on the other hand, uses the darkest colours he can find, and these unsparingly; and dashes out a rough portrait of the king, at least as like the original, as the Saracen's ferocious head, which hangs on the sign-post, is to the Saracen of real life. It is not our purpose to take our trial in drawing the bow, with which so many, if they have succeeded in bending it at all, have yet shot wide of the mark. We would rather, with the reader's approbation, throw together such notices illustrative of Charles's character, as the present work may furnish, and supply the deficiency, by having recourse to Clarendon, Burnet, Temple, Evelyn, and other contemporary writers, without caring to be particularly regular or connected. We know no better method of catching a fair view, and fixing in our minds a just conception of Charles's variable character; which, whenever we have considered it, has tempted us to exclaim—

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Proteo nodo.

We shall not attempt to follow any systematic plan, or regular method; but string our observations together in the best order we can.

The claim of Charles to be considered as a man of extreme good nature and amiable temper has been so universally allowed, that among the various epithets by which we are fond of distinguishing him from his brother kings, that of the good-natured monarch, appears to have obtained a sort of pre eminence. There have not been wanting, however, writers, to question, and even deny his right to this distinction; among the latter is Lord

Orrery, who says, that our historians, in representing him as a good-natured man, have ignorantly, or rather wilfully, mistaken good-humour and affability for tenderness and good-nature, "neither of which last are to be reckoned among this monarch's virtues." How far he is justly or at all entitled to the reputation of a virtue, for which royalty has not been usually found the most favourable soil, the following particulars of his conduct in the various relations of life, may serve to inform us.

"There was a lady," says Lord Clarendon, "of youth and beauty, with whom the king had lived in great and notorious familiarity from the time of his coming into England." This however underwent the less reproach from the king's being young and vigorous, and upon a full presumption, that when he should be married, he would confine himself within the bounds of virtue and innocence. He was "piously sensible, too, of the infinite obligations he had to God Almighty, and that he expected another kind of return from him in purity of mind and integrity of life. Moreover, he had been heard to speak of the excess which a neighbour king had permitted himself, in making his mistress live, at court, in the queen's presence, as a piece of ill nature that he himself could never be guilty of—"that if he should ever act so ill as to keep a mistress, after he had a wife, which he hoped he never should, he would never add *that* to the vexation of which she would be sure to have enough."

Fair promises! and, at least, as faithfully observed as they were sincerely made. When the queen, who had wit and beauty enough to make herself agreeable to the king, came to Hampton Court, she brought with her the resolution never to suffer the lady, who was so much spoken of, to be in her presence. "Her mother," she said, "had enjoined her to do so." On the other hand, the king thought he had prepared matters so well, that within a day or two after her arrival, he himself led the lady into the presence chamber, and presented her to the queen, who received her with the same grace as she had done the rest. But whether her Majesty in the instant knew who she was, or upon recollection found it out afterwards, she was no sooner sat in her chair, but her colour changed, and tears gushed out of her eyes, and her nose bled, and she fainted.

The king was mightily indignant to have such an earnest of defiance given him in the face of the whole court, on the great question of nuptial supremacy, on which head he was understood to be the most positive man alive.

From that time he forebore her society, and sought ease and refreshment in that jolly company, to which he grew every day more addicted; and though never man's nature was "more remote from roughness or hard heartedness," he was yet re-

solved to vindicate his royal jurisdiction, and make it manifest to the world, that "he would not be governed."

He had been lately reading too a book newly printed at Paris, called the *Amours of Henry IV.*; and resolved to make his grandfather's example the rule of his own conduct. One night, in particular, the fire flamed higher than ever: "the king reproached the queen with stubbornness and want of duty, and she him with tyranny and want of affection;—he used threats and menaces, which he never intended to put in execution, and she talked loudly how ill she was treated, and that she would return again to Portugal. He replied, that she would do well first to know, whether her mother would receive her: and he would give her a fit opportunity to know that, by sending to their home all her Portuguese servants." The noise of this contention was so loud, as to be overheard by many; and their mutual carriage next day confirmed all that had been heard or imagined. "They spake not, hardly looked on one another.—The queen sat melancholic in her chamber in tears,—and he sought his divertisements in that company, that said and did all things to please him; and there he spent all the nights." When they happened to be together, he did not address her, but amused himself with the conversation of people, who made it their "business to laugh at all the world, and who were as bold with God Almighty, as with any of his creatures." The Portuguese were shipped off without remorse, and without delay; only upon the queen's entreaty, "that she might not be wholly left in the hands of strangers," a certain old Countess Penalva, who scarce stirred out of her chamber from ill-health, was permitted to remain. All this time "the lady" came to court,—was lodged there,—was every day in the queen's presence,—and the king in continual conference with her; whilst the queen sat unnoticed; "and if she rose at the indignity, and retired into her chamber, it may be one or two attended her, but all the company remained in the room she left, and too often said those things aloud, which nobody ought to have whispered." In the beginning of the conflict the king's face had been cloudy, and his countenance sad, as if he regretted its having proceeded so far; until now chafed with the reproach of being governed, he suppressed every appearance of concern, and appeared every day more gay and pleasant. Whether his good humour were affected or feigned, to the queen it appeared real, and made her only the more sensible "that she alone was left out in all jollities, and not suffered to have any part of those pleasant applications and caresses which she saw used to almost every body else." Mirth reigned in every company but in her's, and in all places but in her chamber. Her own servants showed more respect and more diligence to the person

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of "the lady," than towards their own mistress; who, they found, could do them less good. All these mortifications were too heavy to be borne: so that, at last, she suddenly let herself fall, first to conversation—then to familiarity—and, finally, to a confidence with "the lady;" was merry with her in public, talked kindly of her, and in private behaved to no one else in a more friendly manner. Alas! poor lady—this change of behaviour and low demeanour, were so far from winning, as she had doubtless hoped, the king's good graces, that he concluded all her former aversion was merely feigned, and acted to the life, by a nature crafty and perverse. He congratulated his own ill-natured perseverance, by which he had discovered what remedy to apply to all future indispositions. How bent the king was upon reducing the poor queen to the humiliation, for which, when it at length took place, he heartily despised her, may be seen from the following extract of a letter to Lord Clarendon, dated Hampton Court. It expresses any thing but good nature or kind feeling. "And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel in it, least you may think that, by making a farther stir in the business, you may divert me from my resolution; which all the world shall never do: and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is, of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber: and whosoever I find use any endeavours to hinder this resolution of mine, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life." In such a way could this good-natured monarch, at a time too, when neither age nor vexation could be alledged to have corroded his temper, treat a defenceless woman, whose only crime was a claim to conduct herself worthily of the character and station of his wife.

> "Michal of royal blood, the crown did wear,
> A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care;"

and though the good chancellor thought her agreeable enough in person, yet, in the eyes of others, she was a woman of but a mean appearance, and no very pleasant temper; fond too of dancing to a ridiculous excess, and so bigotted, that at her marriage, she would neither repeat the words of matrimony, nor bear the sight of the archbishop.* But, as the editor of Dryden (Sir Walter Scott) has justly observed, on the lines above quoted, loving a ball is not a capital sin, "even in a person, whose figure excluded her from the hopes of gracing it; that a

* Burnet.

princess of Portugal must be a catholic, if she had any religion at all; and finally, that to bear children, it is necessary some one should take the trouble of getting them."*

In justice, however, to Charles, it must be allowed, that after his wife had ceased to thwart or interfere with his own pleasures, *he* at least treated her with decent civility, if he could not, or cared not to command for her the respect of others. This, perhaps, the levity of her own conduct, more than his neglect of her, made impossible. She entered into all the extravagance of the court, and went about masqued with the king and others; going into houses unknown, and dancing there with a great deal of wild frolic. They were carried about in hackney chairs; and, on one occasion, her chairmen, ignorant who she was, having left her by herself, she was reduced to return to Whitehall in a hackney coach,—nay, some said, in a cart. The lord chamberlain told her it was neither decent nor safe to go about in such a manner; for the Duke of Buckingham, it seems, (who could conceal nothing) had let out, that he had proposed a mad scheme to the king about stealing her away, and sending her to a plantation.—But the king had said "it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of her's."†

But it was during the heat of the popish plot, that his conduct towards her was such as most nearly to compensate for that injurious treatment, which she experienced from him in the first year of their marriage. The most impudent villain that ever perjured himself in a court of justice,—Titus Oates, had had the audacity to accuse her of poisoning the king, and even to go to the bar of the House of Commons, and cry "Aye, Taitus Oates, accause Catherine, Quean of England, of haigh traison!" Upon this *the king put him under confinement, and it might have gone worse with him,* but that it gave umbrage to some, who were too considerable to be set at defiance. "They think," said Charles, "I have a mind to a new wife, but, for all that, I will not see an innocent woman abused." In a conversation he had with Burnet, who used frequently, about this time, December of 1678, to wait upon him, at Chiffinch's, a page of the back stairs, and converse with him on the subject of the plot, he acquainted him with the whole affair. He said, "she was a weak woman, and had some disagreeable humours, but was not capable of a wicked thing, and considering his faultiness towards her in other things, he thought it a horrid thing to

* Scott's Dryden, vol. ix.
† Burnet.

abandon her. He said he looked on falsehood and cruelty as the greatest crimes in the sight of God; he knew he had led a bad life, but he was breaking himself of all his faults, and he would never do a base or wicked thing."

Burnet says, that he made no mention whatever of the queen on his death-bed; but, according to another account,* she sent a message, requesting he would pardon her, if she had ever given him offence. "Alas, poor lady! she never offended me; I have too often offended her," was the dying man's reply. These are redeeming touches!

The right reverend historian, who has given his character such a dark and sanguinary aspect, declares, that though he had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment, he had no touch nor tenderness in his nature. But the very affecting account which he has himself given of Charles's dying requests to his brother, prove him mistaken, and makes one marvel not a little at the good bishop's obtuseness of feeling. "A little before he died, he gathered all his strength to speak his last words to the duke, to which every one hearkened with great attention. He expressed his kindness to him, and that he now delivered all over to him with great joy. He recommended Lady Portsmouth over and over again to him. He said, he had always loved her, and he loved her now to the last; and besought the Duke, in as melting words as he could fetch out, to be very kind to her and her son. He recommended his other children to him, and concluded, *Let not poor Nelly starve*—that was, Mrs. Gwyn."† This recommending his mistresses to his brother's care, has greatly scandalized the historian: "it would have been a strange conclusion," he adds, "to any other's life, but was well enough united to all the other parts of his." The observations of Mr. Fox on this subject, must be too well known to need repetition here;—in that most feeling and Christian passage, the illustrious statesman has taught a noble lesson of candour and charity to the reverend divine.

Charles was never seen so much troubled in his whole life, as he was on the occasion of his youngest brother's death, whom he most tenderly loved; and yet, says Burnet, "those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by

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* North's *Examen.*

† Dalrymple's *Memoirs.* And this account is confirmed by Evelyn, who says, "He entreated the queen to pardon him (not without cause) who, a little before, had sent a bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him, in regard of her excessive grief, and that his majesty would forgive her, if at any time she had offended him.

whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother." It is true he was fond enough of balancing party against party, and keeping one set of men in check by the awe inspired by another; but this was only in great state moves; and he was the most unlikely man in the world, to carry this system of trimming into the security, repose, and slip-shod negligence of his private life. He would have said, it is not worth a man's while to live, if he must live by method, and be at the trouble to measure his daily actions, and moderate his expressions by the rule of his interests. In what the historian adds, there is a palpable contradiction, arising merely from the use of too strong a term,—a fault by no means of rare occurrence in the works of the right reverend author. He says, he *hated* this surviving brother, and "yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him." In our opinion, he neither hated nor loved his brother. Hatred, indeed, of any person or thing, was not a passion in which he appears to have willingly or gratuitously indulged,—it was an inmate too troublesome and incommoding to find quarter in the breast of one, who was too fond of eradicating from it the most necessary cares, to be likely to plant therein any that were additional or superogatory. He probably despised his brother's taste and understanding too much: his own vacillating temper was too much awed by the other's stubborn resolution, to feel any thing like affection for him; but this does not prove that Charles was incapable of feeling, so much as that James himself was not a character to be loved. We can very easily imagine that when the stress of the times compelled them to separate, the duke would shed abundance of tears at parting, though the king shed none*, (about the "store of parting tears," however authors differ, some say the emotion testified was mutual and alike,) without impeaching the latter of want of natural affection. His love for the uke of Mon mouth seems to have been invariable, and superior to all the trials to which the behaviour of that nobleman subjected it, in different occasions of life. "I observed," says Sir W. Temple, "the great affection his majesty had to the Duke of Monmouth, and saw plainly the use his grace intended to make of it."

During all the uproar occasioned by the *pretended* plot†, for which Lord Russel suffered, though Monmouth was proclaimed a traitor, and his name appeared in every gazette, the king still passionately loved him, and was easily so far mollified, by the good offices of Lord Halifax, as to restore him again to favour. The great obstacle to their reconciliation was the confession, which the king required of him: he promised,

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* Burnet. † The expression of Evelyn.

indeed, that no use should be made of it, but he still insisted upon his son's telling him the whole truth. To his brother he said not a word about the matter, till the very day before he made known their reconciliation to the world; when he received him with a fondness that confounded all the duke's party. He said then, that *James* (so he called his son) had confirmed all that Howard had sworn on the trial; to which Monmouth said little, till his pardon was made out, and then openly denied that he had confessed the plot. The king then ordered him to give a confession of it under his hand, and Lord Halifax, by a great deal of persuasion, got him to write a letter to that effect, by which the latter was satisfied." But the Duke of Monmouth reflecting on what he had done, thought it a base thing; so he went full of uneasiness to the king, and desired he might have his letter again, in terms of an agony like despair. The king gave it him back, but pressed him vehemently to comply with his desire; and among other things, the Duke of Monmouth said, that the king used this expression:—"If you do not yield in this, James, you will ruin me." Yet Monmouth was firm; so the king forbid him the court, and spoke of him more severely than he had ever done before *.

The Earl of Portland told Burnet, that the king showed the Prince of Orange one of his seals, and said to him, that whatever he might write to him, if the letter was not sealed with that seal, he was to look on it as only drawn from him by importunity. Now, though he wrote the prince some terrible letter, against the countenance given by the latter to the Duke of Monmouth, yet they were not sealed with that seal, from which the prince inferred, that he had still a mind he should keep his son about him, and use him well. And it is certain, that in all the entries that were made in the council-books about the affair of the Rye-house plot, the king gave orders that nothing should be left on record that would blemish his son. That he should say nothing respecting him in his parting recommendations to his brother†, may be easily supposed, and the reason explained; he knew James too well, and the obduracy of his stubborn temper, to hope any such recommendation would be effectual.

But it was within the sphere of domestic life alone that his affections appeared to have circulated with any strength or rapidity of current. Few are the instances of anything like genuine good-nature exhibited to persons who were remote from his presence, or unconnected with the daily routine of his own pleasures and amusements; whilst many particulars remain on record which seem to imply a capability of being revengeful and even malignant.

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* Burnet. † Evelyn.

The bill of indemnity, passed at the beginning of his reign, appears to have originated less in any disposition to clemency, than in a firm conviction of its being essential to his personal safety. There lay still encamped on Blackheath, the formidable army that had wrought his father's destruction; and he well knew, how united soever their acclamations seemed, that their affections were far from being the same. The diseases and convulsions their infant loyalty was subject to, were too many not to make him fear, that the distemper and murmuring that was in it might soon break out into acts of open violence; "and the very countenances of many officers, as well as soldiers, did sufficiently manifest that they were drawn thither to a service, in which they took no great delight."* But there was no attempt to be made towards disbanding the army, until the act of indemnity should be passed.—"This was the *remora* in all the counsels; and until that was done, no man could say that he dwelt at home, nor the king think himself in any good posture of security."† He possesses with some the credit of having softened the rigid letter of the law, and even among his father's judges of having distinguished Ingoldsby and others as fit objects of mercy. He went to the house of peers, who seemed to demur at thus being deprived of an opportunity of paying off old scores, and in the most affecting terms besought them to extend the benefit of the bill to all who had not been the immediate instruments of his father's death. But we must not forget, that it was his own cause he pleaded—that it was his own safety that was compromised by the impolitic delays of parliament. The credit to which, after all, he might have laid claim on the score of the lenity exhibited in the bill, is entirely done away, we think, by his evident disposition to transgress it, where that could be done without danger to himself. In the unjustifiable execution of Sir Henry Vane, he appears to have taken even a personal concern, as is clear from the following extract of a letter of his to the chancellor, dated Hampton Court.—"The relation that hath been made to me of Sir H. Vane's carriage yesterday in the hall, is the occasion of this letter—if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certainly he is too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way. Think of this, and give me some account of it to-morrow: till when I have no more to say to you."‡ The behaviour of Sir H. Vane, to which the king alludes, was only that of a free man, and worthy the cause to which he had devoted himself. The spot, too, that was selected for the execu-

* Clarendon. † Ibid.

‡ Harris's *Life of King Charles II.*

tion of the regicides, Charing Cross, in the king's presence, and under his very nose, seems to have been chosen with a view to the gratification of a not very amiable triumph. "I saw not their execution," says Evelyn, "but met their quarters mangled and cut, and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle."

In Scotland, which lay more at his mercy, his humanity and the goodness of his nature had a wider field for displaying themselves, had they dwelt in any great force or strength within his own breast. Distance of place, it may be said, makes a material difference in regard to our feelings, and the miseries we only hear detailed have much less effect upon us than those which fall under our own observation; but he can have no just pretensions to be considered as a humane and feeling man, for whom we are obliged to frame such an excuse. It may be said, also, that the atrocities which were committed were done in consequence of orders, wrested from their proper acceptation to serve the ends of a ferocious party, or even without order at all. But why then were the ministers of these cruelties retained in office? and why, when they had successors given them, were the latter only more tyrannical and refined in their barbarities than those whom they succeeded? We fear, the king's pleasure was only too well understood, through the medium of that merciful and conciliatory style, which the pressure of the times sometimes compelled him to adopt. "The dial spake not, but it made shrewd signs;" and Lauderdale was not a man on whom such hints could be thrown away. Unfortunately, too, we are sometimes able to trace these monstrous proceedings to their very source, and find them flowing from the king's own order, signed by his own hand. "I have now before me," says Mr. Mallet," the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them, without process or conviction: and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom."* After the fight at Bothwell Bridge, it had been objected to the Duke of Monmouth, that in putting a stop to the execution which his men were doing on the flying covenanters, he had neglected the king's service, and courted the people. In this strain did the Duke of York talk of it; and Charles himself said to him, "that if *he* had been there, they should not have had the trouble of prisoners." Monmouth replied, "he could not kill men in cold blood—that was work only for butchers."†

If we may believe the author of the *Examen*, the severity of government in their proceedings on the occasion of that

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* Harris's *Life of King Charles II.* † Burnet.

insurrection, is to be attributed to the counsels and remonstrances of Lauderdale. There had been a council held to deliberate on the measures necessary to be adopted, in which a power to fight or treat with the insurgents had been committed to the Duke of Monmouth, as general; "for why," said the good-natured persons at the board, "should the blood of those deluded miserables be spilt, if they are willing to lay down their arms, on fit terms?"

"Very few, if any, spoke to the contrary, and the Duke of Lauderdale, whose chief case it was, said not one word; and so the orders were taken to be fixed, and the party advices to friends abroad went forth accordingly. When the king rose from council, the Duke of Lauderdale followed him into the bed-chamber, where, having him alone, he asked his majesty if he intended to follow his father? Why? said the king. Because, sir, said the duke, you have given the general orders to treat; the consequence of which is encouraging and enlarging the rebellion in Scotland, and raising another, by concert, in England, and then you are lost; therefore, if you do not change your orders, and send them positive to fight, and not to treat, the mischief that befel your father, in like case, will overtake you. Why did you not, said the king, urge this in council? The duke answered suddenly, *Were not your enemies in the room?* This touched the King so sensibly, that getting the better of his propensity to favour and trust the Duke of Monmouth, he caused the orders to be altered and made as the lord commissioner advised; and, withal, adding this instruction, that the orders were not to be opened, but at a council of war in sight of the enemy; and this was done so privately, that none of the faction so much as smelt it out."—*Examen, p.* 81, 82.

How far the burthen of these enormities is to be taken off the king's, and laid on the memory of Lauderdale, can hardly be ascertained; it is certain that, on a former and similar occasion, Charles acted with more lenity and human feeling. After the fight at Pentland hills, several years before, he showed himself more gentle to the prisoners taken there, than was quite acceptable to the bishops and the high-flying party. He wrote them a letter, in which he approved of what they had done, but added, "he thought there was blood enough shed." * We mention this as one of the few instances which occur of his interfering, with a mild and beneficent purpose, in the concerns of a people, whose only crime was that of hating oppression, whilst they loved the Stuarts, their oppressors, only too well.

Burnet says, he was apt to forgive all crimes, even *blood* itself; yet that he never forgave any thing that was done

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* Burnet.

against himself, after his first general act of indemnity; and we believe the imputation to be more or less true. His suffering the rigour of the law to proceed against offenders, and even against those, "in whose cases, the lawyers, according to their wonted custom, had used sometimes a great deal of hardship and severity," is imputed by the Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield) to his sense of justice, and not to any want of clemency. We are for ascribing it neither to the one nor the other, but simply to the habit of letting all things, and the law among the rest, take their course, without caring a thought on the matter. However harsh the sentence might be, his sense of mercy or justice was not sufficiently active to rouse him into taking measures to prevent its execution; but, if assailed by petitions and solicitation, he lacked his brother's dogged resolution, and had as much difficulty in saying NO, as any person of whom we have read. To this facility of temper, we attribute those instances of forgiveness, to which Burnet has alluded, and thus reconcile two accounts, which at first sight appear somewhat contradictory. That he could, in the pursuit of tyrannical and vindictive measures, be proof against all solicitations, we have a signal instance, in that illustrious victim of falsehood and illegality, the Lord Russel. All the efforts that could be made, would, we are sure, be exerted in behalf of one, in whose life the happiness of so many noble and dignified persons was wrapped up; but both the king and the duke were immoveable in their resolution; yet with this difference, as Lord Rochester afterwards told Burnet, that the king could not bear the discourse, nor any mention of the subject, but that the duke, the same man who afterwaards allowed a nephew, the son of a most kind brother, to hang at his knees, whilst knowing within his secret mind, that the tongue, which sued for mercy, would, in a very few hours, be fixed in death, the duke suffered some, among whom he himself was one, to argue the point with him. moreover moved, it is said, that Lord Russel might be executed in Southampton-square, before his own house; but the king rejected that as indecent. Slight amelioration of the most oppressive cruelty! Nor are we sure, that the mitigation of the sentence, accompanied as it was, with an expression of rancorous and vindictive meaning, can be considered as making at all in his favour. "Lord Russel shal find," said he, when he gave orders for commuting the penalty of treason, "that I have the privilege which he was pleased to deny that I possessed." How far Charles was himself cheated by the fabrications and falsehoods of Howard, and other witnesses, we leave to others to decide: at all events, it must be confessed, that he acted his part well. "The public," says Evelyn, "was now in great consternation on the late plot and conspiracy; his ma-

jesty very melancholy, and not stirring without double guards; all the avenues and private doors about Whitehall and the park shut up; few admitted to walk in it; the papists, in the mean time, very jocund, and indeed with reason, seeing their own plot brought to nothing and turned to ridicule, and now a conspiracy of protestants, as they called them."

It must be confessed, that Charles, when he was in a pardoning humour, shewed great discrimination in the choice of objects, in whose favour to exercise the divine prerogative of kings. Lord Russel, indeed, must undergo the punishment of the law; but the king, whose nature was always inclined to mercy, said, "that if the lord's were satisfied that *West* had told all he knew, there was no reason to hang *him*, because he knew no more; and if men were to be saved for the weight of their discovery, and not for the ingenuousness of it, it might be a means to make a man invent false accusations, which would be mischievous and wicked."* There is great truth in this observation of the king's, and we quarrel not therefore, with this exertion of his prerogative, though in behalf of a most atrocious scoundrel. But we wonder much what consideration it was, which operated so powerfully in his royal breast, as to make him anxious to spare the life of the most notorious villain, that ever filched a purse or cut a throat. The following extract from *Evelyn's Journal* will explain to whom we allude.

"March 10, 1671.—Dined at Mr. Treasurer's, where dined Monsieur De Gramont, and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent bold fellow, who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending only curiosity of seeing the regalia there, when, stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the sectaries and enthusiasts, and did his majesty services that way, which none alive could do so well as he; but it was certainly as the boldest attempt, so the only treason of this sort that was ever pardoned. The man had not only a daring but a villainous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating."

The author of the *Examen* alludes to another of this worthy person's most egregious enormities in a passage, from which it would seem that Blood was, at the time of the popish plot, a

* North's *Examen*.

true blue protestant. "And here the good Colonel Blood, that stole the Duke of Ormond, and if a timely rescue had not come in, had hanged him at Tyburn, and afterwards stole the crown, though he was not so happy as to carry it off,—no player at small games; he, even he, the virtuous Colonel, as this *sham-plot* says, was to have been destroyed by the papists. It seems these papists would let no eminent protestants be safe. It had been strange if so much mischief had been stirring, and he not come in for a snack." Well, this distinguished person, was, for some reason or other, deemed by his majesty, such a fit object of royal mercy, that he was even at the trouble of sending to the Duke of Ormond, to desire his concurrence in the grace that was meant to be extended to his assassin. To this overture the duke replied, with dignity, that, "if his majesty could forgive him the stealing of his crown, he might easily pardon the assault on my life." His son, the gallant Ossory, did not so view this unusual extension of royal mercy, with the like equanimity. One day, being in the presence, and seeing the Duke of Buckingham there, whom he suspected, with reason, of having instigated the ruffian to the attempt, he said aloud, "that if his father came to a violent end, he should be at no loss to know the author—should consider Buckingham as the murderer, and pistol him, if he stood behind the king's chair."—He added, that he told him this, in the king's presence, that he might be sure he should keep his word. We are informed by Mr. Hume, that Charles carried his kindness to Blood still farther—that he granted him an estate of five hundred pounds a year—encouraged his attendance about his person, and showed him great countenance, so that many applied to him for promoting their pretensions at court. "And while old Edwards, who had bravely ventured his life, and been wounded in defending the crown and regalia, was forgotten and neglected; this man, who deserved only to be stared at, and detested as a monster, became a species of favourite."* Surely this perversion of all the principles of justice and mercy deserves to be stigmatized by a stronger term, than that by which the historian has designated it: it is an *error*, which might have excused him, if in recounting it, he had for once lost sight of his never-failing philosophical composure.

It is possible that his majesty himself, as well as his friend the Duke of Buckingham, might have occasion for the services of Colonel Blood, if he was in the habit of taking such severe revenge for light offences, as the following well-authenticated anecdote, would seem to intimate. Sir John Coventry, having moved in the house of commons for an imposition on the play-

* Carte's *Ormond*.

houses, Sir John Berkenhead, to excuse them, said, they had been of great service to the king. Upon which Sir John Coventry desired that gentleman to explain, "Whether he meant the men or women players*?" This saying was carried with great indignation to court: it was said, that it would prove a fashion to reflect upon the king, if such a severe notice were not taken of this, as to deter any one from talking at that rate for the future. The Duke of York told Burnet, that he said all he could to divert his majesty from the resolution he took, which was, to send some of the guards, and watch in the streets where Sir John lodged, and leave such a mark on him, as should be "a just revenge for injured fame." In a word, they slit his nose to the bone, to teach him what respect he owed the king's majesty. From this atrocious deed, perpetrated by the order of a king, upon the person of a subject, we derive at least one benefit; namely, the Coventry act, which makes cutting and maiming the person, with intent to disfigure, felony, without benefit of clergy. It would seem, by this act, with whatever good humour Charles ordinarily bore even the most cutting retorts, he could be roused into anger, when the persons, by whom they were made, happened to be offensive to him on other accounts. This was, indeed, the tiger-stroke of fell and savage purpose, when, in the midst of his fawning and fascinating play, the young monster of the jungle unsheathes his claws, and, quick as lightning, darts them into the secure and confiding arm of him who is caressing him. Indeed, so much is it at variance with the usual tenor of Charles's general bearing and demeanor, among the great liberties he allowed to all persons with whom he had any intercourse, that we could be led almost to discredit the truth of the fact, if we had not too great a respect for the word of the right reverend historian, who affirms that he had it from the king's own brother. And from other accounts it is clear, if the king did not order the execution of the deed, he at least countenanced and protected those who had perpetrated it. Besides, the story is too much akin to another related of his behaviour to Lord Mulgrave, who was suspected of entertaining an undue attachment to the Princess Anne. To cure him of his love, by depriving him of life, the king sent him to Tangiers, at the head of some troops, in a leaky vessel, which, it was supposed, must have perished in the voyage. Mulgrave, though apprised of the purpose for which he was sent, yet had the noble daring to undertake the expedition, which the Earl of Plymouth, a son of the king's, generously insisted upon sharing, and was killed at Tangiers.

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* Andrew Marvel.

After enumerating so many circumstances, which must be allowed to militate exceedingly against the received notion of his extraordinary good-nature—to leave the reader in better humour with the merry monarch—we will, before turning down this page of his character, mention one or two that show him in a more favourable light. During the fire of London, the king was almost all day long on horse-back with his guards, seeing to all that could be done, either for quenching the fire, or for carrying off persons and goods to the fields all about London. He was never observed to be in so much concern about any thing in his whole life, as about this*." It is not, indeed, imaginable," says Mr. Evelyn, " how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the king were, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, were like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth." In this scene of confusion and horror, to be found labouring and directing—straining every nerve, and sharing in every fatigue and danger with his people—he, whose most vigorous exercise was usually but a brisk four-hours' walk up and down the mall of St. James's Park, was at once like, and very unlike, a king.

Charles's behaviour to Lord Argyle, as if to compensate for the wrong done to his father, seems to have been generous and kind throughout; and it redounds yet more to the King's credit, if it be true, that the latter, when Lord Lorn, had treated him harshly when he was little better than a prisoner in Scotland. When Lord Argyle had fled from the infamous sentence, which the Duke of York, then his brother's commissioner in Scotland, had obtained against him, and was in hiding in London, some evil-minded officious person went and told the king of it. But Charles would have no search made for him, and forbad them to molest him, retaining still his former kindness for that ill-fated nobleman. To have taken, indeed, active measures against him, would have only made him the abettor of his brother's outrageous tyranny; still his forbearance was generous, and so far we give him credit for good nature.

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* Burnet.

Charles after all was not a man, generally speaking, to stand in the way of a victim at the last gasp, with the hounds full in view; but much more likely to give him free passage, and to further his retreat. We sometimes find him extending his protection to those whose safety was menaced by the violent proceedings of government; and we recollect to have read in Burnet, or elsewhere, of his giving a Scottish nobleman an assurance under his own hand and seal, that let him serve God in what way he pleased, he should suffer no molestation. We wish more instances of this sort were on record, to authorize, in some degree, the affection which a reader of history cannot help entertaining for his memory, in spite of the hollowness and insincerity of his character. Historians, we will charitably suppose, have been more successful in discovering the bad, than the good of his actions, and that there existed more causes for that passionate grief, which the author of the *Examen* assures us was observable in all men at the time of his death, than they have handed down to posterity.

"It was almost generally to be observed about town, that folks were all very inquisitive, perpetually asking one another, without regard to strangers, or acquaintance, (all were acquainted for that purpose)—What news? How is the king? and the like. The council took care to comfort them from time to time, as far as might be done, by the public intelligence; and so it stood in the face of the public till the deplorable loss was made known; whereat the national sorrow is not, from any known precedent, capable of being described. The people, in general, were very passionately concerned, they were all witnesses for one another, as I, for one amongst the rest, am; and so deeply, that it was not obvious to observe a person walking in the streets with dry eyes."

Charles's vicious habits and profligate morals are ascribed, in a great measure, by Burnet, to the Duke of Buckingham, who, upon his return, from his travels, in the year forty-five, found him newly come to Paris, having been sent over by his father, when his affairs began to decline. Hereupon, the duke, who was then got into all the vices and impieties of the age, finding the young prince apt enough to receive ill impressions, set himself to corrupt his morals, in which design he was ably seconded by the Lord Piercy; and to them was owing the chief blame of the king's corrupt and vicious life.

We have the irrefragable testimony of the Duke of Ormond to the licentiousness of Charles's life, when an exile, and a wanderer abroad:—"His majesty spent most of his time with confident young men, who abhorred all discourse that was serious, and, in the liberty they assumed in drolling and railling,

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preserved no reverence towards God or man; but laughed at all sober men, and even at religion itself."*

He himself, in more advanced years, was fond of playing the tempter, and when he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he had a pleasure in corrupting them, both in religion and morality. Of religion he appeared to have no sense at all: whenever he happened to be either at prayers or sacrament, he took care to satisfy people, that he was in no degree concerned in that about which he was employed; and as to the scriptures, he never read them, nor alluded to them, farther than to turn them into a jest, or to point the discourse with some lively expression. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to find a hole in the reputation of a man esteemed eminent for piety; and Sheldon, who most commonly spoke of religion as an engine of government, and an affair of policy, was regarded by him in the light of a wise and honest clergyman. A man of this description was not likely to fall into his father's error; indeed, he often said, he was not priest-ridden—"he would not venture a war, nor travel again for any party."

Rien pour rien, was the principle that guided him in his dealings with the church. Thus, when in the course of the debate on the legality of Lord Danby's pardon, the bishops' right of voting on a trial of treason having been questioned, they seemed disposed to relinquish it without noise. The king, who was bent on maintaining the pardon, and durst not venture it on the votes of the temporal lords, would not suffer it, but told them "they must stick to him and his prerogative, as they expected him to stick to them, if they came to be pushed at."†

Freely as he indulged himself in every vice, he was used to express disgust at the scandalous lives of some of the clergy, an inconsistency not very frequent with men of his stamp. One day at the council board, being offended with the bishops, he took occasion to vent his displeasure in various reflections upon the clergy, who alone, he said, were to blame for the disorders and conventicles that were complained of throughout the country. Had they lived good lives, and gone about their parishes, and taken pains to instruct the people, the nation might have been by this time quiet; "but they thought of nothing, but of getting good benefices, and keeping a good table." Once, too, in a conversation with Burnet, he expressed himself after a similar manner: had the clergy done their part, he said, it would have been an easy thing to run down the non-

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* Clarendon. † Burnet.

conformists, but, he added, "they will do nothing themselves, and will have me do every thing."—"He told them, he had a chaplain that was a very honest man, but a great block-head, to whom he had given a living in Suffolk, that was full of that sort of people: he had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could have to say to them, for, he said, he was a very silly fellow; but he believed his nonsense suited their nonsense, for he had brought them all to the church; and in reward of his diligence he had given him a bishoprick in Ireland." We have been often told, how the king, in a progress he once made to Winchester, towards the latter end of his days, was for quartering Nell Gwyn upon Dr. Ken; but the doctor resolutely refused to admit her, and she was obliged to seek other lodgings. The conclusion of this story is not, however, so very generally known. When, not long after, the see of Bath and Wells became vacant, Charles asked what was the name of that little man at Winchester, who would not let Nell lie in his house? They told him, and to the astonishment of the whole court, Ken was appointed to the bishoprick. The laxity of his own religious principles, he never hesitated to acknowledge; as for example, once in Burnet's presence, he and Lord Halifax fell into some conversation about religion. Halifax observed, that his majesty was the head of his church; to which Charles replied, "that he did not desire to be the head of nothing—for his part he was of no church."

Of presbytery he ever entertained the greatest dislike. He, probably, too well remembered how the ministers of that persuasion used to "let fly at him," in the sermons they preached before him, when in Scotland—how he used to yawn over the long prayers and tedious homilies he was obliged to attend, from morning to night—and how Buckingham and he used to be hard set to suppress their laughter, whilst he was denounced by Guthery, or schooled by Douglas. When Lord Lauderdale first came to the king, being himself a stiff presbyterian, and unacquainted, probably, with Charles's high dislike to that form above all, he openly espoused the cause of presbytery; but the king bade him, as the earl himself told Burnet, let that pass, "for it was not a religion for gentlemen." As to his attachment to the Romish faith, we suspect it was never sufficiently ardent to make him uneasy under the disguise he was obliged to wear, or to interfere in any troublesome way with the administration of his secular concerns. Indeed, he was often heard to say, during the heats and perplexities of the popish plot, that if it were not for *la sottise de mon frere*, he would soon get out of all his difficulties.

Disposed to incredulity, and with a natural turn for scepticism, as his language and conduct throughout life would

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seem to imply, it rather excites our astonishment to find him subject to the dotage of astrology. A story, which Burnet tells to this effect, was long considered as a fable of the reverend author's; but like many other of that historian's supposed fables, it has been found to rest upon the basis of truth. There is in the British Museum*, a letter from the Dutchess of Cleveland to the King Charles, dated Paris, which verifies Burnet's relation in every particular:—"When I was to come over," says she, "he (Mountague) brought me two letters to bring to you, which he read both to me, before he sealed them. The one was a man's, that he said you had great faith in; for that he had at several times foretold things to you that were of conconsequence, and that you believed him in all things, like a changeling as you were." The letter goes on to say, that Mountague designed to make this cunning man subservient to his own intrigues, by causing him to foretel to the king such and such events. "The man," she continues, "though he was infirm and ill, should go into England, and there, after having been a little time soliciting you for money; for that you were so base, that though you employed him, you let him starve," &c. Enough for our purpose is what we have already quoted.

Burnet, in his strong and unmeasured language, has expressed his sense of Charles's profligacy, by saying that he delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any restraint; and then follows an insinuation, which is likely, with candid readers, to do the bishop himself more injury than the monarch, at whom it is aimed. He had great vices, he continues, and scarcely any virtues; but some of his vices were less hurtful than the rest, and these served to correct the more pernicious. A saying of Lord Rothes, the king's commissioner in Scotland, was much noised about at the time. He abandoned himself to pleasure, and when he was censured for it, all the answer he made was couched in a severe piece of raillery:—"the king's commissioner," he said, "ought to represent his person." In one vice, however, to which the Scottish commissioner addicted himself, he received little or no countenance from the authority he represented; and that was drunkenness. Upon a frolic, indeed, with a few choice spirits, in whose company he took delight, Charles would sometimes run into excess; yet this was only on rare occasions; and he entertained a bad opinion of all that fell into that habit. On the same occasion, on which he presented Jefferies with that jewel, which was called the latter's blood-stone, from its being given him a few days after the conviction of Sidney, he added a piece of advice,

* Harris's *Life of King Charles II.*

odd enough as coming from a king to a judge. He said, "it was a hot summer, and he (Jefferies) was going the circuit; he, therefore, desired he would not drink too much." Now, Jefferies was a notorious drunkard. In another respect the manners of the king lay more open to exception. "He was apter to make broad allusions upon any thing that gave the least occasion, than was altogether suitable with the very good breeding he shewed in most other things. The company he kept, whilst abroad, had so used him to that sort of dialect, that he was so far from thinking it a fault or indecency, that he made it a matter of raillery upon them, who could not prevail on themselves to join in it. . . . . In his more familiar conversations with the ladies, even they must be passive, if they would not enter into it."*

In the habits of his life, he was equally prone to outrage decorum. For, a little while after his marriage, he carried things decently; but he soon threw off all restraint, he would go from his mistress's apartments to church, even on sacrament days,† and held as it were, a court in them, whilst to the "lady," (as she is respectfully termed by Clarendon, who however would never descend to notice her) for the time being, they all made application. How little careful he was to save appearances, the following curious extracts from Mr. Evelyn's *Journal* abundantly shew. March 1, 1671.—After mention of some particulars not material to the present purpose, he goes on—"I thence walked with him (the king) through St. James's park to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse, between . . . . . and Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of a wall, and . . . . . standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the Dutchess of Cleaveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation." But perhaps the reader would be glad to see one of Charles's family parties. On the day of the king's death, Mr. Evelyn calls to mind a scene which he had witnessed not many days before. "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of, at least, two thousand in gold before them. . . . . .

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* Marquis of Halifax. *Character of Charles II.* † Burnet.

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Six days after, was all in the dust!" This, we suppose, is what the king meant by a little irregular pleasure. When, once upon telling Burnet, he was no atheist, he added, "but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way." This, however, appears to have been only a quiet party at home; the following is a more formal and solemn entertainment.

"This evening I was at the entertainment of the Morocco ambassador, at the Dutchess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a great banquet of sweetmeats and music, but at which, both the ambassador and her retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst these were the king's natural children, viz. Lady Litchfield and Sussex, the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Nelly, &c., concubines and *cattle* of that sort, as splendid as jewels and excess of bravery could make them. The Moors neither admiring nor seeming to regard any thing, furniture, or the like, with any earnestness, and but decently tasting of the banquet. They drank a little milk and water, but not a drop of wine: they also drank of a sorbett and a jacolatt; did not look about or stare at the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence in face and countenance, and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were asked, with a great deal of wit and gallantry, and so gravely took leave with this compliment, That God would bless the Dutchess of Portsmouth and the prince her son, meaning the little Duke of Richmond. The king came in at the latter end, just as the ambassador was going away. . . . . In a word the Russian ambassador, still at court, behaved himself like a clown, compared to this heathen.

In these scenes of debauchery, there was more, we suspect, of the bravery and show, than the substance of vice, as far as regarded the king himself: the following just observations nicely discriminate his character in this respect, and serve as an ingenious commentary on the passages above quoted. "He was rather abandoned than luxurious, and, like our female libertines, apter to be debauched for the satisfaction of others, than to seek with choice where most to please himself. I am of opinion also, that, in his latter times, there was as much of laziness, as of love, in all those hours he passed among his mistresses; who, after all, served only to fill up his seraglio; while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called sauntering, and talking without any constraint, was the true sultana queen he delighted in!"* The facility with which he was induced to entertain any new favourite proposed to him, as well as the

* Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. *Character of King Charles II.*

apathy he, on different occasions, discovered to the lady's open infidelity, "neither angry with rivals, nor in the least nice as to being beloved," substantiate this opinion. The mode in which his intimacy with the French lady (afterwards Dutchess of Portsmouth) commenced, and her introduction at Whitehall, are extremely characteristic of all the parties concerned. The Duke of Buckingham had fallen out with the Dutchess of Cleveland, and, after attempting to detach the king from her, by leading him to form various new connexions, he finally met with an auxiliary, who did the business effectually. Having observed the "king pay particular attention to a certain Mad. Querouaille, a maid of honour to madame, his sister, at the time when he went to meet the latter at Dover, he said to him 'that it was only a decent piece of tenderness for his sister, to take care of some of her servants.' So the king consented to invite her over. The duke also, when at Paris, assured the King of France, that he could never reckon himself secure of his master, but by giving him a mistress that should be true to his interest. The matter being settled, Buckingham sent her, with part of his baggage, to Dieppe, and said he would presently follow; but being, of all men, the most inconstant and forgetful, he never thought of her more, and went to England, by the way of Calais. Hearing of this, the ambassador, Mountague, sent over for a yacht for her; and despatched some of his servants to wait on her, and defray her charges till she was brought to Whitehall: and then Lord Arlington took care of her. Thus did Buckingham bring over a mistress, whom his own strange and capricious conduct threw into the hands of his enemies. The king was presently taken with her, and she studied to please and observe him in every thing. Mr. Evelyn often saw them, on her first arrival at Euston, a seat of Lord Arlington's, where he said, "it was with confidence believed she was first made a *misse*, as they call those unhappy creatures, with solemnity," the stocking having been flung after the manner of a married bride. "Nay, it was said that I was present at the ceremony, but it is utterly false." He acknowledges to have seen fondness and toying enough with that young wanton, as he unceremoniously calls her; but though he had observed all passages with sufficient curiosity, he saw nothing more. Though generally held to be one of the prime beauties of the day, she appeared to him of a childish, simple, and baby face. The king passed away the rest of his life in great fondness for her, and kept her at an enormous charge; she, by many fits of sickness, some real, and others thought only pretended, gaining of him every thing she desired. With what success she had acted her part with the royal lover, we

may form some conception, from another passage of Evelyn, dated so late as 1683:

"Following his majesty this morning through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him into the Dutchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bed-chamber, when she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of bed, his majesty and gallants standing about her: but that which engaged my curiosity, was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies, in furniture and accommodation."

She was not, however, absolutely without a rival in his favour and affections. Madame de Sevigné, speaking of her in one of her letters, says, "she amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee, that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the king doats on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his care, his time, and his health, between these two. The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle: she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour. She sings, she dances, and she acts her part with a good grace. .... This creature gets the upper-hand, and discountenances and embarrasses the dutchess extremely." The lively young lady was no other than Mrs. Ellen Gwyn, whom Burnet, with more than usual gaiety, characterizes as "the wildest and indiscreetest thing that ever was in a court;" who acted all persons in a lively manner, and was such a constant diversion to the king, that even a new mistress could not drive her away. The Duke of Buckingham told him, that when she was brought to the king, she asked only £500 a year, and the king refused it. But at the time he told him this, four years after her first introduction, she had got of the king above £60,000.

In Charles's extravagant expenditure of money, there was a singular compound of parsimony and profusion. "While he sacrificed all things to his mistresses, he would use to grudge, and be uneasy at their losing a little of it again at play, though ever so necessary for their diversion. Nor would he venture five pounds to those who might obtain as many thousands, either before he came thither, or as soon as he left off*." He sometimes, however, ventured deeper.—

* Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's *Character*.

"6th Jan. 1622.—This evening, according to custom, his majesty opened the revels of that night, by throwing the dice himself, in the privy-chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100.—(The year before he won £1500.)—The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1000, and left them still at *passage cards*," &c.

The only occasion on which Charles evinced any thing like jealousy and passion in love, was at the time he paid court to Miss Steward, whom the queen's mother had brought over with her from France. To the repeated infidelities of the Dutchess of Cleveland, at that time the reigning favourite, he was perfectly callous; even though one of them, by the artifice of Buckingham, was brought under his own observation, the party concerned leaping out of the window. She was a woman of great beauty, says Burnet, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the king, and speaking of him, to all persons, in a manner that brought him under general contempt; always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended to be jealous of him. Her abuse, infidelity, and the libels of all sorts, which she circulated freely, gave him no concern; but Miss Steward gained so much upon him, and yet kept her ground with so much firmness, that he seemed to meditate legitimatizing his addresses to her, if possible, since he saw no hope of succeeding any other way. She was courted by the Duke of Richmond; and the king, hoping to break that matter secretly, pretended to take mighty care of her interests, and would have good settlements made her, which, he well knew, the duke was in no condition to do. He was told, whether false or true, that Lord Clarendon had advised the lady to consider well before she rejected the duke. It was hinted he did this in order to reserve the succession to the crown to his own grand-children, whose prospects any new marriage of the king's would most effectually blight. At length the lady was prevailed upon to leave Whitehall privately, and marry the duke, without giving his majesty notice.

It happened that the Earl of Clarendon's son, Lord Cornbury, was going to her lodgings, upon some assignation she had given him about her affairs. He met the king in the door-way, coming out full of fury; and the latter immediately suspecting that Lord Cornbury was in the design, spoke to him, as one in a rage, that forgot all decency, and, for some time, would not hear him speak in his defence. It is said, that this incident made so deep an impression upon the king's mind, that from that time he resolved to take the seals from Lord Claren-

don."* This is the only instance we know, of his having exhibited any tokens of what might be called passion; at all other times his love appears to have been an easy, gentle, and quiet sort of sensation, which never disturbed that tranquillity of spirits he was so careful to maintain, or gave him the least annoyance. Indeed he was not a man of strong passion at all,—he neither hated nor loved,—nor sought revenge,—nor pursued ambitious schemes with any degree of vehemence or energy. To use the expression of Sheffield, he *sauntered* through life, and hated, above all things, to be obliged to alter or mend his pace.

The time, which was not devoted to attendance on his ladies, or to business, (the latter need hardly have been mentioned, it was too inconsiderable) he spent in walking in the park, where he usually exercised himself for three or four hours, at a pace, which made it difficult to all about him to keep up with him. Whilst his brother's levees were crowded, and his anti-chambers full, Charles had scarce company about him to entertain him; and he walked about with only a small body train of necessary attendants, whilst the duke had a vast and splendid following. This drew a lively reflection from Waller, the celebrated wit. He said "the House of Commons had resolved, that the duke should not reign after the king's death: but the king, in opposition to them, was resolved he should reign even during his life."

His habits, indeed, and pleasures, were all, except in the sumptuousness in which he frequently indulged, those of a private individual, and he had many little petit amusements, which are usually held below the notice of a sovereign. "He took delight," says Evelyn, "in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and lie in his bed-chamber, where often he suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and, indeed, made the whole court nasty and stinking." Another amusement was to stock the canal, which formed a decoy, in St. James's Park, with various kinds of wild fowl, which Evelyn has been at the pains to enumerate; and to feed them with his own hand, was one of his daily pleasures. He used to maintain, that, take one day with another, and you may be out more days in the open air in England, than in any other country in Europe, and his own practice illustrated his doctrines, for he rarely allowed himself to be deprived of his daily exercise. When, however, the weather made it impossible, or when lameness, as in the last year of his

* Burnet.

life confined him within doors, he spent much of his time in his laboratory, (for he was a great chemist,) where he employed himself in running a process for the fixing of mercury. In the evenings on ordinary days, he had his companions in private, to make him merry, at the Dutchess of Portsmouth's, Chiffinch's and Bess May's !* It may appear superfluous thus minutely to particularize his habits and amusements, but we know not whether the character of a man is not as clearly manifested in the little detail of private life, as in the more important concerns of public business. Charles II. and his grandfather Henry IV. are the only monarchs of our acquaintance who appear to have possessed the power of stripping themselves entirely of their royalty, and taking up the habits, and along with them the feeling, and comforts, and sympathies, of private individuals. It was the ambition of each, whilst sitting on a throne, and swaying the sceptre of a mighty kingdom, to live as happily and pleasantly as any of their subjects; nor during these intervals of privacy did uneasy recollections of their own importance and grandeur ever obtrude themselves upon their quiet: but here all comparison ends; Charles was adapted by nature for the sphere of a private gentleman, and for that only—whilst Henry, equally well fitted to shine in the domestic circle, was, as soon as he had stepped out of it, formed to play the part of the greatest of kings.

To conclude this account of Charles's private life and habits, with a brief description of his person, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

> " Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,
> Much like the son of Kish, that lofty grew,"—

sings Andrew Marvell in doggrel rhyme; and what is wanting to complete the picture is supplied by Evelyn, from whom we learn, that his countenance was " fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him." " He was," says Sheffield, " an illustrious exception to all the common rules of physiognomy; for, with a most saturnine harsh sort of countenance, he was both of a merry and merciful disposition."—The first we allow—the last we deny—but here, for the present, we will terminate the discussion; and, as the life of the merry monarch is a fruitful source of varied and powerful interest, with leave of the reader, we will resume the inquiry at a more convenient season.

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* Wood's *Athenæ*.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. VII. Part II.

Art. I.—*Britain's Remembrancer; containing a Narrative of the Plague lately past, a Declaration of the Mischiefs present, and a Prediction of Judgements to come, (if Repentance prevent not.) It is dedicated (for the glory of God) to Posteritie, and to these times (if they please) by* Geo. Wither.

Job xxxii. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22.

Surely, there is a spirit in man; but the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding.

Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged always understand judgement.

Therefore, I say, hear me, and I will shew also my opinion.

For I am full of matter; and the spirit within me compelleth me.

I will not accept the person of man, neither will I give flattering titles to man.

For I may not give flattering titles, lest my Maker take me away suddenly.

Read all, or censure not.

For he that answereth a matter before he hear it, it is shame and folly to him. *Prov.* xviii. 13.

Imprinted for Great Britaine, and are to be sold by John Grismond, *in Ivie Lane.* 1628.

Relation Historique, de tout ce qui s'est passé en Marseilles pendant la dernière peste. 12*mo.* 1723.

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Histoire de la dernière peste de Marseilles, Ain, Arles, et Toulon, par Martin. 12*mo.* 1732.

A Historical Relation of the Plague at Marseilles in the year 1720*; containing a circumstantial Account of the Rise and Progress of the Calamity, and the Ravages it occasioned; with many curious and interesting Particulars relative to that Period. Translated from the French Manuscript of M. Bertrand, Physician at Marseilles, who attended during the whole time of the Malady. By* Anne Plumptre. *London,* 1805.

The Plague of Athens, which happened in the second year of the Peloponnesian War. First described in Greek by Thucydides, *then in Latin by* Lucretius, *since attempted in English by the Right Reverend Father in God,* Thomas (Sprat,) *Lord Bishop of Rochester.* 1709.

In a former number, when we were attempting, with the aid of Defoe, to give a picture of London under the visitation of the Plague, we alluded to the writers who had considered this terrible malady a noble subject for the display of their poetic genius, and, at the same time, promised to examine its capabilities in this respect, in a future article, and to collect some specimens of the manner in which it had been treated by the principal poets who had made it their theme. There can be no doubt, that the gigantic and tremendous ravages of this disorder elevate it far above the rank of ordinary and ignoble maladies, and render it a fine field for the developement of poetical power. No scene in which man can be placed affords situations more awful or pathetic, or which call upon our common nature for a deeper sympathy. The plague is as a moral earthquake; it suddenly changes the face of man's nature, it dissolves the oldest and most sacred ties, it overturns the most established virtues, and, in an instant, fills a whole people with ruin and desolation. While the infliction lasts, there is a tragedy in every house; the city where it happens is a vast theatre, on which tens of thousands are acting the last fatal scenes; on one plague-day as many awful passions are roused, as occur in a century of healthful ages. Murder is vulgar; it is an unnecessary trouble; the great murderer is at work; wait a few seconds, and your victim will fall, plague-struck, under your hands. They who reckoned upon spending whole lives together are suddenly rent asunder; the lover sees his beloved die before him, or perhaps they die in each other's sight, each departing on different journies, or, what is worse, he who would have died the day before for the salvation of the one he adored, now loathes her; avoids, or, may be, forcibly drives her from him with

horror and disgust. She who yesterday hung caressing upon a husband's neck, to-day does the last kind office, by dragging his body from her presence by a rope. Some boldly determine to die together, and plunge into one another's arms, and meet a common death, giving and taking the poison of infection. Others, under the influence of despair, sit down to meet their enemy, thus inviting his stroke; others, but wounded by his unerring blow, wander raving and lunatic, unharming others, for the grass is growing in the market-place, and in the busiest scenes of bustle there is a deadly and unnatural tranquillity. In short, the finest and the most appalling events of all antiquity are crowded together into one brief space—in a single week all the events in the long roll of the history of human passions are run over, far too rapidly for the pen of the witness to record them. If then the history of one fatal crime, or of the calamities of one unfortunate sufferer, have been such instruments in the hand of the poet, what a million-headed tragedy is the plague? The robber, the ravisher, the miser, the hero, the devotee, the impostor, the unnatural father or mother, the impetuous lover, the insidious villain, the faithful friend, the angelic female, the lustful hypocrite, all perform their parts, and show themselves in their true colours. The mask is dropped, there is no time for duplicity, the shortest way to the end desired must be pursued when the time for all is so brief. As for changes of fortune, no period is so rich as this; the distant heir in a day sees all obstacles removed between him and immense wealth, but alas! he dies in taking possession; the poor are rich, and the rich are poor, for he who has lands and houses, unless he have money, is poor indeed. He rolls in wealth he cannot touch, and his wife or child may die for "a drachm of Mithridate" before he can avail himself of a farthing. Credit is gone, for both the debtor and creditor will shift the scene before the bill is paid; the acknowledged thief prowls about with impunity, because judge, and jury, and witness, are in all probability doomed to death before the day of trial. When such are the incidents of the plague, together with a host of others even more remarkable, can we wonder that many poets have taken the idea from Thucydides, and presented the subject in various points of view? Of the narration of Thucydides, we have already spoken. He appears to have been the first who found occasion to dwell upon the horrors of the plague. He did so in a manner to leave nothing to be desired. Lucretius observed the richness of the materials, and worked them into his poem, *On the Nature of Things*. Virgil wrote a rival description of a plague among cattle, in the *Georgics;* and Ovid has made use of some characteristic touches in the *Metamorphoses*. The subject is alluded to by other classical poets. Statius,

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Silius Italicus, and Manilius, are among the number. In modern times, the recurrence of this infliction has awaked many pens to the task of recording or simplifying its calamities. Boccacio gives a sketch of the plague of Florence in the *Introduction* to his *Decameron*. Wither, in his *Britain's Remembrancer*, describes the great plague of London in the reign of James I., of which he was an eye-witness, and moralizes his song at very great, and we are sorry to add, tedious length. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, versified the passages of Thucydides, which relate to this topic, and added such touches as he (very erroneously) deemed would heighten the effect. Thomson, in his *Seasons*, and Armstrong, in his *Art of preserving Health*, have some fine thoughts, and animated description, respecting this scourge of mankind. These are nearly all the authors whom our limits will allow us to quote from, in thus attempting to shew the manner in which the principal poets have succeeded in impressing their readers with deep emotions on this subject. We must also be allowed to make some extracts from a very excellent *History of the Plague at Marseilles* in 1720, by M. Bertrand, himself an eye-witness and fatal sufferer from its dreadful ravages, translated not long ago by the late Miss Plumptre.

In the description of bodily ailments, however severe or fatal, there is something disgusting, and below the dignity of poetry. This is a difficulty which must have been felt by all writers on the subject, and have rendered the task of Lucretius by no means an easy one. For he was the first who ennobled perspirations, diarrhœa, blanes, convulsion, and delirium, and taught disease the secret of harmony and rhythm. A catalogue of symptoms, though interesting, in the highest degree, in the historian, to say the least, sounds flat and tedious in verse. The poet, however, has endeavoured to dignify the subject, by avoiding all familiarity of expression; and even, when dwelling upon mere personal disease, has contrived to raise deep emotions of commiseration, if not those of elevated and elevating sympathy.

The following is a very spirited picture of a patient labouring under this calamity; though minute in its detail, there is a force in the description which saves it from merely horrifying the reader.

> " Nec requies erat ulla mali: defessa jacebant
> Corpora: mussabat tacito medicina timore
> Quippe patentia quum totiens, ardentia morbis,
> Lumina versarent oculorum, expertia somno;
> Multaque præterea mortis tum signa dabantur.
> Perturbata animi mens, in mærore, metuque

Triste supercilium, furiosus vultus, et acer;
Solicitæ porro, plenæque sonoribus, aures:
Creber spiritus, aut ingens, raroque coortus;
Sudorisque madens per collum splendidus humor:
Tenuia sputa, minuta, croci contacta colore,
Salsaque, per fauces rauca vix edita tussi.
In manibus vero nervi trahier, tremere artus;
A pedibusque minutatim subcedere frigus
Non dubitabat: item, ad supremum denique tempus
Compressæ nares, nasi primoris acumen
Tenue, cavati oculi, cava tempora: frigida pellis
Duraque, inhorrebat rictum: frons tenta meabat:
Nec nimio rigidâ post strati morte jacebant;
Octavoque fere candenti lumine solis
Aut etiam nonâ reddebant lampade vitam."*

Lucretius, vi. 1176.

This is a very accurate and impressive enumeration of the symptoms which precede the fatal termination of the disorder,

---

* "Nor e'er relaxed the sickness: the rack'd frame
Lay all exhausting, and, in silence dread,
Appall'd and doubtful, mus'd the Healing Art,
For the broad eye balls, burning with disease,
Roll'd in full stare, for ever void of sleep,
And told the pressing danger: nor alone
Told it, for many a kindred symptom throng'd
The mind's pure spirit, all despondent rav'd
The brow severe; the visage fierce and wild,
The ears distracted, fill'd with ceaseless sounds;
Frequent the breath, or pond'rous, oft, and rare;
The neck with pearls bedew'd of glistening sweat;
Scanty the spittle, thin, of saffron dye,
Salt, with hoarse cough scarce labour'd from the throat;
The limbs each trembled; every tendon twitch'd
Spread o'er the hands; and from the feet extreme
O'er all the frame a gradual coldness crept.
Then towards the last, the nostrils close collaps'd;
The nose acute; eyes hollow; temples scoop'd;
Frigid the skin, retracted; o'er the mouth
A ghastly grin; the shrivell'd forehead tense;
The limbs outstretch'd, for instant death prepar'd;
Till with the eighth descending sun, for few
Reach'd his ninth lustre, life for ever ceas'd." *Mason Good.*

XUM

but not in the least more so than many similar descriptions in Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*. The one is in metre, the other in prose. And we question whether measure would at all heightens the interest with which the reader dwells upon the pages of that fascinating physician. In the whole of this famous digression of Lucretius on the plague, poetry is wanting, the ennobling, embalming, sanctifying touches of the poet's imagination. He has succeeded in sustaining the dignity of his subject, and that seems to be all; but who has done this more triumphantly than Dr. Buchan. Who laughs over *The Domestic Medicine?* Consumption glides through a chapter, flushing with hectic beauty, smiling in decay, yet animated with virgin gaiety, and full of meekness, charity, and love. Hooping Cough barks horror through the nursery. Young Measles, little Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, and Chicken Pox, stud the page, like winged cherubs on a tombstone. Gout, and Stone, and Gravel, cry aloud in the language of Tantalus and Ixion. Fever and Inflammation cast over all the scene a red and fiery hue. Pleurisy, and Cholic, and Cancer, dance before the eyes, like imps before the fires of hell. Fainting is a relief, Headache is a change, the Vertigo is somewhat gay and airy, but leaden Apoplexy stalks slowly and sullenly, and spreads a dull cold sleep over all the book. But to return—Lucretius is, as we have observed, entirely indebted to Thucydides for every image which he employs. Virgil probably conceived the idea of describing the Plague among cattle from the former, but this is all he owes to his predecessor. Virgil is the true poet. We actually feel more sympathy with Virgil's sheep and oxen, than for the afflicted men, women, and children, of the metrical philosopher. Here are the traits of genius — how sad and melancholy is this well-known incident.

> " Ecce autem, duro fumans sub vomere, taurus
> Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem
> Extremosque ciet gemitus. *It tristis arator,*
> *Mœrentem abjungens fraterna morte juvencum:*
> *Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra."**
>
> *Georg.* iii. 515.

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* " At once the bullock falls beneath the yoke,
Blood and mixt foam beneath his nostrils smoke;
He groans his last;—the melancholy swain
Leaves the fix'd plough amid th' unfurrow'd plain,
And frees the lonely steer, whose mournful eye
Beholds with fond regret a brother die."

Sotheby.

Compare Virgil's description of a horse struck by the plague, with the human sufferer of Lucretius.

"Labitur infelix studiorum atque immemor herbæ
Victor equus, fontesque avertitur, et pede terram
Crebra ferit: demissæ aures: incertus ibidem
Sudor, et ille quidem morituris frigidus: aret
Pellis, et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
Hæc ante exitium primis dant signa diebus.
Sin in processu cœpit crudescere morbus,
Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
Spiritus, interdum gemitu gravis: imaque longo
Ilia singultu tendunt; it naribus ater
Sanguis, et obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.
Profuit inserto latices infundere cornu
Lenæos: ea visa salus morientibus una.
Mox erat hoc ipsum exitio, furiisque refecti
Ardebant, ipsique suos, jam morte sub ægra
Discissos nudis laniabant dentibus artus."*

Georg. iii. 498.

Much finer, however, are the lines which describe the

---

* "Forgetful of his fame, the victor's steed
Loathes the translucent rill and flow'ry mead;
Low drop his ears, his hoof oft beats the ground,
His wasted limbs in fitful sweats are drown'd:
Sweats that, as dying pangs the victim seize,
With clammy chillness life's slow current freeze.
On his dry skin the hairs in bristles stand,
Rise to the touch, and roughen on the hand;
Such the first symptoms; but the fell disease
Mark'd by more horrid signs its dire increase;
The eye-ball glares, deep breath, with hollow tone,
Heaves the long flanks, and bursts with frequent groan;
The tongue furr'd o'er th' obstructed palate fills,
And from the nostrils sable blood distils.
Wine, pour'd thro' horns, that seem'd to sooth the pest,
But lull'd awhile to transitory rest,
This, their sole hope; but fruitless to assuage,
Gave to each torturing pang recruited rage;
While, with bare teeth, the steed infuriate tore
His limbs in death, and bath'd his jaws in gore."

Sotheby.

general effects of the disease on the whole animal creation—the desolation is complete, and weighs upon the heart.

" Non lupus insidias explorat ovilia circum,
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat: acrior illum
Cura domat. Timidi damæ, cervique fugaces
Nunc interque canes et circum tecta vagantur.
Jam maris immensi prolem, et genus omne natantum
Littore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus
Proluit; insolitæ fugiunt in flumina phocæ.
Interit et curvis frustra defensa latebris
Vipera, et attoniti squamis adstantibus hydri.
Ipsis est aër avibus non æquus, et illæ
Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.
* * * * * *
Balatu pecorum, et crebris mugitibus amnes
Arentesque sonant ripæ collesque supini.
Jamque catervatim dat stragem atque aggerat ipsis
In stabulis turpi dilapsa cadavera Tabo." &c.*

Georg. iii. 537.

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* Of this, we will give Dryden's translation; although to quote such English translations as we have of the classics in general, and then point the passage out to admiration, is much as if we should strip a fine person of his splendid and graceful vestments, in which he is bearing himself with dignified ease, clothe him in a mean and ill-made dress, hit him a few blows which make him go lame, and then insist upon his dancing for the amusement of spectators.

" The nightly wolf, that round th' enclosure prowl'd,
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying stag amidst the greyhounds go:
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases are driv'n aground;
And mighty phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.

Ovid has closely imitated Lucretius and Virgil, and in his view of the subject there is little which is new, except that he has combined the two diseases of men and cattle. The ancients had so many superstitious feelings connected with the burial of the dead, that a plague must have been a more awful thing to them than even in modern times. The scrupulous care which was employed by the ancients, more particularly the Greeks, after a battle, to collect the dead, and what ceremonials were performed on this occasion, are well known. In Athens, a neglect of this kind has brought down ruin on the heads of the most successful commanders, and a whole series of victories tarnished and, indeed, rendered abominable and hateful by the unavoidable loss of a corpse. The funeral ceremonies were of the most elaborate and sacred nature; the most lavish expenses were bestowed upon them, and the nicest care exacted in order to prevent the occurrence of any thing ill-omened, disrespectful, or incomplete. It was deemed, that there was something defiling in the presence of a corpse, and a death, though an accidental one, in a temple, was nearly an inexpiable offence. We may gather how these feelings of deep and rooted superstition, unknown to us, were offended, when their funerals were either absolutely unperformed or, at best, hurried over; when heaps of unburied carcases filled their streets, and the very altars and pavements of their temples were, in every corner, violated by the impure touch of death. Great stress is laid upon this circumstance in all the poets we have mentioned. Thucydides is actuated with a vast sense of its importance; and it is with him a proof of the licentiousness incident to a plague, that men violated the sanctity of the funeral pile; "For when one had made a funeral pile, another, getting before him, would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And while one was burning, another would come, and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again."—(*Hobbes.*)

"What could I do? what succour? what resource?

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* * * * * *

The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an universal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and heap'd on high
The diff'ring species in confusion lie."

* * * * * *

With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole:
With impious piety that grave I wrong'd."

Young.

Lucretius has remarked the indecorous haste of the funerals, and the absence of the usual pageants, in a forcible line.

"Incomitata rapi certabant funera vasta."

Ovid has expanded the idea of Thucydides.

"None o'er their urns with decent honors grieve,
Nor could the graves the waste of death receive;
Or they unbury'd on the ground are spread,
Or burn without the dowry of the dead;
All decency is lost, and sense of shame,
With rude dispute their neighbour's pile they claim,
And turn to ashes in another's flame.
None now the pious mourners' place supply,
And sons and fathers unlamented die;
The ghosts of young and old all stray in air,
And meet their wand'ring kindred shadows there:
The dead a larger space for burials claim,
Nor could the trees supply the fun'ral flame."

Ovid. Met. vii.

In modern times comparatively little importance is attached to the pageantry and pomp of interment,—the feelings with which we regard death are only those natural to beings who must all die,—the dead body of an indifferent person is indeed turned away from, in some measure, with disgust, for when life, the embalmer, is gone, what is it but corruption? Towards the body of a friend much of personal regard is continued, and now that it is helpless and unable to execute its own wishes, we take upon ourselves that tender care of it which its owner himself would have extended over it. There is, indeed, thought and care about a grave, but we extend the notions of life to the repose of death. That which fills the mind, while living, with images of quiet, stillness, retirement, nay, even comfort, is chosen as a suitable and desirable place for our last abode. We associate ideas of melancholy with a foreign burial, and even in death we love to assemble in a family circle. The pains of death have been half removed by an assurance of mouldering among kindred dust. Pope has touched this string in his "Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady."

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!"

And in Mickle's translation of Camoëns there is an affecting passage which hangs on these life-in-death feelings:

"———— each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:
A grave, the awful gift of every shore!
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!
Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,
O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow,
And in their hapless lot forebode our own,
A foreign burial and a grave unknown."

In the great plague of Marseilles we find, at one time, the whole city in a state of rebellion against the magistrates *for a grave*. The clergy, out of a regard for the living, would not permit the vaults of the churches to be used for this purpose. But when the streets became impassable from the heaps of dead bodies, and the labourers employed in clearing them away sunk down as dead as their burdens, the city was in an uproar, broke open the churches, tore up the vaults, and filled them with their dead.

"Omnia, denique, sancta deûm delubra replerat
Corporibus Mors exanimis, onerataque passim
Cuncta cadaveribus cœlestum templa manebant."*

Lucretius.

During the plague of Athens there was a more than ordinary reason for this violation of the temples. The city was, at the same moment, besieged by an enemy without, while it was destroyed by this scourge within. All the inhabitants of the country had fled to the city for refuge, and it was thus pent up in a crowded town, dwelling together in stifling booths, built for the occasion in the squares, and the open places about the

* "At length the temples of the gods themselves
Chang'd into charnels, and their sacred shrines
Throng'd with the dead."

Mason Good.

temples, and even in them, the disease commenced his attack upon the poor beleaguered population. In modern times, as has been mentioned, the accumulation of dead bodies in the streets has been so great as to render them impassable, and absolutely to cause the removal of the remaining inhabitants to less incumbered districts. What must it have been then in Athens, crammed with inhabitants as it was at this unfortunate moment? In the ancient cities there was another great cause of filling the highways with the dead and dying,—the fountains and conduits, which always adorned them, attracted multitudes of poor wretches who were raving under the tortures of thirst,—and here they tumbled one over another until death, not the water, relieved their pains

> "And now each sex, regardless of their shame,
> Press to the brooks and streams to quench their flame:
> There hanging o'er the brims, in bitter strife,
> At once they both extinguish thirst and life.
> Thus in the streams their dying bodies sink,
> And still those streams the rash survivors drink."
>
> *Ovid. Met.* vii.

Wandering and restlessness is another characteristic of this calamity, which tended to crowd the streets with corpses. Neglected sufferers, who were the million, when delirium supervened, would struggle into the streets to die. This, too, Ovid has noticed.

> "Here from his bed one wretch uneasy flies,
> One rolls along the ground too weak to rise;
> Each from his house, as fate were there, withdraws
> And blames the place, unknowing of the cause.
> There might you see an half-dead carcase crawl
> Long as he could with fainting steps, then fall;
> Some stretch upon the ground with wailing cries,
> And some in dying roll their weary'd eyes;
> Others their languid arms to heav'n up cast,
> Surpris'd by death, they pray, and breathe their last."
>
> *Ovid. Met.* vii.

The Bishop of Rochester has most strangely fretted and interlaced the sober and solemn account of Thucydides, in his Pindaric on the Plague of Athens, with his own fancies. In the manner of Cowley he has filled his descriptions with the most outrageous conceits and the wildest similes. To give a specimen, he says that the disease first shewed itself in the head and eyes, and he thus expresses the fact:—

"Upon the head first the disease,
As a bold conqueror doth seize,
Begins with man's metropolis;
Secur'd the capitol; and then it knew
It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue:
Blood started through each eye;
The redness of that sky
Foretold a tempest nigh."*

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* Creech, in his translation of *Lucretius*, seems to have had his eye as much upon the right reverend poet, as upon his author. It is curious to observe how this translator thought the classic was to be improved, either by hints from the Bishop of Rochester, or original touches of his own. We have collected a few lines from his translation, for which our readers will instantly see he was not in the least indebted to *Lucretius*. The lines in brackets are genuine Creech.

Lucretius, B. vi. 1099.

["The wind, that bore the fate, went slowly on,
And, as it went, was heard to sigh and groan:]

1106.

The glowing eyes, with blood-shot beams, look'd red,
[Like *blazing stars* approaching fate foreshew'd.]

1137.

[In vain they drank, for when the water came
To the burning breast, it *hiss'd* before the flame,
And thro' each mouth did streams of vapour rise,
Like clouds, and darken'd all the ambient skies.]

1204.

When one poor wretch was fall'n, to others fled:
[One kill'd, the murderer (the infection) did cast his eye
Around; and if he saw a witness by,
Seiz'd him, for fear of a discovery.]

1225.

The shepherd, midst his flocks, resign'd his breath,
Th' infected ploughman burnt and starv'd to death
By plague and famine both, the deed was done,
[*The ploughman was too strong to yield to one.*"]

Sometimes, however, the bishop approaches within sight of success, and does not, as usual, bid all nature and true feeling defiance. We may, perhaps, instance this passage on the want of sleep, under which the sufferers severely laboured.

——— "No sleep, no peace, no rest,
Their wand'ring and affrighted minds possess'd;
Upon their souls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unusual shapes and images,
Dark pictures and resemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their distemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe—
Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death."

But there is little enough of poetry here.—In the following there is a fine instance of the suddenness of the plague-death well expressed.

"The father, at his death,
Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath,
In the same hour the son doth take
His father's will, and his own make."

There is another English plague-poet of a more original and even more peculiar cast. Wither had the advantage (some will think the disadvantage) of being an eye-witness, like Thucydides, of the depopulation of a vast city by this arch-destroyer. In speaking of the *Britain's Remembrancer*, we confess we must violate the precept on its title page, READ ALL OR CENSURE NOT. For verily it is one of the most unreadable books that ever came even under *our* eyes, retrospective and well-tried as they are. It is, as the title page imports, "a narrative of the plague lately past, a declaration of the mischiefs present, and a prediction of judgments to come," all huddled together in some six or seven hundred closely printed fanatical pages. We have, however, gone through it after a manner, taking *warning* (not as he would have had us) when he began to preach, and by dint of skipping and dipping, have hived all the matter of fact, and instinctively lighted upon the stray flowers of poetry, for such it contains, as was indeed likely, for Wither *was* a true poet, as some passages in another part of this number will prove. Wither had a strange wayward head, and it always seems an even chance whether his verse will turn out a satire

or a sermon. He sometimes reminds us of Butler, and sometimes of Hudibras We confess that the hero preponderates, but we know few passages more *Butlerian*, than the following, in which he alludes to the orders for shutting up the infected houses, fully described in the article on Defoe's *History of the Plague*.

> "This being known, the senators dismiss
> Those men; and by advice it ordered is,
> That some instructions should be published,
> To further what was gravely counselled.
> Moreover, that their discipline might carry
> Some likeness to proceedings military,
> A band of halberts must'red was, to guard
> The people from the plague, in ev'ry ward.
> And, if they found, by serious inquisition,
> (Or had but any probable suspicion,)
> Where lodg'd it was, (although but for a night)
> That host exiled was from public sight;
> Close pris'ner him they kept both night and day,
> As one that else their city might betray.
> And to compel, that his unwelcome guest
> Should keep within, his door was crost and blest.
> And many watchmen, strength'ned by command,
> Did round about his dwelling armed stand."

In the puritan fashion, the gaieties of the people are his abomination, but in their terror and affright he finds food for satire. It seems, from this most amusing passage on a most unpromising subject, that the Londoners, of the times of James and Charles, were as much laughed at for their ignorance of all, save the town and its works, as at present.

> "Those who, in all their life-time, never went
> So far as is the nearest part of Kent:
> Those who did never travel, till of late,
> Half way to Pancras from the city gate:
> Those who might think the sun did rise at Bow,
> And set at Acton, for ought they did know:
> And dream young partridge suck not, but are fed
> As lambs and rabbits, which of eggs are bred:
> Ev'n some of these have journeys ventur'd on
> Five miles by land (as far as Edmonton.)
> Some hazarded themselves from Lion-key
> Almost as far as Erith down by sea:

Some row'd against the stream, and straggled out
As far as Hounslow-heath, or thereabout:
Some climbed Highgate-hill, and there they see
The world so large, that they amazed be;
Yea, some have gone so far, that they do know
Ere this, how wheat is made, and malt doth grow.
Oh, how they trudg'd and bustled up and down,
To get themselves a furlong out of town.
And how they were becumbred to provide,
That had about a mile or two to ride.
But when whole households further off were sent,
You would have thought the master of it meant
To furnish forth some navy, and that he
Had got his neighbours venturers to be.
For all the near acquaintance thereabout,
By lending somewhat help to set them out.
What hiring was there of our hackney jades?
What scouring up of old and rusty blades?
What running to and fro was there to borrow
A safeguard, or a cloak, until the morrow?
What shift made Jack for girths? what shift made Gillian
To get her neighbour's footstool and her pillion,
Which are not yet return'd? How great a pother
To furnish and unfurnish one another,
In this great voyage did there then appear?
And what a time was that for bankrupts here?
Those who had thought (by night) to steal away,
Did unsuspected shut up shop by day;
And (if good luck it in conclusion prove)
Two dangers were escap'd at one remove:
Some hired palfreys for a day or twaine,
But rode so far they came not back again.
Some dealed by their neighbours, as the Jews
At their departure did th' Ægyptians use:
And some, (with what was of their own, content)
Took up their luggage, and away they went.
And had you heard how loud the coaches rumbled;
Beheld how cars and carts together jumbled;
Seen how the ways with people thronged were;
The bands of foot, the troops of horsemen there;
What multitudes away by land were sent;
How many thousands forth by water went;
And how the wealth of London thence was borne;
You would have wonder'd; and (almost) have sworn

The city had been leaving her foundation,
And seeking out another situation;
Or, that some enemy, with dreadful pow'r,
Was coming to besiege, and to devour.
Oh, foolish people, though I justly might
Authorize thus my muse to mock your flight,
And still to flout your follies: yet, compassion
Shall end it in a kind expostulation."

This is in the true plague-spirit,—we are never so apt to laugh as when on the point of crying. A loud and unnatural burst of laughter was wanting to complete the horror of the scene. There are numerous passages more to our purpose. When the plague has regularly set in, and all are dying about him, Wither is excited to express his feelings even more poetically than any one who has yet been mentioned.

"To others, Death, no doubt, himself convey'd
In other forms, and other pageants play'd.
Whilst in her arms the mother thought she kept
Her infant safe; Death stole him when she slept.
Sometime he took the mother's life away,
And left the little babe to lye and play
With her cold breast, and childish game to make
About those eyes that never more shall wake.
Sometimes when friends were talking, he did force
The one to leave unfinisht his discourse.
Sometimes their morning meetings he hath thwarted,
Who thought not they for ever had been parted
The night before. And many a lovely bride
He hath defloured by the bridegroom's side.
At ev'ry hand lay one or other dying;
On ev'ry part were men and women crying;
One for a husband; for a friend another;
One for a sister, wife, or only brother:
Some children for their parents moan were making;
Some for the loss of servants care were taking;
Some parents for a child; and some again
For loss of all their children did complain.
The mother dared not to close her eyes,
Through fear, that while she sleeps, her baby dies.
Wives trusted not their husbands out of door,
Lest they might back again return no more.
And, in their absence, if they did but hear
One knock or call in haste, they quak'd through fear,

XUM

That some unlucky messenger had brought
The news of those mischances they forethought.
And if, with care and grief o'er-tired, they slept,
They dream'd of ghosts and graves, and shriekt and wept."

Here is a picture from the life.

"But, when the morning came, it little shewed,
Save light, to see discomfortings renewed:
For, if I staid within, I heard relations
Of nought but dying pangs and lamentations.
If, in the streets, I did my footing set,
With many sad disasters there I met.
And objects of mortality and fear,
I saw in great abundance ev'ry where.
Here, one man stagger'd by, with visage pale;
There, lean'd another, grunting on a stall.
A third, half dead, lay gasping for his grave;
A fourth did out at window call and rave;
Yon came the bearers, sweating from the pit,
To fetch more bodies to replenish it.
A little further off, one sits and shows
The spots, which he Death's tokens doth suppose,
(E're such they be) and makes them so indeed."

Again, a similar one.

"This way, a stranger by his host expell'd,
That way, a servant, shut from where he dwell'd,
Came weakly stagg'ring forth, and, crush'd beneath
Diseases and unkindness, sought for death;
Which soon was found; and glad was he, they say,
Who for his death-bed gain'd a cock of hay.
At this cross path, were bearers fetching home
A neighbour, who in health did thither come:
Close by were others digging up the ground,
To hide a stranger whom they dead had found.
Before me, went with corpses many a one;
Behind, as many more did follow on."

Burials, graves, and corpses, of course, are as conspicuous objects here as in all the rest.

"You scarce could make a little infant's bed
In all those plots, but you should pare a head,
An arm, a shoulder, or a leg away,
Of one or other who there buried lay.

One grave did often many scores enclose
Of men and women: and it may be those,
That could not in two parishes agree,
Now in one little room at quiet be.
Yon lay a heap of skulls; another there;
Here, half unburied, did a corpse appear.
Close by, you might have seen a brace of feet,
That had kickt off the rotten winding-sheet.
A little further saw we othersome,
Thrust out their arms for want of elbow room.
A lock of woman's hair; a dead man's face
Uncover'd; and a ghastly sight it was.
Oh! here, here view'd I what the glories be
Of pamper'd flesh: here plainly did I see
How grim those beauties will ere long appear,
Which we so dote on, and so covet here.
Here was enough to cool the hottest flame
Of lawless lust. Here was enough to tame
The madd'st ambition. And all they that go
Unbetter'd from such objects, worse do grow."

Much of this poem is taken up with Wither's own contemplations during the plague, and more especially with arguments relative to his stay in the city or flight into the country. He determines, at length, upon the former, and appears to have shut himself up in a kind of solitary imprisonment.

"So long the solitary nights did last,
That I had leisure my accounts to cast;
And think upon, and over-think those things,
Which darkness, loneliness, and sorrow brings
To their consideration, who do know
From whence they came, and whither they must go.
My chamber entertain'd me all alone,
And in the rooms adjoining lodged none.
Yet, through the darksome silent night, did fly
Sometime an uncouth noise; sometime a cry;
And sometime mournful callings pierc'd my room,
Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.
And oft, betwixt awaking and asleep,
Their voices who did talk, or pray, or weep,
Unto my list'ning ears a passage found,
And troubled me, by their uncertain sound."

His morning was not much to be preferred to his night.

"No sooner wak'd I, but twice twenty knells,
And many sadly-sounding passing-bells,
Did greet mine ear, and by their heavy tolls,
To me gave notice, that some early souls
Departed whilst I slept: that other some
Were drawing onward to their longest home;
And, seemingly, presag'd that many a one
Should bid the world good night, ere it were noon."

The poet, however, is far from repining, and, like a true enthusiast, glories in his resolution. He thus expresses his satisfaction at remaining to record the suffering of the city, and thanks the Almighty for his preservation in the midst of danger.

"Oh! God, how great a blessing, then, didst thou
Confer upon me! And what grace allow!
Oh! what am I, and what my parentage?
That thou, of all the children of this age,
Didst chuse out me, so highly to prefer,
As of thy acts, to be a register?
And give me fortitude and resolution
To stay, and view thy judgement's execution;
That I should live to see thy angel here,
Ev'n in his greatest dreadfulness appear?
That when a thousand fell before my face,
And at my right hand, in as little space,
Ten thousand more, I should be still protected
From that contagious blast, which them infected!
That, when of arrows thou didst shoot a flight
So thick by day, and such a storm by night
Of poison'd shafts; I, then, should walk among
The sharpest of them; and yet pass along
Unharm'd? And that I should behold the path
Which thou dost pace in thy hot burning wrath,
Yet not consume to ashes."

Thus far had we advanced in this review, when we cast a glance on the heap of blotted papers which had already accumulated before us. The ghost of all our good resolutions about short articles, variety, &c. &c. struck us with horror. "A plague upon the plague," we exclaimed. It used to be reckoned a rapid disorder, but us (we hope not our readers also) it keeps in lingering torments—we fear we shall be thought to have it *periodically*, and that, like the tertian ague, the Plague will recur in every third number. Not so. In the next number, or the next but

one, " the Plague" shall positively die. But it would be unpardonable to rake up the ashes of the excellent M. Bertram, for a hasty gaze at the end of an article, and the glorious bishop of Marseilles, Henry de Belzune, must be treated ceremoniously and with reverence. If, too, we should drop the curtain over this great tragedy at this moment, we should eternally close a book, which ought to be looked into again before its leaves for ever lose the light. We are certain that the *Britain's Remembrancer* never will be opened again; when we came to the FINIS, we suggested to the little fat volume, that it should now take leave of mortal readers; for there was something within us (whether sleep, or fatigue, or what not) which instinctively revealed, that this book would be a sealed book for all future ages.

ART. II.—*The History of the famous Preacher* Friar Gerund *de Campazas, otherwise Gerund Zotes. Translated from the Spanish, 2 vols.* T. Davies. *London,* 1772.

We partly meditate the surprising our readers with certain indiscretions—witty, humorous, or jocose,—" pleasant, but wrong :"—Should we do this, however, and aberrate from the serious track of Reviewers, it must be at another season,—perhaps in the warm July weather, when our fancy is heated and the air is clear, and we can both see our way through the humours of the multitude, and handle them with becoming spirit. It is not in these cold days of March, when the sharp winds are abroad, blowing even the critics (the sturdiest of the wit tribe) home to their chimney corners, that we shall undertake the task. But, let the mild May open her blossoms, and June tinge the roses, and July bring forth the red peeping strawberries—and then, with the golden air about us, and the bright blue roof to look at, we may try what we can do. Then, indeed, we may luxuriate in witty indolence, and tell our readers gaily all we know of the gay and gallant spirits that have gone before us. We assure them, that there is a fine host, a dazzling array; and it will be hard indeed if we cannot catch a little of the lustre which will envelope us. There is the Senor Miguel de Cervantes; the historian of *Gil Blas* (" Blas of Santillane," the reader recollects him); the renowned Philibert de Grammont; and the wittiest of historians, the Count Antony Hamilton: there is the famous author (and true father, we understand) of Mr. Thomas Jones, " a foundling;"

to say nothing of Dr. Tobias Smollett, and M. Pigault Le Brun, and others, equally though differently delightful. A wit in France is an ordinary production of the soil, indigenous: a wit in England, keen, bitter, caustic, is not extraordinary. In Italy, which *is* extraordinary, they are not remarkable for wit; and Holland is out of the latitude. But in Spain!—*that* is what strikes us,—in Spain, where it should seem that nothing by right should be, save gravity and green olives, wit sprouts up like a mushroom,—and in truth, it is an exemplary birth, a fine antithesis to the common solemnity of the Spanish character.

Don Quixote is not the only instance of a Spaniard forgetting what is due to gravity, and making his readers laugh. One smiles with Guzman d'Alfarache, the Spanish rogue; and one laughs *at* the Fray Gerundio, the Spanish friar. And who is the Spanish friar?—Is it possible that the reader does not know?—that he does not know the Friar of Campazas, which is in the province of Campos, which is in Old Castile?—Does he not know the son of Antony Zotes and Catanla his wife? But we see how it is; we must inform him.

Friar Gerund (de Campazas), then, otherwise El Fray Gerundio, otherwise Gerund Zotes, (for, like all people of a wide renown, from kings to pickpockets, our hero had a choice of names at his service) was, in truth, a somewhat remarkable person. Not that he was like Picus de Mirandula, or Crichton, or Zerah Colburn, who have put to shame all people knowing only half a dozen languages, or requiring pen or pencil to make up their minds to certain intricacies of decimals and fractions.—On the contrary, *our* hero did not puzzle himself much on those or any other points, however he might perplex his hearers.

Being a friar by profession, he was necessarily somewhat of a parson in practice. Yet even there he was not a parson of the order of Jeremy Taylor, or Lowth, or Porteus; but of that wider range which boasts of Thwackum (was not Thwackum a parson?) of Trulliber, and others, as its disciples; true proprietors of tythes, men who know the points of a pig, and who can preach and flog to perfection. Every man, however, has his weakness. Parson Adams (good Parson Adams!) was fond of ale, Trulliber of pork, Wildgoose of preaching, and Friar Gerund loved them all. Nothing came amiss to him, unless, indeed, it might be good advice. *That*, as the reader knows, or may know, has an unsavoury flavour, which, however wholesome to the stomach, invariably affronts the palate. Accordingly our friar rejected it, and arrived at notoriety without its help.

The history (for after all there is a history) of Friar Gerund,

is written by the father Joseph Francis Isla, and is an odd work enough for a Jesuit. It was written, if we may believe the advertisement, "with the laudable view to correct the abuses of the Spanish pulpit, by turning the bad preachers into ridicule:" and, in truth, this is very elaborately attempted, and sometimes even well performed. The book, we are told, met with great approbation in Spain, and the "Inquisition itself" encouraged the publication. Things must have come to a sad pass, indeed, when those serious people lent their smiles to such a performance. They were not much in the habit of cherishing satire of any sort, and jokes against their own body were occasionally requited by an *auto da Fé*. This volume, to be sure, was by a privileged person, and the excuse towards him, therefore, would be naturally easier than towards another. For our own parts, we have little doubt but that the Spanish clergy required a "history" of this sort. We do not profess to be intimate with the productions of the Spanish pulpit; but we can conceive, from what we have heard even in England, that some improvement might be desirable in the art of preaching. We are told that bad grammar and idle doctrine are sputtered out (on the continent, of course,) by fellows who relieve the tedium of shoemaking and other mute occupations, by giving free liberty to their lungs on Sunday. We are told that they even denounce damnation, and partition off heaven, and dispose of places (high and low) with a decision which must stagger any one but a "true believer." If these things are done in France, or Germany, or elsewhere, they may also be done in Spain. There were other stables to be cleansed, in old times, besides those of Augeas.

The book, then, is a satire upon the Spanish preachers. If it were nothing else, however, we might leave it for the edification of the Castilians: but it has other claims upon our regard. It is true, indeed, that there is more than sufficient space devoted to the discussion of the different styles of preaching. In fact, that is the besetting sin of the book. It is too *professional*, if we may so call it. Our good father Isla should have considered this, when he undertook to set his brethren aright. People have little or no sympathy with the peculiarities of preachers or lawyers. In order to create a general interest, there must be some of the ordinary traits of our race—some good, rich absurdity, which belongs to the common stock of human nature. These are certainly not forgotten; but they are nevertheless too sparingly scattered over the Jesuit's work.

Friar Gerund was the son of Antony Zotes (the Zotes are a collateral branch of the "Wrongheads,") and of Catanla Rebollo, his wife. This Antony was a sort of gentleman-

farmer, and dwelt in Campazas, a place of which we are told, "Ptolemy has made no mention; owing to its having been founded twelve hundred years after the death of that illustrious geographer:" and Campazas itself is (or was) a city of Old Castile, remarkable not only for the birth of Gerund, but also for a most redoubted grammarian, "Taranilla himself, that famous *domine*, whose tempestuous and incomprehensible Latin stunned all the region of Campos." Of Catanla, the mother of our hero, the author gives us no particular account, but leaves her to expatiate in bad English (Spanish) throughout the two thick octavos in which he has recorded the feats of her illustrious offspring. Of Antony Zotes, the father, however, we have the following sketch:

"Antony Zotes was a farmer, as we have said, in tolerable circumstances; a man for old ewe-mutton, hung-meat, and household bread, on ordinary days, with a leek or onion for desert; beef and sausages on feast-days; a rasher usually for breakfast and supper, though for the latter now and then a slice of meat with some oil and vinegar; the meagre stuff made from water passed through the squeezed grapes was his usual beverage; except when he had in his house any of the reverend brotherhood, especially if he was of consideration in his order, for then he would set upon the table wine of Villamanan, or of the Desert; a bountiful disposition in appearance, but at the bottom, rather than not, suspicious, envious, interested, and haggling; in short, a true legitimate *bonus vir de campis*. His stature middling, but well set and stout; his head large and round, a narrow forehead, small eyes, unequal, and somewhat subtle; short locks after the custom of the Desert, and not flowing and consistorial like those of the tax-gatherers of Salamanca; broad-shouldered, fleshy, fresh-coloured, and wrinkled. Such was the inward and outward man of the uncle Antony Zotes."

It was to be expected that such a person would originate an extraordinary child; and accordingly his wife, Catanla, notwithstanding "those evil reports that run round the town," brought forth "at the legal period, a babe as fair as a flower." This babe is Friar Gerund, and he does honour to his simile. At first he was no friar, as may be apprehended; but he soon showed himself an admirer of preaching and sugar-plums, and thus blended with the maturer passion of Wildgoose, some of the precocious feats of the great Pantagruel. There was, in the first instance, some hesitation about his name, as is generally the case where it is of no sort of consequence; but this difficulty was at last surmounted, and the name of Gerund was inflicted on our hero. It was not long before he gave "great signs" that he would, one day, be "a great litterato and stupendous preacher." It is on record, that

"Even before he knew how to read or write, he knew how to preach: for as so many friars, especially those of the begging and messenger kind, the Sabatine preachers, and those who, in time of lent and advent, went about preaching at the neighbouring market-towns, called at his father's house, and as these, sometimes asked by my uncle Antony, and his good woman my aunt Catanla, and at other times (which more frequently happened) without waiting to be asked at all, brought out their papers upon the table, and read their contents, just as if they had been in the pulpit, in an audible and preaching voice, our youngster took great pleasure in hearing and afterwards in imitating them, imprinting most readily on his memory their greatest absurdities; insomuch that these absurdities only seemed retainable by him; and that, if by miracle any good thing dropped from them, he had not a faculty to take it.

"Upon a certain occasion, there came to the house, in the time of the harvest-quest, a smart little father, with a bit of toupée on his frontispiece, strait-necked, red-bearded, his habit clean, and the folds handsome and regular, a neat shoe, buckskin breeches, and a great singer of historical songs to the guitar, from whose knee Gerry would never stir, because he gave him sugar-plums."

On this little person, the historian says, Nature had lavished her gifts so equally, that it was difficult to decide whether he was most of a coxcomb or a blockhead. For our own parts—though we readily admit his claim to both titles—we think that his dress must determine the difference in favour of the former. This friar preached of course; and as, we suppose, was the custom in Spain, interlarded his sermons with scraps of Latin, and quotations, and authorities, to the prodigious delight of his admirers. We cannot afford an extract (which might be tedious); but the effect of his "discourse" is summed up very energetically.

"Antony Zotes was astonished; my aunt Catanla drivelled with delight; the parson of the parish, who had been ordained by letters dimissory from a vacant see, and understood the prayers he rehearsed every day as well as any nun would do, looked at him with amazement, and swore by the four holy evangelists, that though he had heard the most famous Sabatine preachers of all the country round about preach at Campazas in the holy week, yet that none of them could touch the heel of his shoe."

In such sunshine, Gerund, it will be conjectured, thrived. He was as yet but imperfect in his speech; but, inspired by the example, (and the sugar-plums) he mimics the little father to admiration. His father and mother are "swallowed up in rapture"—the parson (of the parish) gives him "a farthing to buy nuts"—his mother "a piece of cake which she had brought from a pilgrimage"—and, in short, it ends with his being sent,

without loss of time, to a school at Villaornate, where there was a very "famous master." The account of this pedagogue, and of his proficiency in orthography, leaves us nothing to wish, except that it had been shorter. But our good friend, Father Isla, is fond of particulars, and it is too late to argue with him. However, this "master" takes Gerry in hand, who by this time is an intrepid dunce. He begins with a regularity so admirable, that we must take leave to record it. Nothing can surpass the master's question, except the scholar's reply. "Tell me, son, how many letters are there?" said he. "I do not know, sir," answered Gerry readily, "for I have not counted them."—From this master, our hero is afterwards sent to another, a famous Latinist, at Villa-garcia, who reminds us so strongly of our friend the Baron of Bradwardine, in speech at least, that we must introduce him to our readers. His *person* differed materially from that of the proprietor of Tully Veolan, as will be seen; but his oratory is precisely like that of the disciple of the Duke of Berwick.

"As soon, then, as St. Luke's day arrived, Antony himself went with his son to present and recommend him to the domine. And for a domine they found a tall, upright, dry, old man, with bushy eye-brows luxuriating on each other's territory, hollow eyes, a long and Roman nose, a black beard, a sonorous, grave, deliberate, and imposing voice, a furious snuff-taker, and perpetually inclosed to his heels in an old-fashioned grey cloth cloak, with a cap of marked leather (something between such an one as ties under the chin and a scull-cap,) which in its primitive institution had been black, but was now of the same colour with the cloak. His conversation was inlaid work of Latin upon Spanish, quoting, at every turn, sayings, sentences, hemistics, and whole verses of the ancient and modern Latin poets, orators, historians, and grammarians, in support of any nonsensical position. Antony Zotes told him that this boy was his son, and that, as a father ought, he was desirous of giving him the best education in his power. "*Optime enimvero,*" interrupted the domine directly, "that is the first obligation of parents, *maxime* when God hath given them sufficient ability; Plutarch says, *Nil antiquius,*" &c.

This domine Gerund leaves in his turn, not however before he had imbibed certain notions of books, and listened to opinions which are detailed at such an impertinent length as must put any reader (except a critic) out of all patience. In this school, Gerund was "so *exact* in every thing," that he was flogged but 420 times, "which, by a faithful calculation, scarcely amounts to three times a-week." He, however, relieves the dull uniformity of study by little pleasant amusements, of which certain torments played upon his schoolfellows, and the smashing of crockery ware, are the principal. But we must now remove our readers from school, and tell them shortly

that Gerund, being destined for a friar, enters his noviciate, and, in due time, is entitled to a shaven head and a hood. How he commences his functions, the following extract will show:

"Now have we our Friar Gerund fairly in the field, like a bull in the lists, a novice good and true as the best of them, without suffering himself to be outdone either in the punctual performance of the exercises of the community, as he was very attentive to his duty, or in the tricks which the lay-brother had described to him, when he could execute them undetected, for he was clever, cunning, and of wonderful dexterity of hand and lightness of foot. Yet, as he lost no opportunity of whipping a loaf or a commons into his sleeve, and transfused the contents of a Jesus, or wine-cup, into his stomach in a trice, whenever he helped the butler to put in order the refectory, or hall of refreshment, where the community took their meals, it came to be suspected that he was not altogether so innocent as he looked, and both the butler and the clerk laid a complaint before the master of the novices, that when Friar Gerund assisted in the refectory or at mass, the wine unaccountably vanished, and that in turning their heads they found empty one or two Jesuses, which they swore by God and the holy cross they particularly remembered to have filled; and that, though they had never caught him in the fact, yet that the thread leads to the ball, as we say, that they could guess by a little what a great deal meant; and that, before God and in their consciences, they believed it could be no other owl which sucked the oil of these lamps."

Our hero now becomes acquainted with Friar Blas,—a thriving, flourishing, imposing, well-fed coxcomb, who occupies almost as much of the remainder of the history as Gerund himself. This important person is introduced to us in the following manner:

"It happened, that, for his sins, our Friar Gerund was favoured with the notice, and afterwards with the intimacy of a Predicador Mayor of the convent, a coxcomb of about the same standing with the lecturer, but of very different ideas, taste, and character. This father Predicador Mayor was in the flower of his age, just turned of three-and-thirty; tall, robust, and corpulent, his limbs well set and well proportioned, with somewhat of a prominent belly, strait neck, and erect gait; with his bit of foretop to his circle of hair, which was studiously and exactly rounded; his habit always clean, and the folds long and regular, a neat shoe, and, above all, his silken scull-cap adorned with much and beautiful needle-work, an airy tassel raising itself in the centre, all the happy labour of certain blessed nuns, who were dying for their father Predicador Mayor. In short, he was a most gallant spark; and, adding to all this a clear and sonorous voice, something of a lisp, a particular grace in telling a story, a known talent at mimickry, easy and free action, a particular and taking manner, a roaring style, and boldness of thought, without ever forgetting to well sprinkle his sermons with tales, jests, proverbs, and fire-side phrases,

most gracefully brought in, he not only drew multitudes after him, but bore the bell in all conversations of the ladies.

" He was one of those polite preachers who never cite the holy fathers, nor even the sacred evangelists, by their proper names, thinking that this is vulgar. St. Matthew he called, the Historian Angel; St. John, the Eagle of Patmos," &c.

" But, to fail putting the two first fingers of his right hand, with a foppish air, between his neck and the collar of his habit, as if to ease his respiration; to fail making a couple of affected tosses of the head, whilst he was proposing his subject, and at finishing the proposing it to give two or three little jumps, as it were, or risings upon his toes, and puffing out both his cheeks, in consequence of a deep-fetched breath, by way of clearing the passage, and looking disdain on little folks below; to break forth in a certain guttural noise between a sneeze and a neigh; to be most nicely trimmed and spruced up whenever he had to preach, flattening his circle of hair and raising the foretop; and directly after making, or not making, his private short ejaculation as soon as he entered the pulpit, to draw airily out of his left sleeve a yard-wide silk handkerchief of a vivid colour, and shake it at full length; to blow loudly the trumpet of his nose, though nothing should come from it but wind, and return the handkerchief to his sleeve with regular harmonious pauses; to cast around him a haughty glance, heightened with a little frown, and make a beginning with, ' Before all things blessed, praised, glorified be the holy sacrament, &c.' and conclude with, ' In the primitive instantaneous being of his natural animation.'—No! The reverend father Predicador Mayor would not have omitted a tittle of all these things, though St. Paul himself had strenuously maintained that they were all, to say the least of them, so many evidences of his not having a grain of gravity, a drop of devotion, a crumb of conscience, a morsel of marrow, or a pinch of penetration.—Yes; persuade him to it if you could! When he saw as plain as the nose in your face, that with this preliminary apparatus alone he drew large concourses, gained loud applauses, won hearts for himself, and that there was not a circle, visit, or party, in which the last sermon he had preached did not become the topic."

Under the guidance of Friar Blas, our friar improves in a way that may easily be divined. His accomplishments, however, drawing down upon him the ridicule of his fellow friars, the superior of the convent is induced to trouble Friar Blas with a discourse on the impropriety of the example (and precept) which he has afforded to the unhappy Gerund. This advice is very good, but prodigiously long; and as we are afraid that our readers may not listen to it with the same patience as Friar Blas, we must venture to withhold it. The friar, we are told, " listened with the most solemn attention, and without betraying the least token of impatience;" and when the lecture was over, he said that it might all be very good, and so forth,—and that, in fact, it *was* very good, and so forth,—but it did not

answer his purpose. And so saying, he went away without more ceremony, leaving the superior in a state of moderate astonishment. But time passes; and Gerund is fated to preach his first sermon, "a refectory sermon," which he obtains through the influence of his friend Friar Blas We are afraid of perplexing our readers with any account of the sermon itself, which is flowery, mystical, and incomprehensible to our simple understanding; but Friar Gerund's preparatory labours must not be entirely passed over.

"It is not to be told what he read, what he contemplated, what he ran through in those eight days, nor the innumerable ideas which crouded upon that unquiet and turbulent imagination, all striving which should be most extravagant and perplexed. But nothing did he read, see, or understand, but what came like a pearl to his subject, either as a simile, comparison, or text. He noted, renoted, blotted out, and added, till at length, after three foul copies, he produced a sermon as fair as a flower. He went over it, studied it, acted it, and rehearsed the preaching a thousand times in his cell upon all the lumber there was in it, upon the chair, upon the stool, upon the table, upon the bench, and upon the bed. But, two days before the function, when the man whose business it is to waken the brethren and bring them a light, came into his cell, he found Friar Gerund in his shirt upon the *tarima* or raised part of the floor, powerfully preaching in his sleep, not knowing what he was about.

"As these things had got wind in the convent, great was the expectation and desire of the whole community to hear him. At length arrived the dawn of the great, the important day, when, before all things, our Friar Gerund was so shaved, and combed, and smugged, and spruced, that it was a delight to behold his face. He that day hanselled a new habit, which he had desired his mother to send him for the purpose, begging earnestly that she would be sure to iron the folds well, that they might lie smooth and handsome, that he might cut the more respectable figure, as this gives a mighty grace to the garment; and moreover, he desired she would not fail to let him have two good yard-wide handkerchiefs, one white and the other coloured, as they were both very necessary pieces of furniture for the entrance. The good Catanla sent every thing with a thousand loves, and with but one condition, which was, that, as she could not hear him, he should send in return a copy of the sermon, that it might be read by the parson of the parish, and his godfather the licentiate Quixano.

"The hour being come, and the bell rung for dinner, there was not absent that day from the refectory, not even the lowest lay-brother of the community, because, in reality, they all loved Friar Gerund, as well for his good genius as his liberal disposition, and likewise because their curiosity was whetted by seeing in him such a rage for the pulpit, in which they all understood rightly enough that there was more innocence than malice, or desire of leading an idle life. He mounted the pulpit then with a graceful air, and presented himself with such a confident and unembarrassed countenance, that the very Predicador Mayor

himself almost began to envy him. He threw a pair of disdainful glances, with affected majesty, on all sides the refectory, and observing the indispensable prolegomena of shaking successively in the air his pair of handkerchiefs, white and red, and sounding the trumpet in Sion, he began."

Of the sermon, it may be sufficient to say, that it calls down the reprehension of the superior, who gives our friend a lecture upon his folly. This he receives in a way that becomes the friend and pupil of Friar Blas. It rivets him, in short, in his old ways. The admonition of the more sensible father is wasted on the impudent and impenetrable stupidity of Gerund, and the maxims of Friar Blas prevail. The hero goes on his own way to immortality.

We have now little worth notice in the next two hundred pages—nothing that can be admitted as extract—sermons, discussions, criticisms, disputes between friars, (all very interesting in Spain, perhaps, but mightily tedious here,) fill up the space. There is scarcely any thing which relieves this vein, except one single invitation to supper,—to which, as it is but short, we will invite the reader.

"Friar Blas was about to reply, when Gregory came in with the supper, saying to them, with an air of rustic pleasantry, 'Our fathers, *onia tiempus habunt, tiempus dispuntandi & tiempus cenandi:* the blessed St. Fillbelly be with your paternities now, and leave your cumlocutories; for the eggs are growing hard, the roast meat is a spoiling, and by the clock of my belly is it full nine at night.' 'Brother Gregory is in the right of it,' said the Father Master; and they sat down to table. The supper was not splendid, but yet decent: a couple of sallads, a boiled and raw one, new-laid eggs, half a turkey roasted, some hashed hare, and cheese and olives for desert; and Friar Gerund diverted them much while it lasted. As his pedantic preceptor, the Domine Zaneas-largas, had his memory stored with heaps of Latin verses, sentences, and aphorisms, for every thing, and every thought, and every word, and which he bolted out at every turn, whether or no they were at all to the purpose, provided there was to be found amongst his cento any similarity in sound to any thing in the present subject, and by this means had acquired amongst the ignorant the credit of a monster of erudition, and a *well of knollitch* as he was called in that country, his diligent disciple Friar Gerund endeavoured to copy this impertinence, as well as all the other ridiculous extravagancies of the blessed domine."

But the merit of this book consists principally in the sketches, or portraits, which are introduced. Some of them we have already given. We shall extract one or two more, and then leave Friar Gerund to take his chance with the public. We must remark here, however, that our friar's "history"

is not a complete history. It is only a fragment; and what we have consists simply of the progress of Gerund from one error to another—from folly to folly—and is intended to show how absurd even a preacher may be, who sets his heart upon the trial. Yet, we must take notice of one great event in the hero's life, namely, his preaching in his native village, for the first time, before his father, and mother, and relatives, &c. &c. It is altogether a grand doing, and the excellent Friar Blas does our hero the honour of attending upon him. If the reader wishes to know how these ceremonials are managed in Spain, he may read as follows:

"Already were Friar Blas and Friar Gerund at the door of the house, awaiting their accompaniment, for it seemed indispensable to the predicador, in friendship and in brotherhood, to attend upon Friar Gerund, and he not only gave him the right hand all that day, but humbly waited upon him till he left him in the pulpit, and would even have sat upon the stairs of it if he had not been prevented by Antony Zotes, who obliged him to take a seat upon the bench of the fraternity, between himself and the past majordomo.

"And now issued from the house our Friar Gerund, handsome as the morning, cheerful as light, resplendent as the sun. He had smugged himself up, it is evident, with the utmost prolixity. The barber had been strictly charged to exert the last efforts of his skill, since it was to be worth to him no less than a double real of silver; and in truth he had touched him with a master-hand, rendering him so bright, that he seemed to have been burnished. Above all, in his circle of hair, he had displayed the nicest art; the plain within appeared no other than an oval piece of fine Genoa paper, polished by the smoothing tooth, its border like a glossy black silk fringe, cut with the most exquisite exactness, without so much as a single hair starting forth to discompose the line; the fore-top elevated about two fingers and an half with marvellous proportion in front of the circumference of jet, and from its hinder extremity to the neck, the whole field of the occiput was wittingly less closely shaved than the ivory summit, that blackening a little, it might serve as a foil to set off the more laboured parts. He had that day hanseled a new habit, which his good mother had prepared him, and a sister of his, now a marriageable girl, had taken such indefatigable pains, and used so much skill in the doubling, folding, plaiting, pressing, &c. that both that and his scapulary made a most enchanting appearance, and such as even almost dazzled the sight."

After the sermon, there is, as a matter of course, a feast. In the course of this feast a guest arrives, and this is the author's account of him.

"Our new guest was called Don Carlos; and as, on one hand, he was by no means dull of apprehension, and, on the other, had been so long at Madrid frequenting toilets, keeping stools warm, guarding

anti-chambers, loitering about the purlieus of the palace, and even now and then getting into a secretary of state's office, he was most furiously infected with the air of the *grand monde*. He made his civilities in the French manner, spoke Spanish stuck with gallicisms, affecting the circumlocutions, and even the tone or shrill twang with which they of that nation speak their language; their phrases and expressions were made familiar to him, by having heard them frequently in court-conversations, by having observed them in the sermons of the famous preachers who then gave law to, and were most celebrated at court, by having picked them out of books in the language itself, which he construed middlingly, and likewise by having caught them from the works of the bad translators from it, of which, for our sins, there is a pestilent multitude in these unhappy times. In short, our Don Carlos appeared to be a *monsieur* complete, signed, sealed, and witnessed; and for his part, for a monsieur would he have changed all the donships in the world; insomuch that even the dons of the Holy Spirit would have sounded much better to him, and perhaps he would have solicited to be one of their number with great earnestness, had they been called monsieurs."

The reader may now take a portrait of a different complexion,—the parson of Pero Rubio. We have seen such people ourselves, but they are scarce.

"He was arch-priest of that district, commissary of the holy office, and a man of singular corporeal and intellectual structure. Of somewhat less than the ordinary height; a bulky and rather oblong head, with an hoariness of orange mixed with grey; an episcopal circle, broad-shouldered, big-bellied, fresh-coloured, and wrinkled; sheep-eyed, and in the circumference of them, marks or furrows imprinted by his ever-during spectacles, for he took them off only to read or write, or when he was alone. His tongue was too big for his mouth, and his manner of speaking hollow, guttural, and authoritative, puffing frequently for the greater gravity. His literature was as gross as his person (but he had indeed turned over some books of morality); for that large head of his was well filled with the most ridiculous and apocryphal informations that are to be found in books; such being his humour, that let them be but once printed and he took them all at a price, pouring them out in conversation with the rustics, as well clerical as laical, with such a satisfaction, with such a *coram vobis*, and with such puffings of his cheeks, as left not the least doubt of their truth and authenticity. He read gazettes and mercuries, whenever he could filch the reading of them, without costing him a maravedi. And, at the same time, he was infinitely curious and inquisitive after every thing which passed in every chimney-corner, a whisperer, and a mystery-monger, he was beheld by all in an equivocal light, something between respect and banter, between contempt and fear."

As we have said, "Friar Gerund" is not the history of an eventful life. It is not studded with adventures, like Don

Quixote or Gil Blas; but it is nevertheless rich in folly and characteristic portrait; and were the two thick volumes, into which it has been translated, compressed into one fourth (or sixth) of the size, the book would really be very amusing. As it is, it is tedious enough—indeed more than enough. We do not desire to read long tirades against this folly or that—or long discussions on mythology—or on style or grammar (all these are here) in a book which professes to be a book of humour. They overpower the wit and spirit of ridicule, which glances here and there pleasantly enough, but which is, on the whole, lamentably disproportionate to the size of the history itself. Our excellent Father Isla should have given us a separate book on these points, or an appendix to be referred to (or not) at the pleasure of the reader. If Gerund had been thus left more to himself, he would have done better. There is certainly an excellent cluster of shaven heads in the volume, could they have been contemplated more apart; but they are surrounded by a sea of polemics, which occasionally hinders the reader altogether from enjoying a fair view of these professors of theology. The author does every thing too much at length; his arguments, his descriptions, his dialogues, his humour, would all be the better for—brevity.

We have no doubt, but that this book was useful in Spain. And had we (which is quite impossible) any flowery preachers here, such a one might be serviceable even in England. It is almost a pity, that the case is not so; for then we might perhaps have a "history" of our own. Till that improveable period shall arrive, we must, perforce, be content with our Campanzan, who is, at once, neither too heavy to sink, nor too light to be cast away; but, with a due mixture of the coxcomb and the blockhead, is ably poised, and looks well and exemplary upon the conspicuous place, to which the ingenuity of Father Isla and the sins of the Spanish clergy have raised him.

ART. III.—*A Saint Indeed: or, The Great Work of a Christian, opened and pressed, in a Treatise on Keeping the Heart. By* John Flavel. 1667.

On a grave-stone, in part of the chancel of St. Saviour's, Dartmouth, we lately saw engraven, "Mr. John Flavel, 1691." And, underneath, the following inscription—"This stone also covers the remains of William B. Evans, of Ottery St. Mary, who, whilst on a visit to his friends at Dartmouth, was sud-

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denly taken from them on the 12th of August, 1814. During his walk on earth of 75 years, his conduct was that of an humble Christian, and many were the hours in which, with a volume of his esteemed Flavel, he sought retirement from the world, and intercourse with heaven" This is followed by a long set of verses, so badly engraved as not to be easily made out, and, from the little we could collect of them, apparently not worth the pains of decyphering. The concluding line is,

"And find their Flavel there!"

The singularity of the inscription, however, inspired us with a wish to judge for ourselves of the merits of an author, whom, notwithstanding the conspicuous place which his name occupies in Calamy's list of Ejected Ministers, we had been previously content to rank (hypothetically) among the many painful and laborious writers of controversial or speculative theology, whose works have been collected together, in two or more folio volumes, to be no longer read or thought of, than while the fashion of the age inclined men's hearts to those unprofitable and pernicious subjects of disputation. To have been capable, more than a century after his departure from his secular state, of still preaching peace and consolation to the soul of a devout follower, within the walls of the very town which, during his sojourn on earth, he had edified by his zealous labours, argues merit of a more solid foundation, and unchangeable nature; and the perusal of the little treatise, which is the subject of this article, has disposed us very heartily to concur in the estimate made by the worthy Mr. W B. Evans, of Ottery St. Mary, of the benefits to be derived from an intercourse with the works of the author.

We shall preface the extracts which we propose to furnish, by a short account of the writer, which we shall take from Calamy, not having at hand the collection of his works in two volumes folio, with his life prefixed, to refer to—but, as we are told by Calamy, that this prefixed life contains a portion of the diary kept by the author, that circumstance will certainly have weight with us to read the life itself, and, perhaps, on some future occasion, to give an account of it, and of the general contents of the volumes, to our readers.

Mr. John Flavel was the son of Mr. Richard Flavel, who was, also, a minister of the gospel, and ejected from his living of Willersby, in Wiltshire, by the same act of uniformity which deprived the son of that of Dartmouth, to which place he had removed, "upon an unanimous call," from Deptford, which he first held, although "a much more profitable benefice." The father was afterwards committed to Newgate (with "sundry old

officers and other nonconformists") upon suspicion of a plot, during the great plague of 1665, of which he, and most of his fellow-prisoners, perished. Calamy says, that "neither in Mr. Flavel's case, nor the case of others who suffered at that time and on that occasion, was there any thing like a proof of real guilt. He was a very good man, and an affectionate preacher." The son, after the act had passed by which he was forced to relinquish his living of Dartmouth, "not thinking his relation to his people thereupon at an end, continued the exercise of his ministry among them as he had opportunity"—but upon the coming out of the Oxford act (in 1665), removed to Shapton, about five miles distant, where he preached twice every Lord's day, to such as would venture to be his auditors, and thence made private visits to his friends at Dartmouth. The accidents of his after-life appear to have been such as were common to him with most of the zealous nonconformists of those troubled times. Once he narrowly escaped shipwreck off the Island of Portland, on his passage to London, whither he was compelled to retire for a time, "from the malice of his enemies;" and Calamy rather more than insinuates, that his prayer to God, upon that occasion, worked the instantaneous deliverance of himself and the ship's crew. Afterwards, on his return home, he was for some time confined a prisoner to his own house. Upon King James's declaration, in 1687, he resumed the public exercise of his ministerial functions, and continued in the pious discharge of them until his death, at the time recorded upon his tomb-stone. "He was not only zealous in the pulpit, but a sincere lively Christian in his closet. He was an encourager of young men designed for the ministry, and had some few under his care, whom he instructed in academical learning, to whom he was peculiarly kind. He was generally respected; and yet, at some particular times, he had some experience of the rage of his enemies—but he was above it. Thus, in the year 1685, when some of the people of Dartmouth, accompanied by some of the magistrates, were actuated by such a spirit of madness, as to make up his effigies, and carry it through the streets in derision, with the covenant and bill of exclusion pinned to it, and burn it, he, in the mean time, retired, and offered up his most hearty prayers to God, for the town of Dartmouth, its magistrates and inhabitants. And when the passages of their mock shew were afterwards related to him, he made no other return, than in the words of our Saviour: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The treatise in question is introduced by an "Epistle Dedicatory," dated "from my study at Ley, in Shapton, Oct. 7, 1667," and thus addressed. "To my dearly beloved and longed for, the flock of Jesus Christ in Dartmouth, over whom

the Holy Ghost hath made me an overseer; sound judgement, true zeal, and unstained purity, are heartily wished."

The affectionate and earnest style of this discourse, free alike from canting professions and baneful enthusiasm, is such as to win the good will and attentive disposition of the persons addressed; and it speaks most eloquently in favour of the chastened and pious character of the apostle, that, dating from the place of his banishment, and so shortly after he had sustained the loss of a parent, from the persecution of those by whom he was himself deprived of the means of comfortable subsistence, he neither in this place, nor in the whole of the ensuing discourse, (though led by his subject, in speaking of "The Seasons in which the Heart must be especially kept," to treat of "The Season of Adversity,"—"of Trouble in the Church,"—"of Danger"—"Want"—"Injury"—"of Great Provocation"—"Temptation"—"Spiritual Darkness"—and "Persecution,") makes any allusion to the afflictions he has himself suffered, or the real or supposed guilt of the prevailing party who had been the instruments of inflicting them. This is, indeed, (to employ the title of another of Flavel's works by way of application to his individual character) a true "Touchstone of Sincerity." Time, the great remover of mere party distinctions, has taught us to look with utter indifference, as opposed to each other, on the sufferings of the "Bartholomew Saints" and the "Sequester'd Clergy;" and we no longer stand in need of good Mr. Walker's assistance in calling to our minds the eight thousand Episcopalians "imprisoned, banished, and sent a starving," by the Oliverian committees, to enable us to view, in the two thousand who were ejected by the act of uniformity, no more than a very small and inconsiderable detachment of the great army of martyrs,—an august assembly, which has gone on, through all ages of the world, continually augmenting, and which will for ever increase, so long as the good and evil principles of our nature are allowed to set themselves in array against each other, be the cause what it will, the provocation however unprovoked, and the voluntary resignation however unstained by the alloy of pride, obstinacy, or other baser mixtures. Let us, as much as we please, applaud the temper of the age we live in for its improvement in charitableness, or condemn it for its "self-seeking" spirit and want of public or religious principle, we may rest satisfied, that there will yet be no want either of opportunity or example, both of infliction and of endurance; but when the endurance is meek and unrepining, and when the injuries inflicted, instead of calling forth the bitter spirit of indignation, are treated only as the *means* (without reference to the *instruments*) employed by an invisible Providence for bettering the heart, and exalting and purifying the mental philosophy, it

is then that we acknowledge "the saint indeed," and exult in our conviction of the perfectibility of human nature.

To judge from the tendency of this simple and affectionate address to the people of his flock, such was the character of the pastor of Dartmouth. But we will no longer withhold from our readers the inducements we mean to afford them for forming their own judgement of his merits as a writer.

The epistle dedicatory thus opens.

"My dear friends, there are three sad sights with which our eyes should continually affect our hearts. The first is, to behold in every place so many profane and dissolute ones, who bear the very image of Satan; the face of whose conversation plainly discovers what they are, and whither they are going. These look like themselves, the children of wrath. The second is, to see so many cursed hypocrites artificially disguising themselves, and, with marvellous dexterity, acting the parts of saints, so that even a judicious eye may, sometimes, mistake the workings of the spirit on them, for his saving workings on others. To hear such a person censuring, praying, bewailing his corruptions, and talking of his experience, would easily persuade a man to believe that he has the heart, as well as the face, of a sincere Christian—*sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat*—so the people of God speak, so they pray, and even so they open their conditions. These look like saints, but are none. The third is, to see so many real saints, in whom the spirit of truth is, who yet, through the impetuous workings of their corruptions and neglecting the watch over their hearts, often fall into such scandalous practices, that they look like hypocrites, though they are not so. These are three sad sights indeed, and "oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears," that I might weep abundantly over them all! For the first I would mourn heartily, considering that they, so continuing, must be damned eternally. For the second I would both weep and tremble, considering that they, so abiding, must be damned doubly. And for the third I would weep no less than for any of the rest, because though they themselves may and shall be saved, yet their example makes fast the bonds of death on both the former."

He desires "all such as harden themselves, and take up an opinion of their own deplorable condition, would soberly consider and answer these three queries—

"1. Does religion in any way countenance or patronize the sinful practices of its professors? or does it not rather impartially and severely condemn them? There is, indeed, a case wherein we may charge the evil practices of men upon their principles, but that is when their practices naturally flow from and necessarily follow their principles: as, for example, if I see a papist sin boldly, I may charge it upon his principles, for they set pardons to sale, and so make way for looseness; if I see an Arminian slight the grace of God, and proudly advance himself, I may cry shame upon his principles, which directly lead to it: but can I do

so when such practices are condemned and provided against by their own avowed principles, who commit them?

"2. Is it not a most irrational thing to rail at religion on account of the scandalous ways of some, whilst, in the mean time, you wholly slight and overlook the holy and heavenly conversation of many others? Are all that profess godliness loose and careless in their lives? No: some are an ornament to their profession, and the glory of Christ. And why must the innocent be condemned with the guilty? Why the eleven for one Judas?

"3. If you condemn religion because of the scandalous lives of some who profess it, must you not then cast off all religion in the world, and turn downright atheists? Surely this is the natural consequence; for what religion is there, but some that profess it walk contrary to their profession? And then, as Constantine told the Novatian, you must set up a ladder, and go to heaven by yourself."

Our good author falls a little too much into the fashion of the times, in ascribing to a particular providence the accidental circumstance which, he says, first led to the design of this publication; but to the objections which he supposes may be raised against it, he gives some general answers not unworthy of observation.

"If any say, the world is even cloyed with books, and therefore though the discourse be necessary, yet the publication is needless, I answer, there are, indeed, multitudes of books, but many of them concern not themselves about fundamental truths and practical godliness, but spend their strength on impractical notions and perilous controversies; many, also, strike at fundamental truths, and endeavour to undermine the power of godliness; and some there are that nourish the root, and tend to clear and confirm, to prepare and apply the great truths of the gospel, that they may be bread for souls to live and feed on. Now, though I could wish that those who have handled the pen of the scribe, had better employed their time and pains, than to obtrude such useless discourses on the world, yet as to books of the latter rank, I will say, that when husbandmen complain of too much corn, then let Christians complain of too many such books. And if you be so highly conceited of your own ability, that such books are needless to you, if you let them alone they will do you no hurt, and other poor hungry souls will be glad of them, and bless God for what you despise and burn.

"If it be said, that several of the cases here handled touch not your condition, I answer, that that which is not your condition may be another's condition. If you are placed in an easy, full, and prosperous state, and so have no need of the helps here offered to support your hearts under pinching wants, others are forced to live by faith for every day's provision. If you are dandled upon the knee of providence, some of your brethren are under its feet, &c."

Then follows a pleasing allusion to the circumstances in which he is placed, but without a single complaint or murmur

from which we might collect that he was suffering under the injustice of others.

"The consideration of my constrained absence from you also weighed with me. I would not that personal absence should, by insensible degrees, untwist, as it usually does, the cord of friendship; and therefore I have endeavoured, as absent friends are accustomed to do, to preserve and strengthen it by this small remembrance. It was Vespasian's answer to Apollonius, when he desired access for two philosophers, 'My doors are always open to philosophers, but my very breast is open to thee.' I cannot say with him, my doors are open for the free access of friends, being, by a sad providence, shut against myself; but this I can say, my very breast is still open to you; you are as dear to me as ever.—I was willing to leave this with you as a legacy, as a testimony of sincere love for, and care over you. This may counsel and direct you when I cannot. I may be rendered useless to you by a civil or natural death, but this will outlive me; and O that it may serve your souls, when I am silent in the dust!

"To hasten now to a conclusion; I have only these three requests to you, which I earnestly beseech you not to deny me; yea, I charge you, as ever you hope to appear with comfort before the great Shepherd, do not dare to slight these requests.

"Above all other studies in the world, study your own hearts: waste not a minute more of your precious time about frivolous controversies. It is reported even of Bellarmine, that he turned with loathing from the study of school-divinity, because it wasted the sweet juice of piety. I had rather it should be said of you, as one said of Swinkfeldius, 'He wanted a regular head, but not an honest heart,' than that you should have regular heads and irregular hearts. My dear flock, I have, according to the grace given me, laboured in the course of my ministry among you, to feed you with the heart-strengthening bread of practical doctrine; and I do assure you, it is far better you should have the sweet and saving impressions of gospel-truths feelingly and powerfully conveyed to your hearts, than only to understand them by a bare ratiocination, or dry syllogistical inference. Leave trifling studies to such as have time lying on their hands, and know not how to employ it. Remember, you are at the door of eternity, and have other work to do. Those hours you spend on heart-work in your closets are the golden spots of all your time, and will have the sweetest influence on your last hours. Heart-work is weighty and difficult work; an error there may cost you your souls. I may say of it, as Augustine speaks of the doctrine of the Trinity, 'A man can err in nothing more easily or more dangerously.' O, then, study your hearts."

His next request to his hearers, is, "that they will carefully look to their conversation, and be accurate in all their ways." The last is more personally affecting and solemn.

"My third and last request is, that you pray for me. I hope I can say, and I am sure some of you have acknowledged, that I came at first among you as the return and answer of your prayers: and in-

deed so it should be: [Luke, x. 2.] I am persuaded also, that I have been carried on in my work by your prayers; it is sweet when it is so; [Eph. vi. 18, 19.] and I hope by your prayers to receive yet a farther benefit. [Heb. xiii. 18, 19, &c.] And truly it is but just that you should pray for me; I have often prayed for you. Let the pulpit, family, and closet, witness for me; and "God forbid I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you."

The impressions which such a pastor as Flavel was calculated to make on the hearts of his congregation may, we think, be sufficiently estimated from the language of this animated and tender exhortation; nor can we, after reading it, refuse our full credit to the sincerity of that posthumous veneration, which, speaking (as it were) from the tomb, recommends to generations yet to come, the advantages to be derived from a communion with his spirit, in the works which record its excellence. It deserves the particular attention of those who may have been led by some late works of fiction, (the high and deserved popularity of which is founded yet more on the intimate acquaintance which they evince with the secret workings of the human heart, than on their faithful adherence to the leading points of history, or to the brilliant invention which supplies the circumstantiality of the detail,) to a confirmation of the vulgar prejudice which confounds all classes among the opponents of church and state, in one indiscriminate censure as Puritans, and assigns to all Puritans the same ill-favoured set of features, distinguished (if at all) only by the different shades of formality, hypocrisy, and fanaticism. It would be but the measure of strict poetical justice on the part of the artist who has sketched, with such inimitable force and humour, the portraits of Mucklewrath, Kettledrummle, and Solsgrace, if he would adorn his next historical picture with a faithful delineation of so meek, and charitable, and affectionate, and sincere a non-conformist preacher as "sweet Mr. Flavel," for so (and with great justice) his contemporaries have styled him.

We have dwelt too long on the introductory epistle, to have left ourselves much space for enlarging on the plan and tendency of the work which follows it, nor would it be an easy or a very useful task, to condense the substance of a book of plain, practical exhortation, every word of which has its force, and every sentence its peculiar weight and application. With respect to mere doctrine, how far the author was from entertaining any of those enthusiastic and mystical notions, which we are too fond of ascribing to the separatists of that period in general, may be collected from his thoughts on the hazardous subject of Regeneration.

"Man, by creation, was of one uniform frame and tenor of spirit; he held one straight and even course: not one thought or faculty re-

velled or was disordered; his mind had a perfect illumination to understand and know the will of God; his will, a perfect compliance therewith; his sensitive appetite, and other inferior powers, stood in a most obedient subordination.

"Man, by degeneration, is become a most rebellious creature, contesting with and opposing his maker, as the first cause, by self-dependence; as the chief good, by self-love; as the highest Lord, by self-will; and as the last end, by self-seeking: and so he is quite disordered, and all his acts are irregular. His illuminated understanding is clouded with ignorance; his complying will, full of rebellion and stubbornness—his subordinate powers, casting off the dominion and government of the superior faculties.

"But, by regeneration, this disordered soul is set right again, sanctification being the rectifying and due framing, or (as the scripture calls it) the renovation of the soul after the image of God; in which self-dependence is removed by faith, self-love by the love of God, self-will by subjection and obedience to the will of God, and self-seeking by self-denial. The darkened understanding is again illumined, the refractory will sweetly subdued; the rebellious appetite or concupiscence gradually conquered. And thus the soul, which sin had universally depraved, is again, by grace, restored and rectified."

The dangerous and unfounded belief in the "assurance" of a soul through grace regenerated, is combated, and the necessity of continual and unabating watchfulness, even to the most righteous, enforced with an earnestness of persuasion and a frequency of repetition, which would do honour to the most strenuous of our modern champions in arms against the hydra (or rather, we believe, it is the fashion to call it, fiery-flying dragon) of Calvinism; but all who now declaim, would not know how so happily to illustrate, or mildly to enforce, what seem to them more Christian principles.

"Though grace has, in a great measure, rectified the soul, and given it an habitual and heavenly temper, yet sin often discomposes it again; so that even a gracious heart is like a musical instrument, which though it be ever so exactly tuned, a small matter brings it out of tune again: yea, hang it aside but a little, and it will need setting again before you can play another lesson on it."—"The Heathen could say, the soul is made wise by sitting still in quietness. Though bankrupts wish not to look into their books of account, yet upright hearts will know whether they go backward or forward."

On the necessity of continual and earnest prayer, and humiliation before God, he says,

"It is observed of holy Mr. Bradford, that when he was confessing sin, he could never give over confessing until he had felt some brokenness of heart for that sin; and when praying for any spiritual mercy, would never give over that suit, until he had got some relish of that

mercy."—"It is a constant work; it is with a Christian in this business, as it is with seamen who have sprung a leak at sea: if they labour not constantly at the pump, the water increases on them, and will quickly sink them. No sooner do Moses' hands grow heavy and sink down, than Amalek prevails."

Speaking of the unreasonableness of the expectations which many pious men have indulged, of some sensible and outward sign or token of the Divine favour and acceptance, he says,

"I remember that Mr. Roberts tells us, in his treatise on the covenants, that he knew a Christian who, in the infancy of his Christianity, so vehemently panted after the infallible assurance of God's love, that for a long time together he earnestly desired some voice from heaven—yea, sometimes walking in the solitary fields, he earnestly desired some miraculous voice from the trees and stones there. This, after many desires and longings, was denied him; but in time, a better was afforded in the ordinary way of searching the word and his own heart. An instance of the like nature, the learned Gerson gives us, of one who was driven by temptation on the very borders of desperation; at last, being sweetly settled and assured, one asked him, how he attained it? He answered, not by any extraordinary revelation, but by subjecting my understanding to the scriptures, and comparing my own heart with them."

The first two chapters, from which we have made the foregoing extracts, treat of "what the keeping of the heart supposes and imports," and of "the reasons for keeping the heart." The third discourses of "the seasons in which the heart must especially be kept"—and first, "a season of prosperity." On the passage, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, &c." and on that other, "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called," he presents the following illustration:

"It might justly make us tremble, when the scripture tells us, in general, that few shall be saved; much more, where it tells us, that of that rank and sort of which we are speaking, but few shall be saved. When Joshua called all the tribes of Israel to draw lots for the discovery of Achan, doubtless Achan feared; when the tribe of Judah are taken, his fear increased; but when the family of the Zachites was taken, it was time then to tremble."—"O how many have been coached to hell in the chariots of earthly pleasures, while others have been whipped to heaven by the rod of affliction!"

He adds example to precept.

"What a sad story is that of Pius Quintus, who, dying, cried out despairingly, When I was in a low condition, I had some hopes of salvation; but when I was advanced to be cardinal, I greatly doubted

it; and since I came to the popedom, I have no hope at all. Mr. Spencer tells us a real, but sad story, of a rich oppressor, who had scraped up a great estate for his only son. When he came to die, he called his son to him, and said, Son, do you indeed love me? The son answered, that nature, besides his paternal indulgence, obliged him to that. Then, said the father, express it by this—hold thy finger in the candle while I am saying a paternoster. The son attempted, but could not endure it. On that, the father broke out into these expressions—Thou canst not suffer the burning of thy finger for me; but to get this wealth, I have hazarded my soul for thee, and must burn body and soul in hell for thy sake. Thy pain would have been but for a moment, but mine will be unquenchable fire."—"There was a serious truth in that atheistical scoff of Julian, when he took away the Christians' estates, and told them, it was to make them fitter for the kingdom of heaven."

His reflections on "a season of adversity," are (as may be expected) most animating and consolatory.

"Though God has reserved to himself a liberty of afflicting his people, yet he has tied up his own hands by promise never to take his loving kindness from them."—"O my haughty heart! Dost thou well to be discontented, when God has given thee the whole tree, with all the clusters of comfort growing on it, because he suffers the wind to blow down a few leaves?"—"My God, says the church, will hear me. Suppose your husband or child had lost all at sea, and should come to you in rags, could you deny the relation, or refuse to entertain him? If you would not, much less would God," &c.

"What if, by the loss of outward comforts, God will preserve your souls from the ruining power of temptations? We see mariners in a storm can throw overboard rich bales of silk and precious things, to preserve their vessel and their lives with it, and every one says they act prudently. We know it is usual for soldiers in a city besieged, to batter down or burn the fairest buildings without the walls in which the enemy may shelter themselves in the siege; and no man doubts but it is wisely done. Such as have mortified legs or arms, can willingly stretch them out to be cut off, and not only thank but pay the surgeon for his pains. And must God only be repined at for casting over what will sink you in a storm? for pulling down that which would advantage your enemy in the siege of temptation? for cutting off what would endanger your everlasting life?—O, inconsiderate, ungrateful man! Are not these things for which thou grievest, the very things that have ruined thousands of souls?"—"It may strengthen thy heart, if thou considerest, that, in these troubles, God is about that work at which, if thou didst see the design of it, thy soul would rejoice. We are beclouded with much ignorance; and therefore, like Israel in the wilderness, are often murmuring because Providence leads us about in a howling desert, where we are exposed to straits, though he led them, and is now leading us, 'by the right way to a city of habitation.'"—"Providence is like a curious piece of arras, made up of a thousand shreds, which, single, we know not what to make of, but, put together and stitched up orderly, they represent a beautiful history to the eye."

The third season,

"Calling for more than ordinary diligence in keeping the heart, is the time of Zion's troubles—when the church, like the ship in which Christ and his disciples were, is oppressed and ready to perish in the wars of persecution, these good souls are ready to sink and be shipwrecked too, on the billows of their own fears. I confess most men rather need the spur than the reins in this case, and yet some sit down overweighed with the sense of the church's troubles."

He adduces, as historical examples of persons so influenced, those of Eli, Nehemiah, and Elijah,—all which he touches with very forcible language, and then comes to the question, "how tender hearts may be relieved and supported when they are overweighed with the burthensome sense of Zion's troubles?" And gives, for his first precept,

"Settle this great truth in your hearts, that no trouble befalls Zion, but by the permission of Zion's God; and he permits nothing out of which he will not bring much good at last to his people."

And, to such as those who would presume to direct in what manner the affairs of the world should best be ordered, he addresses this wholesome admonition:

"As Luther said to Melancthon, 'cease to be the ruler of the world,' so say I to you. Let infinite wisdom, power, and love, alone; for by these all creatures are swayed and actions guided, in reference to the church. It is none of our work to rule the world, but to submit to him that does rule it. The motions of Providence are all well ordered; the wheels are full of eyes. It is enough that the affairs of Zion are in a good hand."

The fourth season of danger:

"Now there are fourteen excellent rules or helps for keeping the heart from sinful fear, when imminent dangers threaten us. The first is, Look upon all creatures as in the hand of God, who manages them in all their motions, limiting, restraining, and determining them all at his pleasure."—"In Revelations, you read of the white, black, and red horses, which are nothing else but the instruments that God employs in executing his judgements in the world, as wars, pestilence, and death. But when these horses are prancing, and trampling up and down in the world, here is that which may quiet our hearts—that God has the reins in his hand."—"Remember that God, in whose hand all the creatures are, is your Father, and is much more tender over you, than you are, or can be, over yourselves. Let me ask the most timorous woman, whether there is not a vast difference between the sight of a drawn sword in the hand of a bloody ruffian, and the same sword in the hand of her own tender husband?"—"That is a sweet scripture to this purpose. [Isa. liv. 5.] "Thy maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name." Who would be afraid to pass through an army,

though all the soldiers should turn their swords and guns towards him, if the general of that army were his friend or father? I have met with an excellent story of a religious young man, who being at sea with many other passengers in a great storm, and they being half dead with fear, he only was observed to be very cheerful, as if he had been but little concerned in that danger. One of them demanding the reason of his cheerfulness, "O," said he, "it is because the pilot of the ship is my Father."

"Natural fear may be allayed for the present by natural reason, or the removal of the occasion, but then it is but like a candle blown out with a puff of breath, which is easily blown in again; but if the fear of God extinguish it, then it is like a candle quenched in water, which cannot easily be rekindled."

"A violent death, you say, is terrible to nature! But what matter is it, when thy soul is in heaven, whether it were let out at thy mouth, or at thy throat?—whether thy familiar friends, or barbarous enemies, stand about thy dead body and close thine eyes? alas! it is not worth the making so much to do about. Thy soul shall not be sensible in heaven how thy body is used on earth; no, it shall be swallowed up in life."

We cannot afford space for much more quotation, and have already produced enough to serve as specimens of the style—sometimes (at least according to present apprehension) too low and familiar, but often eloquent, and always earnest and impressive,—of this author; whose faults and merits are, in a greater or less degree, common to him with the best theological and ethical writers of the age in which he wrote, with Taylor, Barrow, and Milton; who certainly evinces a deep and thorough acquaintance with the mysterious subject he treats of (the human heart) with all its contradictions and subtleties; whose reasons and arguments have all the force of actual experiences; whose devotion is warm from the heart to which it appeals; and who, in the frequency of allusion and metaphor with which he abounds, cannot be charged in a single instance with adopting, from a vain love of ornament, the figures of speech which rise spontaneously to his service.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting a few more passages, without further reference to the order of their subjects, and with them we shall close the present article.

Speaking of "the season of want," he says:

"This affliction, though great, is not such an affliction but God has far greater, with which he chastises the dearly beloved of his soul in this world: and should he remove this, and inflict those, you would account your present state a very comfortable state, and bless God to be as now you are. What think ye? Should God remove your present troubles, supply all your outward wants, give you the desire of your hearts in creative comforts, but hide his face from you, shoot his

arrows into your souls, and cause the venom of them to drink up your spirits; should he leave you but a few days to the buffeting of Satan, and his blasphemous injections; should he hold your eyes but a few nights waking with horrors of conscience, tossing to and fro till the dawning of the day; should he lead you through the chambers of death, show you the visions of darkness, and make his terrors set themselves in array against you—then tell men if you would not count it a choice mercy to be back again in your former necessitous condition, with peace of conscience; and count bread and water, with God's favour, a happy state? O then take heed of repining. Say not God deals hardly with you, but you provoke him to convince you, by your own sense and feeling, that he has worse rods than these for unsubmissive and froward children."

In a season of duty

"Beg of God a chastised imagination. A working fancy, how much soever it is extolled among men, is a great snare to the soul, except it work in fellowship with right reason and a sanctified heart. The imagination is a power of the soul placed between the senses and the understanding. It is that which first stirs itself in the soul, and by its motions the other powers are stirred. It is the common shop, where thoughts are first forged and framed; and as this is, so are they: if imaginations be not first cast down, it is impossible that every thought of the heart should be brought into obedience to Christ. The fancy is naturally the wildest and most untameable power in the soul. And truly, the more spiritual the heart is, the more it is troubled about the vanity and wildness of it. O what a sad thing is it, that thy nobler soul must follow up and down after a vain and roving fancy! that such a beggar should ride on horseback, and such a prince run after on foot! that it should call off the soul from attendance upon God, when it is most sweetly engaged in communion with him, to prosecute such vanities as it will start at such times before it!"—"A man who is praying, says Bernard, should behave himself as if he were entering into the court of heaven, where he sees the Lord on his throne, surrounded with ten thousand of his angels and saints ministering unto him."—"If thou wert petitioning the king for thy life, would it not provoke him to see thee playing with thy bandstrings, or catching at every fly that lights upon thy clothes, whilst thou art speaking to him about such serious matters? Why did God descend in thunderings and lightnings, and dark clouds, upon Sinai? Why did the mountains smoke under him; the people quake and tremble round about him; yea, Moses himself not exempted—but to teach the people this great truth, "Let us have grace, whereby we may serve him acceptably, with reverence and godly fear, for our God is a consuming fire!"

"The tenth special season, to keep the heart with all diligence, is the time of spiritual darkness and doubting, when it is with the soul as it was with Paul in his dangerous voyage—neither sun, nor moon, nor star, appearing for many days; when, by reason of the hidings of God's face, the prevalency of corruption, and the inevidence of grace, the soul is even ready to give up all its hopes and comforts for lost, to

draw sad and desperate conclusions against itself, to call its former comforts vain delusions, its grace, hypocrisy; when the serene and clear heavens are overcast with dark clouds, yea, filled with thunders and horrible tempests; when the poor pensive soul sits down and weeps forth this sad lamentation, My hope is perished from the Lord."—"Do you rashly infer, that the Lord has no love for you, because he hides his face from you? that your condition is miserable, because dark and uncomfortable?—Do you not know, that the sun still keeps on his course in the heavens, even in dull and close weather, where you cannot see him? May I not as well conclude in winter, when the flowers have hid their beautiful heads under ground, that they are quite dead and gone, because I cannot find them in December where I saw them in May?"

In a season of sickness

"Rouse up, dying saint! When thy soul is come out a little farther, when it shall stand like Abraham at its tent-door, the angels of God shall soon be with it. The souls of the elect are, as it were, put out to the angels to nurse, and, when they die, their angels carry them home again to their Father's house. If an angel were caused to fly swiftly to bring a saint the answer of his prayer [Dan. ix. 22.], how much more will the angels come in haste from heaven, to receive and transfer the praying soul itself!"

It has, sometimes, occurred to us, in our perusal of this little treatise, that Quarles, the author of *Divine Emblems*, was not unacquainted with the works of Flavel. Many of the figurative illustrations, which we find scattered through them, seem expressly to invite the aid of those precious little wood-cuts, which instructed the infancy of our grandfathers and grandmothers; in which "the naked winged soul" is represented under the image of childhood, undergoing its various dispensations on earth. And, when we are beautifully taught that, "whatever our sin or trouble is," (in a season of spiritual darkness, already referred to,) "it should rather drive us to God, than from God," how does it remind us of those exquisitely tender and affecting lines of the poet,

> "The ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
> Its angry mother's look, but clings more nigh,
> And quenches with its tears her flaming eye!"

ART. IV.—*The Annals of Newgate; or, Malefactor's Register. Containing a particular and circumstantial Account of the Lives, Transactions, and Trials of the most notorious Malefac-*

tors, who have suffered an ignominious Death for their Offences, viz. for Parricide, Murder, Treason, Robbery, Burglary, Piracy, Coining, Forgery, and Rapes; from the Commitment of the celebrated John Sheppard, to the Acquittal of the equally celebrated Margaret Caroline Rudd. Including a Period of fifty Years and upwards, both in Town and Country. Calculated to expose the Deformity of Vice, the Infamy and Punishments naturally attending those who deviate from the Paths of Virtue; and intended as a Beacon to warn the rising Generation against the Temptations, the Allurements, and the Dangers of bad Company. The former Part extracted from authentic Records; and the Histories and Transactions of the modern Convicts communicated by the unhappy Sufferers themselves, since the Author has been appointed to his present Office. By the Rev. Mr. Villette, *Ordinary of Newgate, and others.*

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen." *Pope.*

London, 1776.

In an article in a late number upon John Everett, a gentleman who kept the Cock alehouse, in the Old Bailey; and from the Cock took to the tap in the Fleet, and from the *tap* took (no unusual consequence) to *Tyburn;*—we were led to remark, that "The glory of the class of men to whom he belonged is departed. The heroes of Hounslow Heath and Wimbledon Common no longer take the air; the very memory of their exploits is fast fading, or only recorded in the *Newgate Calendar*." On reperusing this passage, we have been touched with its pathos; and the same feeling that made uncle Toby grieve that the devil was damned, has inspired us with, perhaps, the questionable regret, that glory of any kind should utterly go, or that the memories of those who have resolutely died for the good of their country, should be in danger of poor pitiful extinction. The consequence of this, our regret, has been, that we have lapsed into an exciting course of reading; first, sipping at police reports; then, tippling at the huge tap of the *State Trials;* and fairly coming, at last, to *dramming* ourselves with the *Newgate Calendar* and *Remarkable Trials*, to the deep forgetfulness of all "honest men and true." Reading the *Newgate Calendar* is perhaps the opium-eating of books; but as it is well known, that such habit of reading or eating is more easily fallen into than discontinued, and as it is also pleasure to a sufferer to talk of his infirmities, we cannot refuse ourselves the melancholy satisfaction of telling over our whole course of reading, as much in the hope of rescuing

eminent names from the maw of oblivion, as for the sake of disburthening our full minds of their malefactor-knowledge. The *Newgate Calendar* (we mean the genuine work), is to our certain experience becoming a scarce book: and, consequently, the life of Jack Sheppard, or of dishonest Master Dick Turpin, is becoming as uncertain amongst us as amongst themselves. It has therefore fallen to our task to prevent these flaming names from going out; and we intend in the following pages to pour in the oil upon the flaring luminaries of the road with so liberal a hand, as to make them burn brightly for ever!

The *Newgate Calendar*, like misery in the proverb, brings one acquainted with strange bedfellows. The brave, the deep, the dastardly, the feeble, and the ferocious,—the hardy, the revengeful, and the reckless, crowd together in one brief biography, and seem to be mingled but for one huge moral;—to shew us the base infirmities of mortality, and the large littleness of life. Jack Sheppard, with all his escapes, does not escape at last: the heartless Dick Turpin dies, after his myriad chances, at the end of a few pages: Catharine Hayes is burnt, like an Indian widow, at her husband's death, and almost before his head is cold: and Eugene Aram, whose mystery lay so long in the earth, is betrayed by the Knaresborough bones in but a few short sentences. Biography and mortality are equally brief. The *Newgate Calendar* never forgets itself; and you pass through it as through Tothill-fields, with the *Penitentiary* ever before you!

We have many apposite observations to offer on the work before us, and on its dangerous subjects; but as we have much ground to pass over before we part with our readers, we must (to use the professional phrase) *take the road* as speedily as possible, and with but short prologue, mixing up our robbers and our remarks as we proceed, and offering an agreeable variety of murderers and moral reflections to beguile the way. Let not our readers suppose, that we treat the subject with a levity which it does not warrant;—we have every intention of making the *Retrospective Review* a sort of literary justice-hall, in which rogues will see their faces—*veluti in speculum*, that is, as at the Old Bailey. But we are determined to avoid writing a *condemned sermon* upon a race of gentlemen, certainly for the quiet, though not perhaps for the glory of the age, now utterly extinct. Alas! the age of highway turpitude is gone! The guard of the Exeter Subscription Coach points out, from the road, the spot upon Hounslow Heath where Steel was murdered; but the poor craning passenger cannot see the *clump*, for the cottages—heaths are no longer strewed with the memories of murder—commons no longer hang out their gentle gibbets!—

the highwaymen are unhorsed—and Bagshot is now barren of its Robins!—You may walk about Wimbledon till you drop with fatigue, at this day, and not light upon a curl-pated Hugh; and from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, the traveller may traverse the road, and never be stopped by any thing more dangerous than *The Seven Compasses*, or more frightful or money-demanding than a toll. The toll of the turnpike has no connection with the toll of St. Sepulchre's!

The perusal of the *Newgate Calendar* has made many spots sacred to the meditative mind, which, without the association afforded by such cruel reading, would have met the eye as mere common mould. To the unlearned, Hounslow Heath is a miserable inclosed waste, famous for nothing but the great western road, which goes through it like a river; and for barracks which stagnate on it like a pool; to the studious, it is the Marathon of murder—the great field of larceny, petty and huge; the fame-spot of Holloway and Haggarty, and of hundreds who have *not* been unable "to stand themselves, or to make others stand." Leicester Square (where poor Miss Linwood's fame is worsted!) is sacred to the burnt body and pious memory of Mrs. King! On Putney Heath, or rather on the border of Wimbledon Common, the common mind would see nothing!—but the Epicure of burglaries pauses at one spot, to dream over the gibbet of Jerry Abershaw, whose chained bones once swung to the winds that whistled over Kingston Hill. Jerry was a marvellous man; but his hanging in chains is now suspended. It is perhaps melancholy to find the charmed spots so utterly laid waste by cultivation; the commons so defaced by improvement! In a few years you shall hardly be able to lay your finger upon a decent heath, or to say where Jem Dawson's bones whitened in the air. Kennington Common has long since exchanged its uncertain cart-load of malefactors and Ordinaries, for the fleeting safety coach, bearing pampered citizens to the sea—the gallows'-tree is felled! No gentleman, now-a-days, goes with his button-hole full of batchelor's-buttons, sucking an orange up Holborn Hill! Death is curtailed of its processions; and, to use Tom Brown's phrase, "burnt brandy and bad women" are not repented of after the old fashion. Even Tyburn, famous Tyburn, has, like other noble spots, cut down its wood, and gone into decay!—Alack Tyburn,—marvellous Tyburn, the dream-spot of all the Newgate calendarians!—Tyburn has shrunk into a turnpike, which, however, as though conscious of its early company, or, as the Bard of "The Bard" would say, "awake and faithful to its wonted fires," still stops the wayfarer for his money on the king's highway!

But to come to our task. The first gentleman of any

middling name or figure in the *Annals of Newgate* is Dick Oakey, an old offender,—though only twenty-five years of age, when he paid his final visit to Tyburn. He was a daring villain about the suburbs of town, and delighted most to canter over the lonely roads of Hampstead and Highgate. He was first tried with one or two others, and convicted, as it appears, on the evidence of one *Blueskin*, who had betrayed him and his companions to Jonathan Wild, *the* Jonathan Wild :—Fielding's Jonathan !—Jonathan, who was the comma, that stood between the amities of the thieves and thief-takers, appeared against Dick at the trial. Jonathan's evidence, however, though strong against Oakey's companion, is mild as to Oakey himself. It seems, to be sure, very sincere. Oakey escaped death on this offence, but after innumerable robberies on the road he was convicted ; and the following clear account of him is given by the Ordinary. We pass over the birth, parentage, and education of Dick, which are hit off in the true dying-speech style, and come to his ripened days. After stating the death, under sad circumstances, of a girl who associated with Dick, the Ordinary proceeds :

" Oakey being once more left without a companion, was resolved to try his fortune himself. He still kept to his occupation of snatching pockets, in which his long experience had made him a great proficient : and indeed considering he had none to assist him, there were but few dealers in the same way, that met with equal success.

" But having thus proceeded for two or three months, he fell into company with a couple of house-breakers, who persuaded him that their branch of business was more profitable than his. Here, says one of them, whose name is Harvey, you go upon a queer lay* in the open streets, while people are passing to and fro, for the sake of a lousy pocket, in which you hardly ever find any thing but a key and a thimble, or perhaps two or three penny-worth of half-pence ; but we slum a ken when all is boman,† and get more in one night, than you do in a month.

" Oakey could not resist the force of such a convincing argument, but immediately entered into partnership with his new acquaintance. They succeeded in their first attempt, which encouraged Oakey to go upon a second, and accordingly they broke open a house near the Mint, in Southwark, and stole several pieces of callimanco, to the value of twenty-two pounds. But Oakey happened to be taken, and loving nobody so well as himself, impeached his two comrades. They were soon apprehended, and at Kingston assizes were tried and capitally convicted on Oakey's evidence. Harvey was executed, but the other obtained a reprieve for transportation.

" This was such a discouragement to Oakey, that he forswore

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* A dangerous adventure. † Break a house when all is safe.

house-breaking, and returned to street-robbing; but did not confine himself as formerly to the single article of snatching pockets, for taking in one who was known by the name of Will the Sailor, to be his assistant, they ventured upon robbing men as well as women. Will wore a very long sword: it was his part when they met a gentleman alone to pick a quarrel with him, and while they were engaged, it was Oakey's business to run away with the gentleman's hat and wig.

"Some difference arising between Oakey and Will, they parted, and Oakey fell in with Reading, Haws, Milksop, Lincoln, and Wilkinson, all of whom have since been executed. He was concerned with them in about twenty robberies, though at his first admittance, Nat. Haws told him, he was a size too little for a hero, and fit for nothing but to clean pistols, and sell the goods they stole."

The last observation of Nat. Hawes was, unfortunately for its force and truth, made before Napoleon signalized himself, and established the heroism of little bodies. Dick Oakey died with a very pye-bald sort of repentance; picking of pockets did not seem to have afflicted his conscience very heavily, and therefore he escaped much ponderous penitence. He had burnt a widow's will, and for this he sorrowed stoutly.

Humphrey Angier, who was cut off in the bloom of his youth at Tyburn, on the 9th of September, 1723, was about as arrant a villain as ever clapped muzzle to muzzle, or induced a gentleman to stand on the highway to witness a transfer of property. The name of Humphry does not blare through Fame's impudent trumpet very grandly; but it is attached to crimes sufficient to recommend it to the most curious reader. Angier was indicted for robbing a Mr. Lewin, the then city marshal, on the 23d of December, 1720, and was convicted principally on the evidence of John Dyer, his companion in arms. On a second indictment for robbing one John Sibley, Dyer again gave evidence, and with the utmost nonchalance.

"*John Dyer.* The prisoner and I stopped a waggon near Hyde-park-corner, and robbed Mr. Sibley of nine or ten shillings.

Court. Did you rob him in the waggon?

Dyer. No, we made him come out.

Court. What time was this done?

Dyer. Early in the morning.

Court. How long ago?

Dyer. About ten years.

Court. The waggoner says twelve years.

Dyer. Twelve years? Let me see. Yes, I believe I have been in a mistake, it might be twelve years. But it being so long ago, I do not remember the time exactly; though I could have been very punctual, if I had had my pocket-book here; but I had the misfortune to lose it. For in that book I had entered down a particular account of

all the robberies I was ever concerned in, and the time, place, and manner, in which they were committed.

Court. What was your design in keeping such a journal? Was it, that upon the perusal of your robberies, you might the more particularly repent of them.

Dyer. No, I thought nothing of repentance; but I did it to save myself from the gallows, that I might be the more exact whenever I should have an opportunity of securing my own life, by becoming an evidence against my companions. The same day that the prisoner and I robbed Mr. Sibley, we went to Southwark fair, and from thence to Blackheath, where we committed another robbery; but were so closely pursued, that I was obliged to shoot the pursuer's horse, after which, with much difficulty, we made our escape.

Prisoner. God grant that I may find no mercy in this world, or the world to come, if I was any ways concerned in either of the robberies which I am now tried for."

Sheridan has said, that when they *do* agree upon the stage their unanimity is wonderful. He might as safely have said, that where they do disagree amongst rogues, their disagreement is extreme.

The Ordinary is no niggard of biography in his account of Humphrey. Angier was an Irishman—aye, and a bold one too! After much curious information, the preacher proceedeth.

"He often asserted, that he was not acquainted with John Dyer so early as the year 1711, and consequently was not guilty of robbing Mr. Sibley; but that their acquaintance began something, though not much later, at the house of one Strickland, in the Old Bailey. Angier, it seems, had frequented that house but a little while before he took notice of a man who appeared now and then, but always muffled up in a great coat, and looking very shy. Upon observing this, he one day took an opportunity of asking Strickland who that man was? Strickland answered, "his name is Dyer, he is under a cloud about shooting a gentleman's footman, and therefore he conceals himself here all day, and lodges at another house at night." Angier swore he should be glad of his company, and Strickland soon brought them together. They quickly agreed to be joint adventurers, and it was not long before they tried their fortunes upon Blackheath, where they met with several prizes, though none very considerable. Angier afterwards got several other companions, with whom he robbed in most of the roads near London."

At the place of execution, Humphrey *turned to* at a confession, as is usual with gentlemen of his persuasion; and delivered the following maudlin acknowledgement.

"I confess, with great grief, that I have been extremely guilty of disobedience to my parents, which I believe was the first cause of my

unhappiness. I was not acquainted with John Dyer till about nine months after Mr. Sibley was robbed. I have committed many robberies, but never any murder. I justly merit the shameful death I must suffer. I beg all young men to be warned by me, and reject the solicitations of vicious companions."

Passing over Dick Whiting, "as audacious a dog," to quote the Ordinary's impressive words, "as ever stretched a halter," we come to the account of *John Stanley, for murder.* There is nothing more than mere cruelty to distinguish this gentleman's feats from those of several of his calendar associates; but after the case is brought home to the very bone, and Mr. Stanley gets fairly into the condemned hole,—

"He gave an account of his being once attacked and robbed by foot-pads in Hampstead-road, as he was returning from Belsize; and another time by highwaymen, as he was going into Gloucestershire, and upon drawing his sword, one of them shot, and narrowly missed him; and after that they beat him in so violent a manner, that he was hardly able to stand. 'And is it not hard now, says he, that I, whom no sword could dispatch, no gun could kill, and no storm could drown, must at last die like a dog in an ignoble halter? That I, who have lived like a gentleman, been a companion for officers, and the favourite of the ladies, must die with street robbers?'"

The Ordinary is extremely sprightly and particular in his account of Stanley. The following is written with a delightful pen—plucked, it should seem, from the wing of no common goose.

"He declared before several, that he would never die by a rope, offering in his airy way to lay wagers upon that matter. But afterwards being convinced that there was no bravery in not being able to sustain misfortunes, but getting from under them, he changed his intent, and said, he would die like a gentleman, and a soldier, though in the manner of a dog: that his enemies should see he could appear with the same face at the time of his death, as during the time of his life."

Stanley died suddenly at Tyburn on the 23d of December, 1723, aged twenty-five years.

In the account of Stephen Gardiner for a burglary (a fellow of no great likelihood), the following curious fact is related. The verses exhibit a strange mixture of coarse strength and disgusting *doggrelism* (if we may use such a word). We who live under the very gloom of Newgate—*i.e.* in the backshop of our publisher, never heard these admonitory lines doled out. They are the bell-man's verses with a vengeance.

"It has long been a custom for the bell-man of St. Sepulchre's

parish (on the night before the prisoners are to be executed) to come under Newgate and ring his bell, and repeat the following verses to the criminals in the condemned-hold.

All you that in the condemn'd-hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before th' Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent:
And when St. 'Pulcre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!—
Past twelve o'clock!

According to *Stow's Survey*, [edit. 1618, 4to. p. 195,] it appears, that the Ordinary, or some holy man, ought to exhort thus poetically to the hopeless men. We do, however, think, that it was an uncharitable deed in any person to compel a dying man to listen to such shabby heroic verses. Mr. Fitzgerald, the tavern poet, could hardly be guilty of a more atrocious poetical misdemeanour.

Stow thus quaintly writes.

"Robert Dove, citizen and merchant-tailor, of London, gave to the parish church of St. Sepulchre, the sum of *50l.* That after the several sessions of London, when the prisoners remain in the gaol, as condemned men to death, expecting execution on the morrow following: the clerk [that is, the parson] of the church should come in the night-time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lye, and there ringing certain tolls with a hand-bell, appointed for the purpose, he doth afterward (in most Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition, and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church, there he standeth ready with the same bell, and after certain tolls rehearseth an appointed prayer, desiring all the people there present to pray for them. The beadle, also, of merchant-tailors-hall, hath an honest allowed stipend, to see that this is duely done."

We wonder whether the beadle of merchant-tailors attends to his duty; surely, Mr. Brougham ought to make this one of the subjects of inquiry into charitable abuses. Is the stipend dead?

Skipping over Fred. Schmidt, for forgery, Lewis Houssart, for murder, Constantine Magennis, for the like impropriety, and Peter Curtis, for burglary, we come full bolt upon Jack Sheppard! the gallant, famous, infamous, muscular Jack Sheppard!—Such burglaries never graced the *Newgate Annals* before or since his time! He was, indeed, the *Beau Ideal* of a housebreaker!

Jack was convicted, thanks to Jonathan Wild; and then follows an ample and able account, from the Ordinary's acute pen, of this eminent varlet. After much preliminary wickedness, which, no doubt, must have been pointed and pleasant enough at the time, we come to Sheppard's active days. Jack robs away through several pages,—at length,—

"On Monday morning, August 30, the warrant came down to Newgate, for the execution of Joseph Ward, for robbery, Anthony Upton, for burglary, and John Sheppard.

"A little within the lodge at Newgate there was, on the left hand, a hatch, with large iron spikes: this opened into a dark passage, from whence you went up a few steps into the condemned-hold. The prisoners were permitted to come down to this hatch to speak with their friends. Sheppard being provided with implements, found means to cut one of the spikes in such a manner, that it would easily break off. In the evening two women of his acquaintance coming to see him, he broke off the spike, and thrusting his head and shoulders through the space, the women pulled him down, and so he made his escape undiscovered, though some of the keepers were at the same time drinking at the farther end of the lodge."

Jack no sooner escapes, than he dashes his hand through a watchmaker's window, and his fingers being professionally hooked, he snatches out three watches,—and, for this daring robbery, he is again "returned to the place from whence he came."

"On Wednesday, October 14, the sessions began at the Old Bailey, and Jack knew that the keepers would then have so much business in attending the court, as would leave them but little leisure to visit him; and therefore thought, that this would be the only time to make a push for his liberty.

"The next day, about two in the afternoon, one of the keepers carried Jack his dinner, and, as usual, examined his irons, and found all fast, and so left him.—He had hardly been gone an hour, before Jack went to work. The first thing he did, he got off his hand-cuffs, and then with a crooked nail, which he found upon the floor, he opened the great padlock that fastened his chain to the staple. Next he twisted asunder a small link of the chain between his legs, and drawing up his feet-locks as high as he could, he made them fast with his garters. He attempted to get up the chimney, but had not advanced far, before his progress was stopped by an iron bar that went across withinside, and therefore being descended, he went to work on the outside, and with a piece of his broken chain picked out the mortar, and removing a small stone or two about six feet from the floor, he got out the iron bar, which was an inch square, and near a yard long, and this proved of great service to him. He presently made so large a breach, that he got into the Red-room over the castle. Here he found a great nail, which was another very useful implement. The door of this room had not been

opened for seven years past; but in less than seven minutes he wrenched off the lock, and got into the entry leading to the chapel. Here he found a door bolted on the other side, upon which he broke a hole through the wall, and pushed the bolt back. Coming now to the chapel-door, he broke off one of the iron spikes, which he kept for farther use, and so got into an entry between the chapel and the lower leads. The door of this entry was very strong, and fastened with a great lock, and what was worse, the night had overtaken him, and he was forced to work in the dark. However, in half an hour, by the help of the great nail, the chapel spike, and the iron bar, he forced off the box of the lock, and opened the door, which led him to another yet more difficult; for it was not only locked, but barred and bolted. When he had tried in vain to make this lock and box give way, he wrenched the fillet from the main post of the door, and the box and staples came off with it: and now Sepulchre's chimes went eight. There was yet another door betwixt him and the lower leads; but it being only bolted within-side, he opened it easily, and mounting to the top of it, he got over the wall, and so to the upper leads.

"His next consideration was, how to get down; for which purpose looking round him, and finding the top of the turner's house adjoining to Newgate was the most convenient place to alight upon, he resolved to descend thither; but as it would have been a dangerous leap, he went back to the castle the same way he came, and fetched a blanket he used to lie on. This he made fast to the wall of Newgate, with the spike he stole out of the chapel, and so sliding down, dropped upon the turner's leads, and then the clock struck nine.

"Luckily for him the turner's garret-door on the leads happened to be open. He went in, and crept softly down one pair of stairs, when he heard company talking in a room below. His irons giving a clink, a woman started, and said, Lord! What noise is that? Somebody answered, the dog or the cat; and thereupon Sheppard returned up to the garret, and having continued there above two hours, he ventured down a second time, when he heard a gentleman take leave of the company, and saw the maid light him down stairs. As soon as the maid came back, and had shut the chamber-door, he made the best of his way to the street-door, unlocked it, and so made his escape about twelve at night.

"It is uncertain where he took up his lodging for the remaining part of that night, or rather morning, or when, or how he got the irons off his legs: but on the first of November, not only his feet-locks, but his hand-cuffs too, were found in a room belonging to Kate Cook, and Kate Keys, in Cranbourn Alley.

"He had not been many days at liberty before he wrote the two following letters; and dressing himself at night like a porter, went to Mr. Applebee's house in Blackfriars, and left them with his maid-servant.

"Mr. Applebee,

"This with my kind love to you, and pray give my kind love to Mr. Wagstaff, hoping these few lines will find you in

good health, as I am at present; but I must own you are the loser for want of my dying speech: but to make up your loss, if you think this sheet worth your while, pray make the best of it. Though they do say, that I am taken among the smugglers, and put into Dover Castle, yet I hope I am among smugglers still. So no more, but

"Your humble Servant,

"JOHN SHEPPARD.

"And I desire you would be the postman to my last lodging, so farewell, now I quit the English shore.

"Newgate farewell.

"Mr. Austin,

"You was pleased to pass your jokes upon me, and did say you should not have been angry with me, had I took my leave of you; but now pray keep your jokes to yourself, let them laugh that win: for now it is an equal chance, you to take me, or I to get away, but I own myself guilty of that ill manners; but excuse me, for my departure being private and necessary, spoiled the ceremony of bidding adieu. But I wish you all as well as I am at present. But pray be not angry for the loss of your irons, had you not gave me them I had not taken them away; but really I had left them behind me had convenience served. So pray don't be angry.

"How Austin and Perry you did say,
If e'er the Sheppard got away,
That in his room hang'd you'd be,
Upon that fatal Tyburn tree.

"But that rash way I pray forsake,
Tho' Sheppard is so fortunate,
I would have you with patience wait,
Till that again you do him take.

"For you are large and heavy men,
And two the weight what was of him;
And if a way to that tree you take,
Upon my word you'd make it shake:
So farewell now, my leave I take.

"And what is amiss done, you write, for my scholarship is but small.

"This from your fortunate prisoner,

"JOHN SHEPPARD."

Sheppard immediately broke open a shop, and with the

profits arising from the robbery, he purchased a fine suit of black, a light tie wig, a ruffled shirt, and a silver-hilted sword; with these, and a diamond ring, he struck into the gentleman line, though he knew the officers were tracking him like blood-hounds.

"On the 31st of October, he dined with his two women, Cook and Keys, at a public-house in Newgate-street, where they were very merry together. About four in the afternoon they took coach, and drawing up the windows, passed through Newgate, and so to the Sheers ale-house in Maypole-alley, by Clare-market, where, in the evening, he sent for his mother, and treated her with part of three quarterns of brandy. As she knew the danger he was in, she advised him to take care of himself, and keep out of the way: but Jack had been drinking pretty hard, and was grown too wise to take counsel, and too valiant to fear any thing; and therefore, leaving his mother, he strolled about in the neighbourhood from ale-house to gin-shop, till near twelve o'clock, when he was apprehended by means of an ale-house boy, who had accidentally seen him. Poor Jack was then so drunk, that he was unable to make any resistance, and so he was once more conveyed in a coach to Newgate."

This was a villanous self-abandonment on the part of Jack Sheppard.

"He had now a greater number of visitors than ever, and not a few persons of quality among them. Jack was not a little vain of having such company, and did his best to divert them: he was full of his jokes and stories of his own pranks, which he related in a manner, that shewed he was so far from repenting of his vices, that he only wished for an opportunity of repeating them. He did not, however, forget to entreat the noblemen to intercede with the king for a pardon, and was in great hopes of obtaining one, merely upon the merit of being an extraordinary villain."

He was now watched in Newgate night and day. He was tried and condemned—but was "very merry in the hole." It was his intention,—and he kept a penknife in his pocket for the purpose,—to have cut his cords in the cart near the Turnstile, Holborn, and to have flung himself generously among his mob-friends. In this he was disappointed.

"The day came, but Jack had still some hopes of eluding justice. Somebody had furnished him with a penknife; this he put naked in his pocket, with the point upwards, and, as he told one whom he thought he could trust, his design was to lean forward in the cart, and cut asunder the cord that tied his hands together, and then, when he came near Little Turnstile, to throw himself over among the crowd, and run through the narrow passage, where the officers could not follow on horseback, but must be forced to dismount; and, in the mean time, doubted not, but by the mob's assistance, he should make his escape. It is not unlikely that he pleased himself with these thoughts, when he

said, I have now as great a satisfaction at heart, as if I was going to enjoy an estate of two hundred pounds a year, though the chaplain understood it in a different sense. But this hopeful scheme was discovered in the Press-yard in Newgate, just as he was going into the cart, though it was not prevented without some loss of blood: one Watson, an officer, too incautiously examining Jack's pockets, unluckily cut his own fingers."

It was also his wish, in case of hanging, to be put into a warm bed and blooded—but he was *too* dead. Tyburn saw him die—and he made a decent end, much pitied by the spectators. Jack was a gallant rascal, and we must do him the only justice we can, by saying that he was no murderer!

Many poems and plays were writ upon his life and death. Several pictures of Jack in the condemned hole were published —and upon one, painted by Sir James Thornhill, some lingering lines were composed, that drag upon the ear like the wheels of a criminal's cart. A pantomime, called *Harlequin Sheppard*, was enacted at Drury Lane.—And, no doubt, Jack threw a summerset over Newgate to the great delight of the people in the *one shilling*. The very pulpit moralized on Sheppard's extraordinary escapes—and one preacher in particular, having recorded Jack's adroitness, applied the rogue thus,—

"Let me exhort ye then to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope, take from thence the bar of good resolution, break though the stone-wall of despair, and all the strong holds in the dark-entry of the valley of the shadow of death: raise yourselves to the leads of divine meditation. Fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church. Let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility: so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

We have been lavish of our room upon Jack Sheppard—and must be more guarded in our treatment of the rest. But he was, perhaps, the most daring, careless, and yet bloodless offender that ever stood up to his hips in fading rue, or looked at his face in the livid glass which confronts the dock of the Old Bailey. He was passionately fond of women and wine—and in reference to the latter, he, like justice, despised half-measures. Macheath was but Jack Sheppard set to music. We can easily picture him in our mind's burglary-eye, sitting up three pair of stairs in Drury Lane, "with his doxies around him," singing the old Irish death song of

"For its we are the boys of the Holy Ground,*
That can *dance upon nothing*, and turn us round!"

Jonathan Wild, the notorious thief and thief-taker, was, in February, 1724-5, apprehended and lodged in Newgate. He used to carry a constable's staff about with him, and rob under the very shadow of its crown. He hung mankind at 40*l.* a head, as men have since done. And he constantly caused his companions to be transported, as tenpenny nails are bartered, by the hundred. Jonathan was tried and sentenced to death. The Ordinary's account is very minute, but we cannot tarry with it. The particulars of a curious quarrel between Wild and Charles Hitchen, the city marshal, are detailed—in which much excessive villany is exposed. When two such scavengers begin to pelt each other, dirty work must be looked for. The Marshal bespatters poor Jonathan lustily for three pages—but Wild retorts with several good round accusations, and daubs his opponent to utter blackness. The Marshal considerably "sinks in his repute," after Jonathan's short abusive history. Wild made himself delirious by poison at the time of execution —but he was a little roused to a sense of his situation, by the desperate treatment he experienced from the mob. He died at Tyburn, and was buried—but it was feared by his friends, that he found his way, at last, to "among the otamies at Surgeon's Hall."

The first volume of this extraordinary work ends with the end of Mrs. Hayes, who, it will be remembered by most of our readers, stirred up the year 1726 with about as barbarous a murder as ever convulsed a city, since murders first came into vogue. She hated Mr. Hayes with the heart of a she-Zanga or a tigress. She compassed his death, and, to make it certain, won over to her purpose Thomas Billings and Thomas Wood, two men, who contrived to make him drunk with mountain. Wood and Billings despatched the poor man with a coal hatchet —and Mrs. Hayes held his head over a bucket while the two murderers cut it off.

"Mrs. Hayes proposed, in order to prevent a discovery, that she would take the head and boil it in a pot till only the skull remained, whereby it would be altogether impossible for any body to distinguish to whom it belonged.

"This proposal might have been approved of, only it was not altogether so expeditious: it was therefore proposed, that Billings and Wood should take the same in the pail, and carry it down to the Thames, and throw it in there. This was approved of, and Billings taking the

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* The English-Irish name for St. Giles's.

head in the pail under his great coat, went down stairs with Wood to dispose thereof, as had been before agreed upon."

The head was found, and exhibited in St. Margaret's Church Yard upon a pole;—some friend of poor Mr. Hayes knew it, and recognized the murdered man.

Mrs. Hayes was tried and condemned to be burnt.

"After sentence, Mrs. Hayes behaved herself with more indifference than might have been expected from one under her circumstances; she frequently expressed herself to be under no concern at her approaching death, only the manner of it appeared to carry some terror with it; she shewed more concern for Billings than for herself, and also a surprising fondness for him in all her actions: when in the chapel, she would sit with her hand in his, and lean upon his breast and shoulder, and he on her's; for this she was reprimanded, as being offensive to the spectators, both in regard to the indecency of the action, and as it shewed her esteem for the murderer of her husband; notwithstanding which reason she would not desist, but continued the same until the minute of her death; one of her last expressions to the executioner, as she was going from the sledge to the stake, being an enquiry if he had hanged her dear child."

The following account of her execution is painfully vivid.

"About twelve the prisoners were severally carried away for execution; Billings, with eight others, for various crimes, were put into three carts, and Catharine Hayes was drawn upon a sledge to the place of execution, where being arrived, Billings, with the other eight, after having had some time for their private devotions, were turned off: after which, Catharine Hayes being brought to the stake, was chained thereto with an iron chain, running round her waist, and under her arms, and a rope round her neck, which was drawn through a hole in the post; then the faggots, intermixed with light brush-wood and straw, being piled all round her, the executioner put fire thereto in several places, which immediately blazing out, as soon as the same reached her, she with her arms pushed down those which were before her, when she appeared in the middle of the flames as low as the waist; upon which the executioner got hold of the end of the cord which was round her neck, and pulled it tight, in order to strangle her, but the fire soon reached his hand, and burned it, so that he was obliged to let it go again; more faggots were immediately thrown upon her, and in about three or four hours she was reduced to ashes: in the mean time Billings's irons were put upon him as he was hanging on the gallows; after which, being cut down, he was carried to the gibbet, about a hundred yards distance, and there hung up in chains."

Swift wrote the following ballad on Mr. Hayes' murder, which the Ordinary describes as the work of "an anonymous writer, who imagined this execrable murder was a fit subject for drollery."

"A SONG ON THE MURDER OF MR. HAYES,

BY MRS. HAYES.

(To the Tune of Chevy Chace.)

In Tyburn-road a man there liv'd,
A just and honest life;
And there he might have lived still,
If so had pleas'd his wife.

But she to vicious ways inclin'd,
A life most wicked led;
With taylors, and with tinkers too,
She oft defil'd his bed.

Full twice a-day to church he went,
And so devout would be;
Sure never was a saint on earth,
If that no saint was he!

This vex'd his wife unto the heart,
She was of wrath so full;
That finding no hole in his coat,
She pick'd one in his scull.

But then her heart 'gan to relent,
And griev'd she was so sore;
That quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,
These quarters she convey'd;
And in a ditch at Marybone,
His marrow-bones she laid.

His head at Westminster she threw,
All in the Thames so wide;
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.

But heav'n, whose pow'r no limit knows
On earth, or on the main,
Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown
Upon the land again.

This head being found, the justices
Their heads together laid;

And all agreed there must have been
Some body to this head.

But since no body could be found,
High mounted on a shelf,
They e'en set up the head to be
A witness for itself.

Next, that it no self-murder was,
The case itself explains,
For no man could cut off his head,
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many days had gone and past,
The deed at length was known,
And Cath'rine she confess'd, at last,
The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
And grant that we may warning take
By Cath'rine Hayes's fall."

The second volume begins with the trial of that ruffian-poet, Richard Savage—whose gross barbarities of nature Doctor Johnson endeavoured to adorn and obscure with the cumbrous flowers of his biography. Savage's crime is too well known to need notice here. Colonel Charteris, whose name Pope has damned to everlasting fame, soon follows. His epitaph is the only good thing he ever lived for. At page 152 *Sarah Malcombe, for murders,* holds out five and thirty tempting and desperate pages—but we cannot heed her.

The trial of Charles Macklin, for insinuating a cane into the left eye (which, of course, became the left eye no longer) of Thomas Hallam, occurs at page 234. The accident, for such it really was, arose about a wig:—Hallam was a brother actor. Quin and others vouched for the peaceable disposition of Macklin, and he was acquitted of the murder.

In Richard Coyle's trial for the barbarous murder of Captain Hartley, the letter, written by the prisoner the night before he suffered, is well worth reading. It is at once devout, sly, simple, and pathetic.

The second volume concludes with an account of George Price, for the murder of his wife, which is too frightfully cruel for our pages. It is singular, that this work teems with accounts of men murdering their wives, while there are not more than one or two instances of uncourteous retorts on the part of the women.

The third volume commences with that "black prince" of highwaymen, the desperate and cruel Dick Turpin. He was notorious in the shires of York and Lincoln. Turpin, after innumerable minor offences, was tried for horse-stealing, and he immediately wrote to his father for a character, as though it could be sent by post. He behaved in York Castle with great impudence.

His villanies were heavy and manifold. His behaviour at the place of execution (for he suffered for horse-stealing) is curious.

"The morning before Turpin's execution, he gave three pounds ten shillings amongst five men, who were to follow the cart as mourners, with hatbands and gloves to several persons more. He also left a gold ring, and two pair of shoes and clogs, to a married woman at Brough, that he was acquainted with; though he at the same time acknowledged he had a wife and child of his own.

"He was carried in a cart to the place of execution, on Saturday, April 7, 1739, with John Stead, condemned also for horse-stealing; he behaved himself with amazing assurance, and bowed to the spectators as he passed. It was remarkable, that as he mounted the ladder, his right leg trembled, on which he stamped it down with an air, and with undaunted courage, looking round about him; and after speaking near half an hour to the topsman, threw himself off the ladder, and expired directly.

"His corpse was brought back from the gallows about three in the afternoon, and lodged at the Blue-Boar, at Castle-gate, till ten the next morning, when it was buried in a neat coffin in St. George's churchyard, within Fishergate Postern, with this inscription: I. R. 1739, R. T. aged 28. He confessed to the hangman that he was thirty-three years of age. The grave was dug very deep, and the persons whom he appointed his mourners, as above-mentioned, took all possible care to secure the body; notwithstanding which, on Tuesday morning, about three o'clock, some persons were discovered to be moving off the body, which they had taken up, and the mob having got scent where it was carried to, and suspecting it was to be anatomized, went to a garden in which it was deposited, and brought away the body through the streets of the city in a sort of triumph, almost naked, being only laid on a board covered with some straw, and carried on four men's shoulders, and buried in the same grave, having first filled the coffin with slacked lime."

Turpin was, perhaps, as desperate a ruffian as ever pulled trigger in the face of a traveller. He shot people like partridges! Many wild and improbable stories are related of him; such as his rapid ride to York, his horse chewing a beef-steak all the way: but setting these aside, he was hardy and cruel enough to shine as a mighty malefactor. His name comes upon the memory, as the fumigating vinegar at the Old Bailey comes upon the senses; and he seems (to quote a Newgate

jest) to have been "booked at his very birth for the *Gravesend* coach, that leaves at eight in the morning." He had some partners in the course of his exploits; but he quarrelled with many—many of course separated, and *suddenly died!* for, as the Ordinary on one occasion shrewdly remarks, "there is no union so liable to *dissolution*, as that of felons."

An admirable account of Mary Young, the Jenny Diver of her day, and actually so called by her companions, ensues. It is one long, lively narrative, of clean pocket-picking. We wish we had room for this choice bit of biography, from the top to the toe, as it is really a piece "with nothing but kings!" For all her nimbleness, however, she could not get her neck out of the noose; but death picked her corporeal pocket at Tyburn, of its "invaluable metal," life!—And it's Oh! poor Polly!

There is a grand smuggler murder at page 134. But we go right on. The trial of W. Parsons, for returning from transportation, has some rare romantic letters worth reading, to those who are fond of tender epistles written at a pinch. Captain Lowry's ship murder is well known. Miss Blandy, of York, follows: her murder of her father was sufficiently mysterious to make a million wet eyes for her at the fatal tree. Thomas Twinbrow, a young highwayman of twenty-one years of age, suddenly closes his life, and the third volume.

The fourth and last volume is rich indeed in bold bad men; but our article has already extended to so fearful a length, that we must pass lightly even over such names as the Perreaus, Mrs. Caroline Rudd, Captain Porteous, Mrs. Elizabeth Brownrigg, Cameron, Lord Lovat, Theodore Gardelle, and Eugene Aram. Sir Walter Scott, *the great unknown*, has deepened the fame of Porteous; and Paley has cast some additional interest over the bone-mystery of Aram. We are desirous of concluding with a few remarks, and must therefore despatch our subject with a Jack Ketch-like ingenuity and rapidity. There are clusters of highwaymen and every-day murderers in this volume. But the Wills and the Toms must lie quiet in Surgeons'-hall. We have not room to embalm all their bones in our literary museum; or to rescue them all from a long and inglorious oblivion. The first trial of any great interest in the fourth volume, is that of William Barnard, charged with sending threatening letters to the Duke of Marlborough. This case is mystery itself, cloaked from foot to forehead. Eugene Aram (some trials intervening) follows: he was, as it is well known, accused of a murder, on the strength of some bones being discovered near certain lime-kilns at Knaresborough. Much circumstantial evidence was adduced on the trial, and Aram was called upon for his defence, which he read to the court. It is a masterly composition, written with consummate art and

beauty of language; but from its very ingenious and argumentative nature, fatal, we think, to the cause which it was intended to prop. The jury, after a wholesome summing up, found the prisoner guilty; and he, subsequently, in a letter confessed his crime. Earl Ferrers, for shooting his steward, comes in the wretched train: he dressed himself in his bridal dress to die in. Theodore Gardelle's murder of Mrs. King, is one of the most fearful narratives in the work: the crime was so quietly committed; the body so cruelly hacked for secresy; the neighbourhood so horridly moved to suspicion. He endeavoured to burn the remains, limb by limb; and the stench of the process infected the very atmosphere of Leicester-square, where this murder was committed. We never pass the spot now without seeing Theodore stepping, as in the picture, with a hatchet in one hand, and a leg in the other—while Mrs. King's head, resting on a flaming brand, is consuming in the fire-place. We pass over Elizabeth Brownrigg, the terrific whipper-in of apprentices—such women are "things to dream of, not to tell." She was one of the very few malefactors who have had the pernicious fate of being hallooed out of this world by an infuriated populace. Governor Wall died to the same mob-music!

Mrs. Richardson, for the murder of an attorney, we read, perished at Tyburn. Had she lived in these prolific days, her crime might have stood a chance of going undiscovered. We should think any given solicitor might now be picked out of the law-list, and not missed. Mr. Pimlott was killed in Michaelmas term, which was an excess of cruelty.

Jemmy Dawson, the Manchester rebel, whose death, on Kennington Common, is recorded in this volume, is only remembered now in poor Shenstone's pitiful nimini-pimini ballad. If Shenstone had been suspended as a poet, when Jemmy was suspended as a traitor, Jack Ketch would have done the world double service, and we should have held him in double love. It was mercifully arranged, that Jemmy Dawson was not destined to read the ballad written upon him: dissection would have been a joke to it!

Captain Porteous's trial has been so well and so potently hammered out, in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, that we need not weary our readers with a withered abridgement of it here. The author of *Waverly*, we should think, might, out of the *Newgate Calendar*, make novel volumes enough to bale the Edinburgh smacks for a thousand years. We should like to see the number ascertained by rule of three:—If Captain Porteous give four volumes, how many volumes will all the rogues in the *Annals of Newgate* give?—This would carry the quotient somewhere in amongst the billions, we should suppose.

The trials of the lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock are, fortunately for us, so well known, and the characters of those gallant rebels so well understood,—thanks to the lively letters of Horace Walpole, who certainly dealt with them before he got into his *Anecdotage*,—that we may be very well spared noticing them here. Balmerino joked to the very final flash of the axe, and made a sturdy sport of death, to the lasting delight of your surly, game Englishmen. Lord Lovat was of the same gay, satirical temper, and drank the health of the gentleman who brought the dead-warrant to him. He practised positions for execution, by placing his head on the foot of the bed, and talked at last of being ready for the part he had to play. Just before he ascended the scaffold, he said a short prayer on his knees, and drank a little burnt brandy and bitters. Before he laid his head on the block, his lordship presented a purse to the headsman, and assured him he should be angry if his axeship should so awkwardly cut, as to be compelled to come again. The man was true to the money, and struck off his lordship's head at a blow.

There is a poor trial of poor Baretti, the dictionary man: but we authors make miserable convicts. To be sure, a tolerable calendar might be made of our trials in this world!

Several daring highwaymen follow, and crows, crapes, and centre-bits, are "plenty as blackberries"—but our space is nearly consumed. The melancholy account of the two unfortunate Perreaus', for forgery upon Mr. Adair, with intent to defraud Drummond the banker, is written in a style of pathos perfectly subduing. They were both found guilty.—Death!—The two brothers made a fair and manly defence, but Mrs. Rudd, that human adder in their path, was too wily for them, and they fell a sacrifice to her. They were all tenderness to each other, and to all around them. The Ordinary seems to write as though his pen were dipped in tears. Mrs. Rudd, who had destroyed them, as we think, was brought to trial and acquitted.

The trial of the Dutchess of Kingston closes the work. Thank heaven! her Grace's vices are not worth remembering. She was unfortunately found guilty of marrying one man too many; but she pleaded her *privilege*, and so glided out of the hands of the house of peers. The peers are certainly bad judges of a lady's case.

We had marked several interesting passages in the course of our journey through these four volumes, which we intended returning to explore; but we must content ourselves with merely extracting a curious account of the punishment visited upon prisoners who refused to plead; and a singular piece of

evidence, showing off an Irishman to advantage. The first account is of William Spiggott, a young man who refused pleading to his indictment.

"Before he was put into the press, the Ordinary of Newgate endeavoured to dissuade him from hastening his own death in such a manner, and thereby depriving himself of that time which the law allowed him to repent in: to which he only answered, if you come to take care of my soul, I shall regard you; but if you come about my body, I must desire to be excused, for I cannot hear one word. At the next visit the chaplain found him lying in the vault, upon the bare ground, with three hundred and fifty pounds weight upon his breast, and then prayed by him, and at several times asked him, why he would hazard his soul by such obstinate kind of self-murder. But all the answer that he made was, pray for me, pray for me. He sometimes lay silent under the pressure, as if insensible of pain, and then again would fetch his breath very quick and short. Several times he complained that they had laid a cruel weight upon his face, though it was covered with nothing but a thin cloth, which was afterwards removed, and laid more light and hollow; yet he still complained of the prodigious weight upon his face, which might be caused by the blood's being forced up thither, and pressing the veins as violently as if the force had been externally on his face.

"When he had remained half an hour under this load, and fifty pounds weight more laid on, being in all four hundred, he told those that attended him he would plead.

"Immediately the weights were at once taken off, the cords cut asunder, he was raised up by two men, some brandy was put into his mouth to revive him, and he was carried to take his trial.

"The reasons he gave for enduring the press were, that his effects might be preserved for the good of his family, that none might reproach his children by telling them their father was hanged, and that Joseph Lindsey might not triumph in saying, he had sent him to Tyburn. He seemed to be much incensed against this Lindsey, for, says he, I was once wounded, and in danger of my life, by rescuing him when he was near being taken, and yet he afterwards made himself an evidence against me."

It is well for some of those who are connected with the modern Temple of Reason, that this manner of *cold-pressing* is not now applied to refractory printers.

The following whimsical evidence appears in the course of one J. Molony's trial for a street robbery.

"*Court.* Mr. Young, by what light did you see the prisoners when they robbed you?

"*Mr. Young.* I saw them plainly by the chairmen's lanthorn. When Carrick was going to rifle me, he bid one of them go over the way: but Molony asked Carrick what he sent him away for; and calling to the chairmen, d——n ye, villains, says he, come back, or I will run ye through. And the chairman coming back, Molony stood over

him with his sword. He bid the chairmen hold their hats before their face, but they held them a little on one side, so that they could see what was done.

"*Carrick.* Pray, sir, which side of the chair was I on when you say I robbed you?

"*Mr. Young.* On the left side.

"*Carrick. Now that is a lie, for I was on the right side. I shall catch you again presently.* What coloured coat had I?

"*Mr. Young.* Black.

"*Carrick.* I can prove the reverse.—What sort of a wig?

"*Mr. Young.* A light tie-wig.

"*Carrick. That is another damned lie of yours—for you know, Mr. Molony, that you and I changed wigs that night, and yours is a dark brown.* Had I two pistols in one hand, or one in each hand?

"*Mr. Young.* I saw but one pistol.

"*Carrick. Then your eye-sight failed ye.*"

We miss, in these otherwise perfect volumes, the life and adventures of John Rann, alias Sixteen-string Jack, your only finished Filch of the age. We remember him to have been described thus, verbatim, in an old book of the day:

"Sixteen-string Jack was about twenty-four years of age, about five feet five inches high, wore his own hair, of a light brown colour, which combed over his forehead; remarkably clean, and particularly neat in his dress, which in two instances was very singular, that of always having sixteen strings to his breeches' knees, always of silk (by which means he acquired his name,) and a remarkable hat with strings, and a button on the crown. He was straight, of a genteel carriage, and made a very handsome appearance."

Further, when at the Old Bailey, on the last occasion, he is described thus: "his dress was entirely new, green buckskin breeches, ruffled shirt, and hat bound round with silver strings." Was not this varlet modelled for Filch? He is surely fit to shine in one of Richardson's novels. Such a man would have done Pamela good.

We have now finished our survey. It is impossible to read the *Annals of Newgate*, without being struck with the straight, honest, cordial style of the Ordinary, which, without intending any play upon words, is indeed no ordinary style. It simply goes about its business, without any outward flourishings or needless circumlocutions. The proper words are, as Swift says, put in their proper places; and though we do not go the length of Lismahago's assertion, that the purest English is spoken at Edinburgh, we must say that, in our opinion, if a man be desirous of attaining a clean English style, he must seek it at Newgate. There is, indeed, a conciseness,—a shortness in the composition of the whole work before us, which

authors might study to advantage. The sentences are short and decisive, as the sentences in court: the passages are not flowery,—they smell but of wholesome rue. No attempt is made at graceful ornament or effect; on the contrary, the narratives are hung in the chains of strong iron English, and seem fitted powerfully to the malefactors they belong to. You meet with the words: "the dead-warrant came down."—Is not this hard sentence heavy as fate? Then the finale of "executed at Tyburn," is never or rarely omitted; but winds up the biography and the man as patly as possible.

At the same time, we have observed, that much of the true interest created by the *Annals of Newgate*, is traceable to the public places which are recorded, and the well known spots that are alluded to. The *venues* are well laid. The wondrous scenes of the several tragedies are "familiar to us as household words." We read of Leicester-square—of Fleet-street—of St. Giles's—of Rotherhithe—with a double interest, because we have visited the very stones of the street, and can therefore bring the murders home to our very business and bosoms, (Lord Bacon's old-established bringing home, as our readers well know.) We like to read, that our common streets are so awful: we prize the neighbourly, bloody spots!

Nor should the pictures that illustrate the book be passed over: they are very properly *executed* in the *line* manner, and in lines too, strong enough to hang the subjects. The inscriptions also, under each plate, seem to be histories of themselves, and to utter naked horror to the reader: for instance, we meet with "Blake, alias Blueskin, attempting to cut the throat of Jonathan Wild, on the leads before the Old Sessions-house." And, in another print, we have "Captain Donellan rinsing the bottle after poisoning Sir Theodosius Boughton." Every plate, in short, is thus pithily illustrated.

The Ordinary does not always waive the cracking of his little innocent waggeries; but we believe Ordinaries, out of the condemned hole, are right facetious men—and, strange as it may seem, their very calling makes them such. Why should they always be *Newgatory* in their spirits? The rogues of the present day describe the uneasy process of hanging, as "going out of the world with your ears *stuffed* with *Cotton*:"—The doctor will not easily shake off this jest. In the work before us, we read of one ruffian who "*would* swear, while others were singing a penitential stave of Sternhold and Hopkins." How could he, we would ask, or any one else, help swearing?—In another place, the Ordinary, for once, becomes figurative; for, in speaking of the justices, he says, "they preached to the winds, and were under the disagreeable necessity of reading the riot act."

The confessions scattered plentifully throughout the four volumes are of the deepest interest, far superior to Rousseau's: thus beating that eminent Confessor on his own dunghill.

The long examination we have undergone, has left us nearly as jaded as a Common Serjeant at the fag-end of a tedious session. As we approach our end, we catch the trick of convicts, and begin to get serious. A few plain words, therefore, upon a subject which has been deeply impressed upon us in the course of reading this work: they may be taken as our confession, if the reader pleases.

In closing the book, we are naturally struck with horror at finding, that few of the criminals have exceeded the scanty age of twenty-five,—that they have, indeed, generally been removed from this world at twenty. It is to be inferred, therefore, that with them reflection has had little to do; and that, in most cases, they have been depraved for mere excitement sake, and that excitement indeed was necessary to the existence of their vices.

From this, does it appear that punishment by death has any terror,—any moral effect upon one miscreant on record?—No! The public exhibition of a young man dying resolutely, is rather a fearful display of courage, than an awful warning against crime. The depraved adore what is *game;* and to them a daring death is rather a stimulant than a dreadful shock to their vices: the halter sublimes the ruffian, and makes him a hero at the Debtors' Door:—the gallows, indeed, is but the tree on which desperate courage hideously blossoms!—The convict's piety in the condemned hole is insecure while a chance of reprieve remains; and the moment he escapes the rope, back he rushes to the herd. His solitary penitence, is fear, garbed in religion,—not a healthy consciousness of crime,—not the pure, white repentance of a heart, open to the past, and hopeful for the future! Before capital offences are decreased, capital punishments must be altered. Our laws must lay aside the frequent rope, for the crimes in the hearts of criminals are of those stones, which constant *dropping* will not wear away. Solitary confinement will work incalculable good,—a bad, restless, young man, can bear death better than his own company. The pang of a moment can be steadily met; but patient punishment tames the most brutal-minded. Then, employment should be fully introduced into our prisons,—and the police of our metropolis better ordered: the rewards of officers should not depend on the increase or decrease of crime; at present the rope bears a premium. We are quite sure, that if those persons who are anxious for the amendment of the

penal code of laws in this country, would study the *Newgate Calendar,* they would arm themselves with proofs sufficient to satisfy the most obstinate parliament.

ART. V.—*The Extravagant Shepherd, or the History of the Shepherd Lysis, an anti-Romance, written originally in French, and now made English. London,* 1654. *Printed by* T. Newcomb *for* Thomas Heath, *in Russel Street, near the Piazzas, Covent Garden.*

We are not of the number of those who seek to drive all folly from the world, or pursue poor trembling nonsense to its last hiding place, with the staunch pack of arguments in full cry against her, which modern wisdom is so ready to furnish. As brother Jack in the *Tale of a Tub,* in stripping the lace and embroidery, took part of the garment along with it, so we are inclined to think, those who strip life closely of the gildings of fancy, tear off a portion (frequently a sweet portion) of one sense of existence, for which the cold realities they leave, afford no succedaneum. In the spring-time of life it is, at least, pleasant, and not unbecoming, to give way to enthusiastic conceptions of the great in character, and the wonderful in fortune, and pursue with rapt attention the chivalrous hero in deeds beyond the power of man, and gaze in idea on damsels of more than mortal beauty. We think, even in advanced life, somewhat of the same spirit may be admitted; there is little fear that the many cares, the cold calculations, the necessary precautions, the weighty business, and the important duties of life, will not unavoidably and sufficiently impede the luxuriance of its growth.

In fact, the old romance is now so completely passed away, that but for the cares of a Retrospective Reviewer, who now and then opens the long forgotten pages of the *Arcadia,* we should forget that "such things were," and "were most *dear*" too, to many a tender bosom, and many a gallant spirit, once highly gifted with all the powers of reasoning, and who trod their appointed path, not only with the lofty bearing and noble purity ascribed to the heroes they studied; but with a discretion, prudence, and self-controul, rarely attained without that exercise of piety and religious humility, which always mingled in their perceptions of heroic greatness.

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The *Extravagant Shepherd* is intended unquestionably by his Creator to exhibit as perfect an image of the Arcadian shepherd, as the knight of La Mancha afforded of all knight errantry; and though with inferior powers, and also an inferior subject, to that of the inimitable Cervantes, it is yet but justice to say, that the work abounds with wit, and the situations of the Shepherd are sometimes most happily ludicrous.

The work is dedicated to Mary Countess of Winchester, in the usual style of the time, 1654, and in a strain of clever adulation, from which Dryden himself might have copied, and which we would have quoted, did we not think the space it would occupy better employed, in opening the story, which thus commences.

"Feed on, feed on, dear sheep, my dear companions! The Deity which I adore hath undertaken to reduce into these places the felicity of the first ages: and Love himself, who acknowledges a respect to her, stands with his bow in hand at the entrance of the woods and caves, to destroy the wolves that should assault you. All nature adores Charité: the sun, seeing she gives us more light than himself, hath now no more to do in our horizon; and 'tis only to see her, that he appears there. But return, bright star! if thou wilt not be eclipsed by her, and so become ridiculous to mortals: do not pursue thy own shame and misfortune, but rather cast thyself into the bed which Amphitrite hath prepared for thee, and sleep by the noise of her waves.

"These were the words that were overheard one morning, by some that could understand them, in a meadow upon the river of Seine near St. Cloud. He that spake them drove before him half a dozen mangy sheep, which were but the refuse of the butchers of Poissy. But if his flock was in so ill a posture, his habit was so fantastick in amends thereof, that it was easily discovered he was some shepherd of quality. He had a straw hat, with the edges turned up; a cassock and breeches of white tabby; a pair of gray pearly silk stockings on, and white shoes with green taffata knots. He wore a scarf, had a scrip of foyne-skin, and a sheep-hook, as well painted as the staff of a master of ceremonies. So that considering all this equipage, he was almost like Bellerosa, going to represent Myrtil in the pastoral of the Faithful Shepherd. His hair was rather flaxen than red; but naturally curled into so many rings, as sufficed to demonstrate the dryness of his head. His countenance had some features, which rendered it graceful enough, if his sharp nose and his gray eyes, half asquint, and almost buried in his head, had not made him appear somewhat ghastly; shewing those that understood any thing of physiognomy, that his brain was not of the soundest.

"A young gentleman of Paris having perceived him afar off, was somewhat astonished at his extraordinary garb; and discontinuing his walk, came and hid himself somewhat near him, behind a haycock; where he was so far from making any noise, that he hardly durst dis-

miss his breath. He saw him walk with paces as grave and measured as a Swiss captain, and heard him pronounce words with such animation as if he had been on a stage: which made him believe that he had conned the part of some stage-play wherein he was to be an actor, as indeed they had a little before acted one at St. Cloud."

This poetical personage proceeds to inform Anselme (the gentleman), that he has adopted the name of Lysis, and that he is enamoured of a certain virgin, vulgarly called Catherine, but by him yclep'd Charité; displays to him a withered pink, which she had cast from her breast, and a scrap of torn leather from her shoe, as the inestimable relics on which his eyes, and of course his heart, were fed; describes her person with all the hyperbole of a romantic lover, and, in the course of his narrative, reveals, that Charité is no other than the waiting-woman of one Angelica, who is the acquaintance of Anselme.

Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Adrian, a mercer from Paris, the uncle of the run-away shepherd, who, considering him mad, sought to place him in confinement—he is a plain matter-of-fact person, and thus describes the state of his relation.

"To come to my tale: Lewis's father and mother being dead, I was chosen his guardian, as being the next of kindred. He had already gone through his studies at the college of Navar, and cost his friends more money than his weight. He was eighteen years of age, or thereabouts: I told him it was time for him to bethink himself what course of life he would follow; that he was not brought up to learning, to the end he might idle away his time; and that he was old enough to make his own choice how to dispose of himself. For to try him farther, I asked him whether he had any inclination to be a draper, as I am myself: but he answering me, that he aspired to somewhat more noble, I was not any thing displeased at him. He tabled at my house, and I sent him to certain masters in Paris, who teach the trade of councellors. They are a sort of people that are so expert, that when a young man is to be received a disciple, they undertake to teach him in one month all that he hath to answer, as if it were but to teach him to whistle, as one would do a starling; so that of an ignorant school-boy, they ever make a learned lawyer. My cousin studied a year under them, and was sent thither to no other purpose: yet could he never be persuaded to put on the long-robe. Instead of law-books, he bought none but a sort of trashy books, called romances; cursed be those that have made them! They are worse than hereticks: the books of Calvin are not so damnable; at least those speak not of any more Gods than one, and the others talk of a great many, as if we still lived in those heathen times which worshipped blocks hewn into the shape of men. It doth not a little disturb the minds of young people, who as in those books they find nothing so much mentioned as playing, dancing, and merry-making with young

gentlewomen, so would they do the like, and thereby incur the displeasure of their friends. Those books are good for your medley-gentlemen of the country, who have nothing to do all day, but to walk up and down and pick their nails in an out-chamber: but as for the son of a citizen, he should not read any thing, unless it were the royal ordinances, the Civility of Children, or Patient Grizzle, to make himself merry on flesh-dayes."

Whilst Adrian is talking to Anselme, the hero meets with a real shepherd, to whom (according to all precedent) he descants on his mistress, affirming, that " she had bewitched all nature, and set the world on fire, and made fountains of his eyes, which would drown mankind," &c. The man goes home to his neighbours, relates his news, and causes abundant confusion and distress, all agreeing, that no one but Antichrist could do these things. Lysis goes to the inn after much persuasion with his uncle, and to the old man's great grief refuses the good supper his care had provided, maintaining, that *red* being the colour of his mistress, he could henceforth live only on salmon, crabs, and beet-root, which after great difficulty were provided; but he abused the waiter as an " ungracious fawn," for offering him white wine, and maintains, that for the rest of his life he will drink nothing but claret, and he compels them to place a red bed in his chamber, as the only one on which it is possible for him to repose.

Next day, the uncle returns with a heavy heart to Paris, Anselme undertaking to watch his nephew. As they proceed to his house, the villagers, who had been kept awake all night by the terror he had spread amongst them, and who were intoxicated by the wine they had drank, in dread of the conflagration, having found out who was the cause of their troubles, hoot and throw stones after him; on which he gives the first proof of sanity and wit we have seen, by turning and taking off his hat, saying,—" Sirs, I beseech you, no further ceremony; I take the favor for received."

Lysis, being out the next day, sees the fair Charité herself going an errand, and has the horror of witnessing " a country clout-shee rush upon her to take a kiss which she owed him since they last played at questions and commands." Lysis springs upon this " brutal satyr," and would have slain him; but, alas! the clown seized his crook, and belaboured him soundly, and did not leave him until the presence of Anselme caused the " goat-footed god," as the shepherd terms him, to hasten to the shades.

Anselme presents him with the portrait of his mistress, as painted from his own description (of which a plate is given.)—Lysis starts at what appears monstrous, as the " God of love

sits enthroned in her forehead, her eyes are two suns, and her teeth pearls;" but he soon becomes reconciled to it, observing, "that such beauty as Charité's could only be represented by metaphor, in the stile so happily adopted."

We have now an episode on the loves of Anselme, meant to satirize the "Courts of Love;" but we follow the shepherd, who, determining to adopt all the known methods of making love in the schools he had studied, repairs by night to the house where his mistress dwelt, and having "tied a number of nosegays together with packthread, and procured a ladder to her window," he proceeds to arrange them. In this project he runs his nose into sundry unsavoury basins of the kitchen-maid, who also throws out various unpleasant salutations, so that he descends in such haste as to overset the ladder, and fall sprawling into the street, where he is seized as a house-breaker and murderer, and kept in confinement till Anselme effects his liberation.

As Charité is now gone with her mistress to Paris, the shepherd and his friend follow, where they visit the play-house, and the folly of the hero is again conspicuous: returning thence, they purchase a book, entitled, the *Banquet of the Gods*, of which (as it constitutes an important place in the work) we offer the opening:

"Aurora had already given the watchword to the night to draw her curtains, and truss up her baggage to be gone, when the earth received a morning's draught of pleasant dew, which gave occasion to those that saw it, to imagine that the gods were rinsing their bowls; or that it was the remainder of some nectar, after a great feast; or that haply the beautiful forerunner of the sun washed her hands at her uprising: but though it might have happened to be any of all these, according to the seasons, as men know well by the different dews which fall from heaven, yet was it not either of all those things, fell out then; for indeed it was nought else, but that the horses which draw the chariot of that goddess who began to show herself, shook their manes at their starting out of the sea. The sun being obliged to follow her, had by this time put off his night-cap, and having put on his cassock of fine gold, had encircled his head with beams. The minutes, who are his pages, helped to make him ready, while the hours having dressed his horses, and given them their oats, were putting them into the chariot. It was easy for men hence to judge it would not be long ere he would appear in the celestial vault; but they slighted his brightness, and having just broke off a debauch, that had lasted four-and-twenty hours, they turned day to-night, and went for the most part to bed. Nay, just then when the gods, besetting themselves to their ordinary employments, seemed to upbraid their supinity, their greatest business was to banish all care, nor could they now prostrate themselves at any altars, but those of Bacchus and Sleep. Jupiter, who was wont to receive the early addresses of such as adored him in his temples, was very much surprised with this alteration; and

not thinking fit it should be said, that while mortals entertained themselves in all sorts of pleasures, the gods should be subject to infinite toil (as for example the Sun, who perfected his course with that diligence, that he had not the leisure to wipe his nose by the way) he resolved to treat them all at a solemn banquet.

"He communicated his design to Juno, who was then a-bed with him, but she being somewhat of a niggardly humour, was not well pleased that he should put himself to so great expense; and to take away the desire he might have to effectuate his resolution, she told him she had not napkins enough to entertain such a number, and that it was a long time since Pallas had made her any cloth. Now you are to note, by the way, that this linen of the gods is made of the thread of the lives of mortals, which is still wound up in heaven, when the destinies have finished it. That which hath belonged to virtuous and illustrious persons, is employed in shirts, smocks, handkerchiefs, and table-cloths; but for what comes from rustics and other people of grosser education, there is only made of it kitchen-linen and dishclouts."

They now travel to Brie, which the shepherd mistakes for the forests, where he hopes to lead, alone, a true romantic life. The fair Charité is already here, being in attendance on her mistress at the castle of one Arontes, and he obtains an interview, in which he tells her, "the nails of your allurements have scratched my mind, the points of your features have pricked me, and the frost of your disdain hath trod upon my perseverance." Charité understood nothing, and was glad when her mistress called her away.

The Shepherd takes his guitar, and goes out to serenade the fair enslaver, in a wood near the castle, when, perceiving a person near him with a lute, he conceives it to be some gentle Hamadryad, and following his steps, is lost in the wood, and sleeps there—an accident which delights him, as being in the true spirit of romance. He meets with one Hircan, whom he addresses as a magician, and who, having heard of his follies, humours him, and agrees to transform him into a country lass. Charmed with his metamorphosis, he adopts the name of Amaryllis, and hires himself to Arontes as a servant, that he may have the pleasure of being perpetually near Charité. He is said to look "like a scarecrow in a hempyard, his back was long and flat, his breast no more plump than a trencher, the rest of him as straight as if he had been swaddled."

The new maid acted with great propriety, but being well known, Anselme and the friend he visited (Montenar) amused themselves by causing an accusation to be brought against him, of seducing the handsome foot-boy of Arontes, and he was condemned to the ordeal of standing on a brass-plate: he ventured magnanimously, and did not burn upon it, thereby

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proving himself as great as many of his predecessors; on which the prosecutors protest "he is a witch, and prepare to burn him;" but in the midst of the preparations, Hircan enters amidst smoke and crackers, and hurrying him into his chariot, conveys him in safety to his house

Anselme now endeavours, at their next interview, to convince our Extravagant Shepherd that he is under delusion in all this affair; but so far from being able to effect this purpose, the romantic youth is now confirmed in his madness, and desirous of some other transformation which should prove the strength of his passion for Charité, to whom he addresses the following delectable epistle:

"*Lysis's Pullet, or Love-letter to the fair Charité.*

"Since that love, which is the lightest bird in the world, hath nestled in my bosom, it hath proved so full of egg, that I have been forced to suffer him to lay there. But since he hath laid it, he hath sate upon it a long time, and at length hath hatched this little pullet, which I now send you. The breeding of it will cost you little; all the food it will require will be caresses and kisses. And withal, it is so well taught, that it speaks better than a paraqueto, and it will tell you, as well as myself, my sufferings for you. It hath in charge to inquire whether or no you be yet displeased with me, and to let me know your mind, not by a pullet so big as this, but by the least chicken you please, if I may have the favour; with this promise, that if you have laid aside your rigour, I shall send you no more pullets, but present you with full-grown birds full of valour and affection, such as will ever be

"Your faithful shepherd,

"LYSIS."

Soon afterwards, walking in a grove, the hat of the Shepherd was caught by an old willow tree; climbing the tree to regain it from a distant twig, the tree being hollow, he slipped down into the body of it, and stuck there, with only his face and arms left out. His friends eagerly ran to his assistance, but he earnestly besought them to desist, for as it was evidently the will of the gods that he should be metamorphosed into a willow, he submitted to his fate, and maintained, that "he was sensible of a change in every part of his body, his feet were already rooted in the earth, his skin was become bark, even his clothes were turned into an inner rind:" a shower descending, his servant would have put his hat on his head, but he shook it off with vehemence, and commanding him to depart, the man prudently took it up and went home. After the rain was over, the friends came again, in hopes that the moist state of the new Hamadryad might induce him to return; but he refused all aid, and roared so violently when they attempted to drag him out, that they at length resolved to give him succour another way:

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" I'll give you leave to water me, says the willow, but it must be at my root; and besides, you must only make use of clear water. Wine will do better, replies Clarimond; it is a secret that all gardeners know not; nay, I will cast it above, and it shall moisten you so much the more: know you not, that the rain falls straight down on the tops of the trees.

" Clarimond having said so, would improve the occasion, believing he had already prevailed with Lysis to drink: he got upon a stool, and put into his mouth a tunnel he had sent for; which done, Champagne pours into it at least three pints of wine. The willow was very well content to swallow it; and said to Clarimond, I must needs confess, dear friend, that thou knowest well how to order plants. My pith is all moistened by this liquor thou hast given me; and my sap, which is the radical moisture of trees, is made much more vigorous thereby. I told you so, answers Clarimond; I will now give you a taste of another beverage that is more nutritive. Having said so, he softly spoke to Champagne to go and see if there were not some good broth at his house ready. The lacquey returns presently with some pompion-pottage, that had been made for the ploughmen. They gave him that also through the tunnel; and whenever the bread that had been crummed in it, would not pass through, they forced it down with a little stick, as if they had been charging a piece of ordnance. The willow received all very quietly; for though he believed that trees should not eat, yet his belly told him the contrary; and as it was not much accessary to his follies, so was it well pleased it had gotten somewhat to feed on: when all was done, and that the tunnel was taken from his mouth, he breathed three or four times, as not being able to have contained any longer, the passage of respiration having been so long stopped. At length, says he to Clarimond, this second watering is not so liquid as the first, and yet I must confess it is not the worse for it. Now you are furnished till tomorrow, says Clarimond; but I beg it of the gods, that you may shortly live after another manner among men."

In the course of the night, finding that both Naiads and Hamadryads are wandering in the groves, he consents to join them, and spent some hours very agreeably with a party, each of whom relates his adventures, and, by good example, they at length prevail on him to eat; but as day approaches, he retires again to his hollow tree, and indulges " the most delightful fantasies," in the belief of this enchantment.

The following night the same scene is repeated, with the addition of his servant Carmelin, the Sancho of the tale, who is thrown into the water, and afterwards flogged to make him company for the immortals. In the mean time the willow is cut down, and the Shepherd, after seeking in vain for his own body, at length meets again the enchanted Hircan, who transforms him into a man. He returns to a Shepherd's life, sees Charité, endures her disdain, receives physic from her apothecary, seeing that, in all things, he will conform himself to her,

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"if she spit I spit too," "if she walk before, I put my feet into the places where she tread," &c. He afterwards sends for a chirurgeon, and commands him to bleed him, and to swathe his cheek; which is done, because his mistress's face is swollen, exclaiming, "what! shall I enjoy two eyes when Charité hath but one? I will have no more than she," such being at that time the indisposition of the beloved fair one.

Several new Arcadian shepherds arrive at this time, professing to hold Lysis as their head—he is greatly surprized to see how much their features resemble those of the Hamadryads and River Gods, with whom he conversed during the period of his metamorphosis, but he willingly entertains them, and performs plays with them in the open country, where he is one day alarmed by seeing his uncle Adrian, who threatens to seize him as he returns from the journey he is upon. These shepherds severally relate their adventures, which are got up with a due regard for the marvellous—their stories are followed by that of Carmelin, his servant, which is the best, having much of the Spanish raciness, in the smart delineations of the characters of his masters, but its general style by no means accords with modern ideas of delicacy. The shepherd's happiness "in this true realization of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*," is such as to inspire him with the idea of shining in arms also, and, in order to his becoming a warrior, he prevails on the magician Hircan to render both himself and his follower Carmelin invulnerable; a favour which the latter earnestly intreats may be extended to his breeches, which are especially subject to fractures, but this, the enchanter with due dignity, rejects as unworthy of his art.

After due bathing, fumigation, &c. the knight is duly equipped; traversing the country in an enchanted conveyance, he is met in a close building by two giants, three hideous dwarfs, and a flying dragon; all of which he vanquishes, and proceeds to release a distressed damsel, who is crying in a stable hard by. They return together in the coach of the ever-ready Hircan, and the company in his castle are exceedingly amused with the lying legend of the shepherd, whom they crown with laurel. The author of many French romances opportunely coming thither, Lysis gladly seizes the opportunity of giving his own adventures to the world, and thus instructs him.

"In the first place thou shalt make me take the shepherd's habit at St. Cloud, for there was the beginning of my noble adventures: and then thou must describe with what affection I contemplated those inconsiderable things which I preserved in remembrance of Charité, that is to say, the piece of leather, the paper, and the rest. Now here thou must make use of amplification, saying, that I so loved my mistress, that I would not only preserve what came from her, but that I also made a vow carefully to keep whatever were about me when I

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had the happiness to speak to her, or receive any favour from her. As for example, if I chanced to go to see her where she lived, and that she entertained me favourably, my design was ever after to preserve, as a precious relique, my good and beloved shoes which had brought me into so sacred a place. And this was in my thoughts ever since that time, though I never spoke of it. In the next place thou shalt bring in how I met Anselme, and gave him the story of my youth, and acquainted him with the original of my loves, which must be soon past over: and then shalt thou mention that excellent metaphorical picture of my mistress, which he drew at his house. 'Tis there that is required a triumph of eloquence: my advice is, that thou make use of divers rhetorical figures, especially if thou make my affections relate to the colours of the draught and all that concerns it, thou wilt make a spiritual thing of a corporeal. The copper-piece, shalt thou say, is a rough metal, polished by the severity of Lysis's sufferings; the gold that shines in it is his fidelity; the white is his purity and innocence: the flesh-colour that's in it, is his amorous inclination; the vermilion, his respectful shamefacedness; the black, his sadness and affliction; the blue, the divinity of his imaginations: the separation and division are banishments and opticks; but as for shadow there's very little, because jealousy, which is the causer of them, can find no place there. All these colours have been distempered with the oil of indulgence of a thousand attractions of love-looks, and beaten on the marble of constancy. This done, there may be used a handsome revocation, and thou mayest speak thus, the affection which Lysis bore Charité, made me believe a while that Lysis had himself furnished what was necessary for this picture; but I have understood since, that it was his desire it might be done with nobler things, at least as noble as could be found. There are those that say, there was no more left of the brazen-age than that copper-piece, and that Lysis had purposely taken away that, being to pass out of the iron age into that of gold. As for the gold that glisters in Charité's eyes, and her chained tresses, 'tis certain that it is some of that into which Midas's wine was turned when he was to drink, after he had the gift of changing whatever he touched into gold; and it may be said by parenthesis, that that gold might easily be made potable. The white is the milk which Venus had in her breasts, when she nursed Cupid; for her milk was far better than Juno's, who was too cholerick to be a nurse: as to the flesh-colour, we know not what to say to it, but at last we have imagined it made of Bacchus's sweat; for he being of a perfect red, as may be seen, his sweat is dyed by it, nay, his very tears are coloured thereby; and if there be no likelihood of this, it must be conceived that this flesh-colour is composed of some other.

"As for the vermilion, 'tis the blood of the goddess of autumn, which is one of the four seasons, who having a while since overheated herself, Esculapius was forced to let her blood; for in heaven he is both doctor and surgeon, and observes whatever is prescribed there. The black is Proserpina's paint: for as in these countries there's much pains bestowed to become white, so there she takes as much to make herself black, as being one of the most especial parts of beauty. The

blue without question comes from Neptune's hair, which he cut off some days since, which, by some rare secret, hath been made liquid. As for the partitions, I believe good fortune made them, because nothing departs from us sooner: and as for the shadows, I believe the great sun of the world, or those of Charité's eyes, are the causers of them; for though the sun be the giver of light, yet he cannot be without shades, but makes them as soon as ever any solid body opposes its beams. The oil wherewith all these colours have been distempered, is the very same wherewith Hercules anointed himself, when he was to wrestle at the Olimpick games. As for the marble whereon they were beaten, 'twas a piece of the first altar, which was erected to the gods after the deluge. We had erewhiles forgot the shells to put these different colours in; but it must be thought Venus's shell was made use of, with the egg-shell of Lœda, and for the pencils, they are made of Love's feathers, and his mother's hair; this must be rather said, than they made use of any feathers of the wind Boreas: lovers have not so much to do with him.

"When thou hast thus spoken of Charité's picture, dear Philiris, thou must bring in the letter that I writ to her, which I will dictate to thee word for word. But here I must have a conceit which all the world knows not yet. Most part of your Romancists, when they introduce a man telling a story, after they have made him say, I writ a letter to my fairest, to this purpose, put down afterwards in capital letters, Philiris's letter to Basilia, Polidor's letter to Rhodogina; and so of others, and then the whole letter at length. That's no way handsome, I like it not; as for example, if I should relate to you my history from one end to another, if I were to say I write a letter to Charité, which was to this purpose, must I pronounce aloud these words, Lysis's letter to Charité? that were ridiculous. As there's no necessity of reciting that title, so there's none to write it, unless it haply be in the margent, as an annotation or remark for the convenience of the readers; but I have an incomparable invention to this purpose, when the book comes to be printed; it shall be thus, "being highly desirous to discover my affection to that fair one, I writ her this:" here the line discontinues, and a little lower there shall be "Letter" in a great character, and then the letter follows. This shall serve for a title for the convenience of the reader, and this shall nothing interrupt the system of the narration. In like manner may be said, this gentleman, that prince, that lover or shepherd, willing to lighten his passion by the charms of poetry, on a sudden broke into these (and a little under) "Stanzas," and so the verses afterwards. That knight not being able to suffer such an affront from his rival, sent him this (under it) "Challenge," with the discourse following. And this is an ingenious way to acquire reputation; nor is it a small fault to say, "Polidor having obtained silence, began thus his history;" and then afterwards to make a great title of these words, The History of Polidor and Rhodogina, or some such thing; for Polidor being to tell his story, will not pronounce that title aloud: 'tis a folly to put it, and by that means to interrupt the discourse. 'Twere enough to put it in the margent, or make use of some invention like that beforementioned. Yet there are good authors fail in this point; but I,

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who take from others but what is best, must freely reform what's amiss. When thou hast handsomely brought in my letter, thou must tell by what means it came to Charité's hands; how I got up and laid it on her window, and fastened garlands at the door; and then how I was carried away by pirates, who yet kept me not long a captive, because they were Anselm's friends.

"I forgot the meeting with the Satyr, and many other particulars, which I shall give thee another time in order. As for what hath been done in this country, I believe thou art in good part informed. Thou must put down the adventures I ran through when I was disguised like a maid, and then thou shalt affirm for certain, that I was metamorphosed into a tree, though divers hold the contrary. But as for those who shall be concerned in any of these accidents, my humble suit is they may be honourably treated, they must be considered according to the affection they bore me, that they may be worthily recompensed. Thou mayest add what loose pieces thou please to my history; as for example, the loves of those of my acquaintance, it will make the work the more recommendable. Now I acquaint thee, that when thou art to say, I am in this place or that, when I am in any solitary place, it will not be amiss to say, I was making of verses: for, indeed, when I am alone, I do nothing but ruminate on them. Yet I permit thee to make some thyself to adorn the narration, or to thrust in some old papers of thine, that so they may not be lost; for there are a many have composed romances, on purpose to dispose of their ancient poetry. I shall furnish thee with some of my own; and as for what shall come from thee, it must be purely an imitation of my style. I am in doubt whether we shall bring in more stanzas or elegies. I know not whether is the better; they say, that the making of elegies is like our ordinary walking; and the making of stanzas, in divers cadencies and measures, is as it were dancing: so that the one is much harder than the other. There are others, replied Philiris, that say, that the making of stanzas is like the shifting of little birds from bough to bough, as being yet not fully fledged; but that the making of elegies is the taking of a far flight, which is proper only for such birds as know their trade. These similitudes confound me, said Lysis; I know not whether I should believe, wherefore let there be of both as thou think'st fit. These digressions have kept us from speaking of the principal things that concern us. Thou art to take notice, that before thou set thyself on work about my loves, thou must for a long time go a hunting after fancies, that thou may'st be well provided on all occasions and subjects. As for thy style, it must be smooth and not rough, as that of some writers of these times, in whose works a man cannot read three pages, without hazarding the skin of his throat, so far as would require above two ounces of licorice to make it whole again. But to aim at perfection, I think it were not fit to bring in twice in the same page, the word *some*, nor divers others which I shall call to mind.

"I would not yet have thee follow in all things the rules of our new reformers of language; because, forsooth, they never read any thing, nor can cite any thing; they would have nothing at all quoted, neither in prose or verse, so that a man must shake hands with his-

tories and fables, since a man durst not speak of them: but we must contemn their ignorance, for I would gladly have your ancient things brought into competition with the modern, were it for no other reason, but that this causes the bringing in of a many proper names, which, by their great letters would extremely set out the story. Next to this, comes to be considered, that thy discourses must not be tied to one kind of period, nor be always of one dress, like the fool's coat in a play. It is an excellent secret I heard one boast of at Paris; I think he had an ell wherewith he measured all his periods, clipping them if they chanced to fall out too long, or else he cast them in a mould, and measured them by the pottle, such was his dexterity in that point; whereof he gave this reason, because he was a poet, an orator, and a musician (which seldom happens) and knew all the measures, cadences, and harmonies of discourse, which others were ignorant of. But we shall do well enough to imitate him, nay exceed him. Moreover, when the book shall be finished, thou must not dedicate it to Charité alone, as I sometime proposed to Clarimond. Thou shalt dedicate it to me too, and shalt make either of us an epistle. But here is one thing troubles me extremely to know, when the book is bound up in red Spanish leather, with our characters upon it, whether thou wilt come and present it with only a simple compliment; as to say, Incomparable Shepherd, I present you with this work in my dressing; or whether it will be necessary that thou repeat to us by heart the epistle that shall be in the book, which thou shalt pronounce, as if it were an oration. The author I quoted before, desirous to dedicate his book to the King of Spain, was in the same perplexity. Now, thou art to know, that he having sufficiently dedicated his books in this kingdom, goes from country to country to seek new gods to sacrifice unto; and it is thought, that one of these days, he will go and present Bethlem Gabor with a romance of knight-errantry, to instruct him in the militia; and the great Turk with a book of love-letters, to teach him to overcome the cruelty of his mistresses, which must be Persia, Germany, and the republic of Venice, whom he hath a long time been a suitor to. This author, I say, being on his departure, thought it was but civil to repeat his "epistle dedicatory" all through before him he should present his book to, though he had never done it before. But to be more assured in the business, he knew not whether he should take the advice of a casuist, a civilian, or a sworn stationer. At last, a certain poet told him, that since men put epistles before their books, it was a sign the authors never presented them themselves, but should send them, though they lived in the same house with their Mecenas, because the epistles would speak for them, there being no need of their presence. I think he took his advice, for he gave over his voyage into Spain.—Thou must seriously consider what judgement thou shouldst make on such an occasion. But since we are come so far, I shall note to thee the opinion of the same author upon a sonnet in *Pasquire*, against those who, speaking to the king, make use of the words, 'your majesty,' as if they spoke of another person, and so make the royalty feminine, which was, never to call the King of Spain his catholic majesty in his epistle. He said that when he heard that word, he imagiend it spoken

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of the king's wife, and to give the king a more convenient title, it must be a masculine; as if one should say, 'Sir, since it hath pleased your ray to shed its favours on me;' or to speak yet better, 'Sir, since your power hath vouchsafed to look on me with a favourable eye, I will die in the service of your power: I am, your power's most humble vassal.' Thus you see this writer had handsome inventions: but it is true, for some we have no need of them, and for the rest, they are not much better than such as we should find out ourselves. You give me such excellent instructions, says Philiris, that if I have but the ingenuity to follow them, I shall be the best author in the world, but must acknowledge an obligation to you, both for my eloquence and reputation: I wish myself already retired, that I might take notes of all you have said. I have not told thee all, says Lysis: There will be one thing very remarkable in my history, if thou write it immediately, before there happen any notable change in my affairs; and that is, that all who shall read it will be finely decoyed; they will imagine to find at last, a marriage between the shepherd Lysis and the shepherdess Charité, according to the ordinary rules of all romances; but there will be no such thing. It is certain they will be much deceived there, replies Philiris, smiling; but your marriage shall come in the continuation of your adventures, which I shall one day finish. But that shall not be till such time as we shall have no readers but such as will be abused. Yet I must tell you, the circumvention will be ever thought remarkable. I have known divers romancists, who would come and make their brags to me, that they would surprise and decoy all the world; for the first romance they would make should begin at the end, and that there was no great art or subtilty to begin one but in the midst. As for yours, I shall begin it according to your order and instructions to Clarimond: but though your adventures be already very eminent, and able to satisfy the most disdainful and nauseous intellects, yet I should intreat you to add to, and heighten them if it may be possible, that so the work may be the more complete."

The story now draws near a close. Hircan marries one of the nymphs, and Anselme is joined to Angelica. Adrian, the uncle of Lysis, accompanied by his wife Pernella, comes to carry away his mad nephew, and sees, with astonishment, that the gentlemen around him have so long found amusement in his fooleries, that they are become little better than himself; and he is puzzled and distressed by all the stories they relate, whether true or false. Lysis, driven to his last shift, feigns to poison himself and to die, to the great grief of the honest silkman, especially when he learns, that the dead heroes of Arcadia are burnt, which he considers a most anti-christian way of treating his poor, mad cousin. Lysis, on hearing his own funeral oration, being dissatisfied, moves a little, and his friends think it time to relieve him, seeing his condition; therefore, Charité is brought in; on which he returns by slow degrees to life, his mistress runs out of the house, and the

poor uncle rejoices exceedingly, but is yet troubled how to proceed.

Clarimond, the author of the *Banquet of the Gods*, not bearing to see the well-meaning tradesman in such perplexity, undertakes the cure of the Extravagant Shepherd; and to that end, pronounces a long speech against all romance writers, beginning with Homer, as the original sinner of the fraternity, neither does Virgil nor Ovid escape, the latter being particularly amenable at the bar of this *literal* critic, with whom all metaphor is lying.

"I come forward to the Italian poets. There's Ariosto hath made a romance that is pestered with most absurd inventions. His fable is an imitation of those of the knights errants, and yet it contains many things taken out of Ovid's metamorphoses. The flying horse of Astolphus is the Pegasus of Perseus, and both those warriors relieve a young virgin exposed to a monster. Any one may find other relations: besides, the order is so disjointed, that there is above fifty stories heaped one on another. The author at seven or eight times finishes them, and will leave you two knights with their swords lifted up ready to strike, to go and see what another does; and then he returns to them and makes them exchange two or three blows, and then leaves them again.

"Thus does he make us languish after his fooleries, and his knights are transported from one country into another with as much speed as if their horses had wings.

"As concerning Tasso, we are as much beholding to him as to Ariosto, for having turned our history into a fable. This last hath made it exquisitely impertinent; for though he be obliged to speak as a Christian in his *Jerusalem Besieged;* yet he makes nothing to talk as a pagan, and bring all the ancient divinities on the stage. There are a many more who have thus made a confusion of things without any judgement; but its enough to condemn them all at once.

"To come up to our own time, I shall bring in play the most famous poet that ever was in France: any one may conceive I mean Ronsard; and what reputation soever his works have gotten, I shall venture to encounter them. Let a man consider his sonnets, his poems, and his elegies, they are all full of ancient absurdities; and as for his hymns, wherein he is thought to have been most fortunate, pitch upon that of the four seasons of the year, which is the most esteemed because the fables are most of his own invention. The father and mother which he attributes to the winter in one, are not attributed in another; and thus does he make the seasons change parents to accommodate them to his design. As for his *Françiad*, the same things in a manner may be said against it as against those other pieces of poetry we have already quoted; for if Virgil hath imitated Homer, Ronsard hath imitated Virgil and Homer together; but the imitation is so low and poor, that it will never be forgiven him. If Pallas hides Ulysses in a cloud when he goes to King Alcinöus, and if Venus does the like for Æneas when he goes to Dido, Ronsard must needs tell us, that that

goddess did the same favour for Francus when he was to go to King Diceus, though he tells us not what necessity there was that that hero should be so hidden. This Francus had suffered shipwreck at sea as well as Æneas, and his good hostesses must needs fall in love with him: he slights them both, though they were very favourable to him, because he still reflects on the destinies who assure him he shall be the founder of a new Troy. All this Æneas does, and what is yet far more ridiculous, for a more punctual imitation of Homer, Ronsard cannot make his heroes go three steps without the command of some god. Sometimes Mercury must disguise himself, sometimes Venus; one while he sees them in his sleep, another when he is waking, and a third time he meets with some auguries and predictions, wherein is contained all should happen to him; so that when it comes to pass, it must be repeated once again, nay a third time, if there be any body to relate it to, which is so tedious, that it is no small trouble to read him. Is it not still the same invention for want of other? But, besides, would it not have been a rude impertinence among the very pagans, to believe that the gods should shift from one place to another so suddenly to the relief of a mortal? These poets never suppose any addresses by prayer to those whom they have undertaken to honour, but they say there was presently thunder heard on the left hand, to assure them that Jupiter heard them. Thunder was very common in that time, in any season of the year. Ronsard must also make his comparisons and descriptions like those he made his patrons; but though that be a thing hath gotten much esteem with others, for my part it loses with me."

This long speech is answered by another of the same description in defence, and, as last words are ever strongest, the ladies and Lysis agree with the defendant; but, at length, Clarimond succeeds in inducing Lysis to perceive, that as he had succeeded in imposing, by a feigned death, on his uncle, so had he been himself the willing dupe of the various impostures practised upon him—a deep sense of shame now succeeds, accompanied by melancholy, from which he is aroused, by learning that Charité, to whom he was sincerely, as well as fantastically attached, would listen to his passion, if he would forsake his habit, his crook, and his uncommon mode of address. He takes heart, listens to the suggestion of his real friends, marries, and becomes rational.

In the language of this romance there is a considerable share of wit, and an extensive acquaintance with the mythology of the ancients, and the use made of their imagery, by the then modern French romance writers; but that day is so completely gone by with us, that it is difficult to believe that the clumsy expedients resorted to could deceive the most ignorant, or entrap the most unwary; yet it is certainly a clever, well-written book, and in referring to its great prototype we must remember, that a shepherd is a much less interesting personage than a knight errant. Few ladies will esteem the lover who sits

in the shade to string verses, or weave chaplets, equal to him who breaks a lance, or encounters a squadron, in honour of his mistress; and by the same rule, his insanity is less sublime in its imaginations, and his absurdity less ludicrous in its effects. The author's intention is most pointed against the romance writers of his own country; and it is remarkable, that he never alludes but once to the work of the gentle and brave Sir Philip Sidney,—and then it is touched without dispraise, as though the virtues and talents of that gallant spirit held a spell, that could control the carpings of criticism.

ART. VI.—*The Shepherd's Hunting; being certain Eclogues, written during the time of the Author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea. By* George Wither, *Gentleman. London: printed by* Richard Badger, *for* Robert Allot. 1633.

Wither is an author now little read, and, for the most part, unreadable. Yet he has passages, here and there, which redeem all his dryness, his quaintness, and prolixity; that it does the heart good to think of; and that make us equally love the man, and regret the misapplied powers of the author. His good parts are like the little green isolated spots in some wide and sterile waste. It is, indeed, (at first sight,) a most surprising thing, how any one could write so ill and so well at the same time,—more especially, as his best lines are not the result of care and industry, but seem genuine breakings out of his true character. It is not easy to conceive how any man should write that exquisitely simple and affecting passage in the *Shepherd's Hunting*, in praise of "Poesy," and yet be the author of that immensely long, dull, fanatical poem, the *Britain's Remembrancer*. The only way to reconcile the apparent contradiction, is to suppose, that he wrote with an exaggerated idea of the importance of certain pragmatical doctrines and rules of conduct, the inculcating of which he had much more at heart than real poetry,—which he probably might not even know to be poetry. Perhaps, the little occasional bits of feeling and the natural touches of pathos, which we admire in Wither, were not unlike the ploughman's song, by which he sings himself into inattention to his furrows for a few moments, and then stops suddenly, on finding himself deviating from the right line. We should not be at all surprised, if Wither checked himself at the end of the passage above alluded to; and, with some feeling of self reproach, looked back upon his paper, to see how far this *trifling*

and *personal* digression had extended. Taste in poetry is not, in fact, so simple or self-evident a thing as we are apt, sometimes, to imagine it *We* of this age may, indeed, have made up our minds to one certain style and mode of composition, as the best, or the only endurable one; but we should recollect, that we have been a long time in arriving at this absolute standard of perfection, and that it was necessary to try every mode and variety of style, before we could determine which to reject, or which to establish. The ore cannot be separated from the dross, till after repeated processes and experiments. A modern writer (of course) follows the existing standard,—any deviation from which seems to him absurd. But this was not a rule to a former age, when that which is now thought preposterous and obsolete, was admired as the top of the fashion. In truth, that only is the true and perfect standard of taste, which is approved in all ages, and it must evidently be the work of time to subside into this ultimate conclusion. In accounting for the inequalities or barbarisms of an author's style, at any former period, we are to consider that the fault may be in others, or in himself; for he has to please others as well as himself.

Wither, for example, did not write only for himself—still less did he write for us: he wrote necessarily for his own age. Let his own genius or feelings, then, be what they would, he would naturally surrender them, in a great measure, to prevailing opinion. He would think little of what he knew others would misprize: he would be tempted to affect what they affected. Hence, he would become the favourite and idol of his own age, for those very peculiarities and solecisms, which now make us abhor and discard him from our libraries. A polemical disquisition, an intricate allegory, was then the rage with all those who pretended to wit or wisdom: our author might very easily be blinded by the general taste, or be ashamed to own a preference for a description of mere natural feelings and objects, though the latter might have given him much the greatest pleasure in writing it; or with all the delicacy of feeling, and love of nature in the world, and perception of its beauties, he might be carried away with the stream of fanaticism and bigotry, as well as others. He might have the same delight in the briars and thorns of controversy, as in the shepherd's crook, or the thymy greensward. Give him all the taste for nature possible, all the genius for describing it, this is no reason why he should not like other things, though less pure or generally pleasing in themselves. A moot-point, a quibble, might charm the simple, unsophisticated mind of an author like Wither, as much as the daisy under his feet or the rainbow over his head; and, from having less turn for the forced and artificial, than for the natural style, he might set more value upon

it, in proportion to the difficulty it cost him. Man is a compound, and not a simple animal. His tastes are various, gross and refined, good, bad, and indifferent; and whatever he has a fancy for, he will put into his writings, unless the taste of others or the laws of criticism forbid it. Shakespeare was fond of puns, and indulged in them; and so would many of those who condemn them most severely in his writings, if they could hazard them with impunity. The fastidiousness of writers is the effect of the fastidiousness of readers. There is very little resemblance between the controversial writings of Milton, and *Paradise Lost:* yet he was sufficiently in earnest in both, and if he had had to strike out any passages from the last, he would probably have been most loth to part with those which bear some affinity to his theological pursuits, and which are certainly the least attractive to a modern reader. Perhaps the advantage of modern taste consists in its purity in this respect, or in its selection of those topics and sentiments which are the more peculiar province of poetry. A future race of critics will, in all likelihood, condemn the mixture of poetry and scientific disquisitions, in such writers as Darwin, quite as much, and with the same reason, that we object to the allegories and emblems of Quarles and Wither.

The remarks here made would apply, not only to the metaphysical poets of the age of Charles the First, but to the prose-writers as well. It was not the fashion of the day to sacrifice to the Graces, but to sacrifice the Graces to a dark and mystical spirit of controversy. All were borne away with the *mania,* more or less; and, however their genial spirits might shine through them at intervals, seemed by custom to prefer the abstruse, the difficult, and far-fetched, to the natural and pleasing. It is nearly the same with Jeremy Taylor. *The Edinburgh Review* was never more wrong than in asserting, that "there is in *any one* of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor, more fine fancy and original imagery,—more brilliant conceptions and flowing expressions,—more new figures and new applications of old figures,—more, in short, of the body and soul of poetry, than in all the odes and the epics, that have ever been produced in Europe." The honest fact is, a heavier author, for general reading, is not to be found than Bishop Taylor; and that he who looks for beautiful imagery, must confine his search to only one or two of his volumes, viz. his *Sermons* and the *Holy Living and Dying.* All the rest, when compared with the beauty and pathos of parts of these works, is the sheerest splitting of straws, a casuist and a divine ever amused himself with.

We cannot be so much surprised, that there should be writers who were addicted to this Gothic style, while it was

the fashion; since we find readers who are still fond of it, perhaps, because it is no longer the fashion. Wither is, we understand, an especial favourite with an eminent critic of the present day So, also, is Donne. This writer belongs to the class of *metaphysical critics*, who find beauties where no one else can, and this may be said to be characteristic of his mind. He does not like to see the game lie panting at his feet, but to hunt it down for himself through tangled bushes and crooked bye-paths. Precisely in proportion as a thing is unintelligible or uninteresting to common apprehensions, it seems to please him. It thus becomes a discovery of his own,—a singular acquisition in point of taste, which nobody can or will dispute with him,—an enclosure on the waste of learning, from which he derives little profit, but the credit of defending it against all impugners. His select and favourite passages are so many *dulcineas*, of which, in the first place, he need not be jealous; and which, besides, afford him an endless opportunity of breaking a lance with almost every one he meets, and of signalizing his perverse ingenuity, by maintaining them to be the fairest offspring of the Muses. A contemporary writer has designated this race of critics, as "the *Occult School*,"—the *Veré Adepti*. "They discern," he adds, "no beauties but what are concealed from superficial eyes,—overlook all those that are obvious to the vulgar part of mankind. *They see farther into a millstone than most others.* If an author is utterly unreadable, they can read him for ever: his intricacies are their delight, his mysteries are their study. They judge of works of genius, as misers do of hidden treasure—it is of no value unless they have it all themselves. They will no more share a book than a mistress with a friend. If they suspected their favourite volumes of delighting any eyes but their own, they would immediately discard them from their list. Theirs are superannuated beauties, that every one else has left off intriguing with. This is not envy or affectation, but a natural proneness to singularity, a love of what is odd and out of the way. They must come at their pleasures with difficulty, and support admiration by an uneasy sense of ridicule and opposition. They despise those qualities in a work which are cheap and obvious. They like a monopoly of taste, and are shocked at the prostitution of intellect, implied in popular productions. Pure pleasures are in their judgement cloying and insipid. Nothing goes down with them but what is *caviare* to the multitude. They are eaters of olives, and readers of black-letter. Yet they sometimes smack of genius, and would be worth any money, were it only for the variety of the thing."

It is curious enough (and a confirmation of the tenour of

the foregoing remarks) that Wither, in the preface to his *Emblems*, excuses himself for not having run so much as might be expected of him, into the recondite and fantastic style of his age. The passage is worth noting:

"I take little pleasure," he says, "in rhymes, fictions, or conceited compositions for their own sakes; neither could I ever take so much pains, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words, than *such as flowed forth without study:* partly because I delight more in matter, than in wordy flourishes; but chiefly because those wordy conceits, which by some are accounted most elegant, are not only, for the greater part, empty sounds and impertinent clinches in themselves, but such inventions as do sometime also obscure the sense to common readers; and serve to little other purpose, but for witty men to shew tricks to one another; for the ignorant understand them not, and the wise need them not. So much of them, as without darkening the matters to them that most need instruction, may be made use of to stir up the affections, win attention, or help the memory, I approve and make use of to those good purposes, according as my leisure and the measure of my faculties will permit."

Wither was born in 1588, at Bentworth, in Hampshire, and died in 1667, aged seventy-nine. For publishing, in 1613, a satire, called *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, he was confined in the Marshalsea prison, where he remained several years, and where he composed some of his best works; among others, the *Shepherd's Hunting*. There is a portrait of him, at the age of twenty-one, prefixed to his poems, with this inscription round the margin: "I GROW AND WITHER, BOTH TOGETHER!" The emblem might be applied to the prematureness and caducity of his fame. The costume of this portrait is also a striking comment on the texture of his writings. He seems, in himself, a lively, good-looking young man; but from the fashionable appendages, in which he is disguised, resembles an armadillo tricked out in point-lace. His person had as little to do with his dress, as his genius with his ordinary style!

Having cleared the way by these general remarks, we shall proceed to give two rather long extracts, to satisfy the reader of the justness both of our censure and our praise. The first passage we shall quote is one of the best in his faulty manner. It is his account of the *Passions*, in the character of a pack of hounds, from the *Shepherd's Hunting*. Philarete thus speaks:—

"My friends, I will: you know I am a swain,
That kept a poor flock on a barren plain;
Who, though it seems I could do nothing less,
Can make a song, and woo a shepherdess,

And not alone, the fairest where I live
Have heard me sing, and favours deign'd to give;
But, though I say't, the noblest nymph of Thame
Hath grac'd my verse unto my greater fame.
Yet, being young, and not much seeking praise,
I was not noted out for shepherds' lays;
Nor feeding flocks, as you know others be:
For the delight that most possessed me
Was hunting foxes, wolves, and beasts of prey,
That spoil our folds, and bear our lambs away.
For this, as also for the love I bear
Unto my country, I laid by all care
Of gain, or of preferment, with desire
Only to keep that state I had entire.
And, like a true grown huntsman, sought to speed
Myself with hounds of rare and choicest breed,
Whose names and natures ere I further go,
Because you are my friend, I'll let you know.
My first esteemed dog that I did find,
Was by descent of old Acteon's kind;
A brache, which if I do not aim amiss,
For all the world is just like one of his;
She's named Love, and scarce yet knows her duty,
Her dam's my lady's pretty beagle, Beauty.
I bred her up myself with wond'rous charge,
Until she grew to be exceeding large,
And wax'd so wanton, that I did abhor it,
And put her out amongst my neighbours for it.
The next is Lust, a hound that's kept abroad
'Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a toad
Is not more loathsome: 'tis a cur will range
Extremely, and is ever full of mange;
And 'cause it is infectious, she's not wont
To come among the rest, but when they hunt.
Hate is a third, a hound both deep and long;
His sire is true, or else supposed wrong.
He'll have a snap at all that pass him by,
And yet pursues his game most eagerly.
With him goes Envy coupled, a lean cur,
And yet she'll hold out, hunt we ne'er so far;
She pineth much, and feedeth little too,
Yet stands and snarleth at the rest that do.
Then there's Revenge, a wond'rous deep-mouth'd dog,
So fleet, I'm fain to hunt him with a clog,

Yet many times he'll much out-strip his bounds,
And hunts not closely with the other hounds:
He'll venture on a lion in his ire;
Curs'd Choler was his dam, and Wrong his sire.
This Choler is a brach, that's very old,
And spends her mouth too much to have it hold:
She's very testy; an unpleasing cur,
That bites the very stones, if they but stir;
Or when that ought but her displeasure moves,
She'll bite and snap at any one she loves.
But my quick scented'st dog is Jealousy,
The truest of this breed's in Italy.
The dam of mine would hardly fill a glove,
It was a lady's little dog, call'd Love;
The sire a poor deformed cur, nam'd Fear,
As shagged and as rough as is a bear:
And yet the whelp turn'd after neither kind,
For he is very large, and near-hand blind.
Far-off he seemeth of a pretty colour,
But doth not prove so, when you view him fuller.
A vile suspicious beast, whose looks are bad,
And I do fear in time he will go mad.
To him I couple Avarice, still poor;
Yet she devours as much as twenty more;
A thousand horse she in her paunch can put,
Yet whine, as if she had an empty gut;
And having gorg'd what might a land have found,
She'll catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a hound as greedy full,
But he for all the daintiest bits doth cull;
He scorns to lick up crumbs beneath the table,
He'll fetch from boards and shelves, if he be able;
Nay, he can climb, if need be; and for that
With him I hunt the martin and the cat;
And yet sometimes in mounting he's so quick,
He fetches falls are like to break his neck.
Fear is well-mouth'd, but subject to distrust;
A stranger cannot make him take a crust:
A little thing will soon his courage quail,
And 'twixt his legs he ever claps his tail.
With him, Despair now often coupled goes,
Which by his roaring mouth each huntsman knows.
None hath a better mind unto the game;
But he gives off, and always seemeth lame.

My blood-hound Cruelty, as swift as wind,
Hunts to the death, and never comes behind;
Who, but she's strapt and muzzled too withall,
Would eat her fellows, and the prey and all.
And yet she cares not much for any food,
Unless it be the purest harmless food.
All these are kept abroad at charge of many,
They do not cost me in a year a penny."

This prolix allegory, however quaint, is ingenious and sensible. The reader lends it a doubtful approbation; but the following lines come and go to the heart.

" See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays;
And that vapours which do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem not to us with black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it, unblemish'd, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath on thee:
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometime drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgements and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last:
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For, if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.

But, alas! my muse is slow;
For thy place she flags too low:
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late:
And poor I, her fortune rueing,
Am myself put up a mewing:
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did:
And though for her sake I am crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double:
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For, though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the springtide yields,
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel.
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But Remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will.
(Whence she would be driven, too,
Were't in mortal's power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow:
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw:

And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight,
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustlëing.
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks imboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss:
The rude portals that give light
More to Terror than Delight:
This my chamber of Neglect,
Wall'd about with Disrespect.
From all these and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee,
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy madd'st fits
More than all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,

Thou dost teach me to contemn
What make knaves and fools of them."

This beautiful allusion to his own pursuits and misfortunes, has been often referred to with admiration, and ought never to be omitted in any collection of poetical extracts. It is calculated to throw a mild, pensive lustre, both on humanity and on poetry.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Written by himself. London. For* J. Dodsley, *in Pall-Mall,* 1770.

The *transition-age* of our history, as the reign of James I. has been happily termed, is remarkable for so many instances of profligacy, corruption, and baseness, amongst our nobility, that were the character of Lord Herbert of Cherbury much less distinguished than it is, by the high qualities which adorn it, the contemplation of its excellences would be a most seasonable relief to our minds, when sickened with the vices of such men as Somerset and Northampton. The standard of honourable, and indeed of virtuous feeling, seems never to have been reduced lower amongst us than at this period, when even the most exalted spirits were unable entirely to soar above the mephitic atmosphere in which they were enveloped. The wisdom of Bacon could not prevent him from grovelling in the dust of a court, and soiling the splendours of a character which might have shone stainless through all ages, by arts which have rendered him a warning to posterity, when he should have been its highest example. The varied accomplishments of Raleigh, a man whom Nature had fashioned to be the model of all gallantry, honour, and wisdom, serve but as lights to draw into more conspicuous notice his faults and his follies, for of vices he ought surely to be acquitted. Not all the learning and patriotism of Coke can ever cleanse his fame from the blot with which his fierce inhumanity towards the unfortunate Raleigh has stained it. Thus, amongst nearly all the eminent men of that day, we look in vain for that conjunction of *the great* and *the good,* which is the only basis of a truly noble character. There cannot be a stronger proof of the disorganized state of moral feeling at this period, than the various fates of the individuals whom we have just named. Somerset, a convicted adulterer and murderer, retired upon a pension.—Northampton, his accomplice, endowed an alms-

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house, and died an edifying death in his own palace.—Bacon, the services for which he had sold his honour forgotten, perished in destitute poverty—the learned head and the brave heart of Raleigh could not save him from the steel of the executioner; and disgrace was the portion accorded to the honesty and profound sagacity of Sir Edward Coke. In times thus ordered, it is gratifying to find one instance where worth and valour, and learning and prosperity, were all united, as they were in the person of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Even in making these very few observations, we feel as though we were wronging our readers, and detaining them from a banquet by expatiating on the excellence of the viands. To those, indeed, who have not already devoured the work, we can promise a rich and delightful feast, which we hope they may relish with a zest equal to that which, as we well recollect, attended our first perusal of these captivating memoirs.

Edward Herbert, afterwards created Lord Herbert of Cherbury in England, was born in the year 1583 and was the eldest son of Richard Herbert, Esq. a gentleman of ancient family in Monmouthshire. Many of his ancestors were celebrated for their valour, a quality which they transmitted unimpaired to their descendant. His great grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert, "was that incomparable hero, who (in the history of Hall and Grafton, as it appears) twice passed through a great army of Northern men, alone, with his pole-axe in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gaul, or the Knight of the Sun." The subject of the memoirs before us, received his earliest education in the house of his "lady grandmother," where he profited so much, that before he was nine years of age, he made an oration of a sheet of paper, and fifty or sixty verses in the space of a day on the theme of *Audaces fortuna juvat*. At the age of twelve, he was sent to the University of Oxford; and in 1598, he married the daughter of Sir William Herbert, of St. Gillians; after which event, he returned to Oxford, and "followed his book more close than ever." When he was about eighteen, his mother took a house in London, in which he resided with her for some years. On his arrival in the metropolis, he was introduced at the court of Elizabeth.

"About the year of our Lord 1600, I came to London, shortly after which the attempt of the Earl of Essex, related in our history, followed; which I had rather were seen in the writers of that argument, than here. Not long after this, curiosity, rather than ambition, brought me to court; and as it was the manner of those times, for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence chamber, when she passed by the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me, she stopped, and

swearing by her oath, demanded, Who is this? Every body there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, until Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the Queen staid, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert, of St. Gillians', daughter. The Queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, it is pity he was married so young, and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me upon the cheek. I remember little more of myself, but that from that time until King James's coming to the crown, I had a son which died shortly afterwards, and that I attended my studies seriously; the more I learnt out of my books, adding still a desire to know more."

On the accession of James I. he was made a knight of the Bath, on which occasion he experienced some extraordinary marks of attention, which he has recorded in his life. On the sleeve of the robe with which the knight was invested, it was formerly usual to fasten a knot of white silk and gold, which was to be worn until the knight "had done something famous in arms, or until some lady of honour should take it off, and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, I will answer he shall prove a good knight." Sir Edward Herbert had not long worn the knot, when a principal lady of the court, whose name is now lost to us, but who was "certainly, in most men's opinions, the handsomest," took off the knot from the new knight's sleeve, and pledged her honour for his. An incident like this might have awakened all the feelings of chivalric gallantry in a heart less sensible to their impressions, than that of Sir Edward Herbert. In the year 1608, Sir Edward resolved, notwithstanding his lady's aversion to the measure, to visit the continent; and accordingly proceeded to Paris, where he became acquainted with the Constable Montmorency, the hero of Dreux and St. Denis. During his residence at the castle of Merlon, the residence of "that brave old general," Sir Edward displayed, in the following manner, the almost Quixotic gallantry of his disposition:

"Passing two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the duchess, of about ten or eleven years of age, going from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself, with divers French gentlemen, attended her and some gentlewomen that were with her. The young lady wearing a knot of ribband on her head, a French chevalier took it suddenly and fastened it to his hatband. The young lady, addressing herself to me, said, Monsieur, I pray get my ribband from that gentleman; hereupon, going towards him courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour, that I may deliver the lady her ribband or bouquet again; but he roughly answering me, Do you think I will give it you, when I have refused it to her? I replied, Nay, then, sir, I will make you restore it by force; whereupon also, putting on my hat and reaching at his, he, to save himself, ran

away, and, after a long course in the meadow, finding that I had almost overtook him, he turned short; and running to the young lady, was about to put the ribband on her hand, when I, seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady, it was I that gave it. Pardon me, quoth she, it is he that gives it me. I said, then, madam, I will not contradict you; but if he dare say, that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him. The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day, I desired Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier, that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the ribband, or fight with me; but the gentleman seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon, I following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the Constable taking notice hereof, acquainted him therewith, who, sending for the French chevalier, checked him well for his sauciness, in taking the ribband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house; and this was all I ever heard of the gentleman, with whom I proceeded in that manner, because I thought myself obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion."

The pugnacious qualities of our hero now began most rapidly to develope themselves. It was not, however, either out of the rashness and impatience of his disposition, or from a spirit of bravado, that he was thus ready to unsheath his sword. To encounter an adversary, in single combat, was with him a matter of ordinary occurrence, which he appears to have considered as a part of his usual vocation. Whenever he witnessed an injury or an insult, he immediately constituted himself the champion of the offended party. "I remember," says he, "that three other times I engaged myself to challenge men to fight with me, who I conceived had injured ladies and gentlewomen:" and again, "I had another occasion to challenge one Captain Vaughan, who, I conceived, offered some injury to my sister, the lady Jones, of Abarmarlas." Though he thus frankly hazarded himself for his friends, he never drew his sword in his own personal quarrels. At Paris, Sir Edward met with as valiant and ready a swordsman as himself—the famous Monsieur Bàlagny.

"All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in their place, and I myself next to the Queen, expecting when the dancers would come in, one knocked at the door somewhat louder than became, as I thought, a very civil person; when he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, *C'est Monsieur Balagny*, or, it is Monsieur Balagny; whereupon also, I saw the ladies and gentlewomen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and which is more, when one lady had his company a while, another would say, You have enjoyed him long enough, I must have

him now; at which bold civility of theirs, though I were astonished, yet it added to my wonder, that his person could not be thought, at most, but ordinarily handsome: his hair, which was cut very short, half grey; his doublet but of sackcloth cut to his shirt, and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing myself by some standers-by who he was, I was told that he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight,—and that, for this reason, the ladies made so much of him, it being the manner of all Frenchwomen to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any else with the safety of their honour. This cavalier, though his head was half grey, he had not yet attained the age of thirty years, whom I have thought fit to remember more particularly here, because of some passages that happened afterwards betwixt him and me, at the siege of Juliers, as I shall tell in its place."

The following is the "passage" which occurred at the siege of Juliers.

"One day, Sir Edward Cecill and myself coming to the approaches that Monsieur de Balagny had made towards a bulwark or bastion of that city, Monsieur de Balagny, in the presence of Sir Edward Cecill and divers English and French captains then present, said, *Monsieur, on dit que vous etes un des plus braves de votre nation, et je suis Balagny, allons voir qui faira-le mieux;* they say, you are one of the bravest of your nation, and I am Balagny, let us see who will do best; whereupon leaping suddenly out of the trenches with his sword drawn, I did in the like manner as suddenly follow him, both of us in the mean while striving who should be foremost, which being perceived by those of the bulwark and cortine opposite to us, three or four hundred shot at least, great and small, were made against us. Our running on forwards, in emulation of each other, was the cause that all the shots fell betwixt us and the trench from which we sallied; when Monsieur Balagny, finding such a storm of bullets, said, *Par dieu il fait bien chaud;* it is very hot here. I answered briefly thus: *Vous en ires premier, autrement je n'iray jamais;* you shall go first, or else I will never go. Hereupon he ran with all speed, and somewhat crouching towards the trenches, I followed after leisurely and upright, and yet came within the trenches before they on the bulwark or cortine could charge again; which passage afterwards being related to the Prince of Orange, he said it was a strange bravado of Balagny, and that we went to an unavoidable death."*

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* Monsieur Balagny died as might have been expected. "There fell out a great quarrel last week between Monsieur Balagny and one Monsieur Pimocin, who encountering together in the streets, the said Pimocin was slain, and Balagny himself was sorely wounded, and some others who came in to part them.—*Winwood's Memorials*, iii. 350. In a subsequent Letter, M. Balagny is said to have died of his wounds.

But amidst all our hero's valiant achievements, there is none that can compete with his magnificent encounter with Sir John Ayres, which for the courage, address, and firmness, displayed in it, may rival any legend in the romances of chivalry. Lady Ayres had been so struck with the noble appearance and gallant spirit of Sir Edward Herbert, that she obtained an enamelled miniature of him, which she concealed in her bosom. This incident coming to the knowledge of Sir John, naturally enough excited his jealousy, though the object of the lady's admiration has unequivocally cleared her honour. The desire of vengeance which Sir John Ayres felt was too fierce to allow him to meet his foe in open combat, and he therefore prudently resolved to "kill him in his bed," or "any way that he could." The following proceedings were the consequence of this valiant resolution.

"After this, finding he could take no advantage against me, then in a treacherous way he resolved to assassinate me in this manner; hearing I was come to Whitehall on horseback with two lacqueys only, he attended my coming back in a place called Scotland-yard, at the hither end of Whitehall, as you come to it from the Strand, hiding himself here with four men armed on purpose to kill me. I took horse at Whitehall-gate, and passing by that place, he being armed with a sword and dagger, without giving me so much as the least warning, ran at me furiously, but, instead of me, wounded my horse in the brisket, as far as his sword could enter for the bone; my horse hereupon starting aside, he ran him again in the shoulder, which though it made the horse more timorous, yet gave me time to draw my sword. His men thereupon encompassed me, and wounded my horse in three places more; this made my horse kick and fling in that manner as his men durst not come near me; which advantage I took to strike at Sir John Ayres with all my force, but he warded the blow both with his sword and dagger; instead of doing him harm, I broke my sword within a foot of the hilt. Hereupon some passenger that knew me, and observing my horse bleeding in so many places, and so many men assaulting me, and my sword broken, cried to me several times, 'Ride away, ride away;' but I, scorning a base flight upon what terms soever, instead thereof alighted as well as I could from my horse. I had no sooner put one foot upon the ground, but Sir John Ayres pursuing me, made at my horse again, which the horse perceiving, pressed on me on the side I alighted, in that manner that he threw me down, so that I remained flat upon the ground, only one foot hanging in the stirrup, with that piece of a sword in my right hand; Sir John Ayres hereupon ran about the horse, and was thrusting his sword into me, when I finding myself in this danger, did with both my arms reaching at his legs pull them towards me, till he fell down backwards on his head. One of my footmen hereupon, who was a little Shropshire boy, freed my foot out of the stirrup; the other, which was a great fellow, having run away as soon as he saw the first assault. This gave me

time to get upon my legs, and to put myself in the best posture I could with that poor remnant of a weapon. Sir John Ayres by this time likewise was got up, standing betwixt me and some part of Whitehall, with two men on each side of him, and his brother behind him, with at least twenty or thirty persons of his friends, or attendants of the Earl of Suffolk. Observing thus a body of men standing in opposition against me, though to speak truly I saw no swords drawn but by Sir John Ayres and his men, I ran violently against Sir John Ayres; but he, knowing my sword had no point, held his sword and dagger over his head, as believing I could strike rather than thrust, which I no sooner perceived but I put a home thrust to the middle of his breast, that I threw him down with so much force, that his head fell first to the ground, and his heels upwards. His men hereupon assaulted me, when one Mr. Mansel, a Glamorganshire gentleman, finding so many set against me alone, closed with one of them; a Scotch gentleman also closing with another, took him off also; all I could well do to those two which remained, was to ward their thrusts, which I did with that resolution that I got ground upon them. Sir John Ayres was now got up a third time, when I making towards him with an intention to close, thinking that there was otherwise no safety for me, put by a thrust of his with my left hand, and so coming within him received a stab with his dagger on my right side, which ran down my ribs as far as my hip, which I feeling, did with my right elbow force his hand, together with the hilt of the dagger, so near the upper part of my right side, that I made him leave hold. The dagger now sticking in me, Sir Henry Cary, afterwards Lord of Faulkland and Lord-Deputy of Ireland, finding the dagger thus in my body, snatched it out. This while I, being closed with Sir John Ayres, hurt him on the head, and threw him down a third time; when kneeling on the ground and bestriding him, I struck at him as hard as I could with my piece of a sword, and wounded him in four several places, and did almost cut off his left hand; his two men this while struck at me, but it pleased God even miraculously to defend me; for when I lifted up my sword to strike at Sir John Ayres, I bore off their blows half a dozen times. His friends now finding him in this danger, took him by the head and shoulders, and drew him from betwixt my legs, and carried him along with them through Whitehall, at the stairs whereof he took boat. Sir Herbert Croft (as he told me afterwards) met him upon the water vomiting all the way, which I believe was caused by the violence of the first thrust I gave him. His servants, brother, and friends, being now retired also, I remained master of the place and his weapons; having first wrested his dagger from him, and afterwards struck his sword out of his hand."

Not satisfied with this rencontre, Sir Edward Herbert, as soon as he had fully recovered from his wounds, desired Sir Robert Harley to inform Sir John, that though he thought he had not so much honour left in him, that he could be any way ambitious to get it, yet that he desired to see him in the field

with his sword in his hand. Sir John's reply was highly characteristic—" that he would kill Sir Edward with a musket out of a window."

In the year 1614, hearing that the army of the Prince of Orange was about to take the field in the Low-Countries, Sir Edward Herbert offered his services to that general, and received a most gracious welcome. This was his second appearance on this scene, having served with great credit in the year 1610. In the present campaign, he accepted the challenge of a Spanish cavalier, " That if any cavalier in the enemy's army would fight a single combat for the sake of his mistress, the said Spaniard would meet him." This duel was only prevented by the interference of the Spanish general. On leaving the army of the Prince of Orange, Sir Edward proceeded through Switzerland to Italy, where he narrowly escaped the fangs of the inquisition. The Duke of Savoy having offered to him the command of four thousand men, whom he was about to send to Piedmont, he accepted the service, and marched at their head to rejoin his old companions in arms. On this journey, he availed himself of the opportunity of calling at Burgoine, as Sir John Firmet and Sir Richard Newport had informed him, that the host's daughter there was the handsomest woman they had ever seen in their lives. Sir Edward has left us a fine Rubens-like picture of her.

" Waking now about two hours afterwards, I found her sitting by me, attending when I would open mine eyes. I shall touch a little of her description: her hair being of a shining black, was naturally curled in that order that a curious woman would have dressed it, for one curl rising by degrees above another, and every bout tied with a small ribband of a niccarine, or the colour that the Knights of the Bath wear, gave a very graceful mixture, while it was bound up in this manner from the point of her shoulder to the crown of her head; her eyes, which were round and black, seemed to be models of her whole beauty, and in some sort of her air, while a kind of light or flame came from them, not unlike that which the ribband which tied up her hair exhibited; I do not remember ever to have seen a prettier mouth, or whiter teeth; briefly, all her outward parts seemed to become each other, neither was there any thing that could be misliked, unless one should say her complexion was too brown, which yet from the shadow was heightened with a good blood in her cheeks. Her gown was a green Turkey grogram, cut all into panes or slashes, from the shoulder and sleeves unto the foot, and tied up at the distance of about a hand's-breadth every where with the same ribband with which her hair was bound; so that her attire seemed as bizarre as her person. I am too long in describing an host's daughter, howbeit, I thought I might better speak of her than of divers other beauties, held to be the best and fairest of the time, whom I have often seen. In conclusion, after about

an hour's stay, I departed thence, without offering so much as the least incivility; and, indeed, after so much weariness, it was enough that her sight alone did somewhat refresh me."

A peace being concluded with the Spaniards, Sir Edward Herbert returned to England, and on his arrival in London was seized with a quartan ague, which "brought him at last to be so lean and yellow, that scarce any man did know him." During this sickness, walking one day towards Whitehall, he happened to meet one Emerson, who spoke some words in his presence, reflecting upon his "dear friend Sir Robert Harley."

"Shaking him therefore by a long beard he wore, I stept a little aside, and drew my sword in the street; Captain Thomas Scriven, a friend of mine, being not far off on one side, and divers friends of his on the other side. All that saw me wondered how I could go, being so weak and consumed as I was, but much more that I would offer to fight; however, Emerson, instead of drawing his sword, ran away into Suffolk-house, and afterwards informed the lords of the council of what I had done; who not long after sending for me, did not so much reprehend my taking part with my friends, as that I would adventure to fight, being in such a bad condition of health."

As soon as he had recovered from this severe illness, Sir Edward was appointed ambassador to France; an unsolicited honour, conferred upon him by the king's especial direction.

"My first commission was to renew the oath of alliance betwixt the two crowns, for which purpose I was extraordinary ambassador: which being done, I was to reside there as ordinary. I had received now about six or seven hundred pounds, towards the charges of my journey, and locked it in certain coffers in my house; when the night following, about one of the clock, I could hear divers men speak and knock at the door, in that part of the house where none did lie but myself, my wife, and her attendants; my servants being lodged in another house not far off: as soon as I heard the noise, I suspected presently they came to rob me of my money; however, I thought fit to rise, and go to the window to know who they were; the first word I heard was, Darest thou come down, Welchman? which I no sooner heard, but, taking a sword in one hand, and a little target in the other, I did in my shirt run down stairs, opened the doors suddenly, and charged ten or twelve of them with that fury, that they ran away. Some throwing away their halberts, others hurting their fellows to make them go faster in a narrow way they were to pass; in which disordered manner I drove them to the middle of the street by the Exchange, where, finding my bare feet hurt by the stones I trod on, I thought fit to return home, and leave them to their flight. My servants hearing the noise, by this time were got up, and demanded whether I would have them pursue those rogues that fled away; but I answering that I thought they were out of their reach, we returned home together."

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In the month of March, 1619, he left England "to lie lieger" in France, where he remained until July, 1621. The most conspicuous event in his *Memoirs*, during this period, is the quarrel with the great constable, Monsieur de Luisnes, which was in fact the cause of his recal. Luisnes was strongly opposed to the protestant interest, and endeavoured by every means in his power to exasperate the young king against his subjects of that religion. The French minister was, of course, exceedingly jealous of the interference of England in favour of the Huguenots, and could ill brook our ambassador's offer to mediate a peace between the monarch and his heretical subjects; nor could the fiery spirit of Sir Edward Herbert, for a moment, suffer his master's name or conduct to be slighted. But a quarrel between a prime-minister and an ambassador deserves to be related at full length.

"Being arrived within a small distance of that place, I found by divers circumstances, that the effect of my negociation had been discovered from England, and that I was not welcome thither; howbeit, having obtained an audience from the king, I exposed what I had in charge to say to him, to which yet I received no other answer but that I should go to Monsieur de Luisnes, by whom I should know his majesty's intention. Repairing thus to him, I did find outwardly good reception, though yet I did not know how cunningly he proceeded to betray and frustrate my endeavours for those of the religion; for, hiding a gentleman, called Monsieur Arnaud, behind the hangings in his chamber, who was then of the religion, but had promised a revolt to the king's side, this gentleman, as he himself confessed afterwards to the Earl of Carlisle, had in charge to relate unto those of the religion, how little help they might expect from me, when he should tell them the answers which Monsieur de Luisnes made me. Sitting thus in a chair before Monsieur de Luisnes, he demanded the effect of my business; I answered, that the king, my master, commanded me to mediate a peace betwixt his majesty and his subjects of the religion, and that I desired to do it in all those fair and equal terms, which might stand with the honour of France, and the good intelligence betwixt the two kingdoms: to which he returned this rude answer only, What hath the king, your master, to do with our actions? My reply was, That the king, my master, ought not to give an account of the reason which induced him hereunto, and for me it was enough to obey him; howbeit, if he did ask me in more gentle terms, I should do the best I could to give him satisfaction; to which, though he answered no more than the word *bien*, or well, I pursuing my instructions, said, that the king, my master, according to the mutual stipulation betwixt Henry the Fourth and himself, that the survivor of either of them should procure the tranquillity and peace of the other's estate, had sent this message; and that he had not only testified this his pious inclination heretofore, in the civil wars of France, but was desirous on this occasion also, to show how much he stood affected to the good of the king-

dom; besides, he hoped that when peace was established here, that the French king might be the more easily disposed to assist the Palatine, who was an ancient friend and ally of the French crown. His reply to this was, we will have none of your advices: whereupon I said, that I took those words for an answer, and was sorry only that they did not understand sufficiently the affection and good will of the king my master; and since they rejected it upon those terms, I had in charge to tell him, that we knew very well what we had to do. Luisnes seeming offended herewith, said, *nous ne vous craignons pas*, or, we are not afraid of you. I replied hereupon, that if you had said you had not loved us, I should have believed you, but should have returned you another answer; in the mean while, that I had no more to say than what I told him formerly, which was, we knew what we had to do. This, though somewhat less than was in my instructions, so angered him, that in much passion he said, *Par Dieu, si vous n'éties Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, je vous traiterois d'un autre sorte;* by God, if you were not Monsieur Ambassador, I would use you after another fashion. My answer was, that as I was an ambassador, so I was also a gentleman, and therewithal, laying my hand upon the hilt of my sword, told him, there was that which should make him an answer, and so arose from my chair; to which Monsieur de Luisnes made no reply, but, arising likewise from his chair, offered civilly to accompany me to the door; but I telling him there was no occasion for him to use ceremony, after so rude an entertainment, I departed from him."

On the death of the Duke de Luisnes, Sir Edward Herbert was commanded to resume his character of ambassador at Paris, when, in 1624, he published his first work, *De Veritate, prout distinguitur à revelatione verisimili, possibili, et à falso.* Beyond this period he has not continued his own memoirs, and with the remainder of his life we are therefore but imperfectly acquainted. In 1625 he was created a baron of Ireland, by the title of Lord Herbert, of Castle Island, and, in 1631, was raised to the English peerage, by that of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, in Shropshire. On the commencement of the civil war, he embraced the party of the crown, but, on further consideration, was induced to abandon his royal politics, and to attach himself to the parliamentarian interests. He died in 1648, in his house, in Great Queen Street, London, and was buried at St. Giles's in the Fields. He was succeeded by his son, Richard, Lord Herbert.

Neither the fatigues of the camp, nor the allurements of the court, could wholly divest the active mind of Lord Herbert from those nobler studies which had formed the delight of his youthful hours. In the intervals of his martial toils, his chivalrous gallantries, and his public engagements, he devoted himself with ardour to the pursuit of literature and philosophy. His first publication, as we have mentioned above, was his treatise *De Veritate*, a singular work, in which he inculcates the doc-

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trine of the efficacy of natural religion. His creed is contained in five articles. 1. That there is one supreme God. 2. That he is chiefly to be worshipped. 3. That piety and virtue are the principal parts of his worship. 4. That we must repent of our sins, and that if we do so, God will forgive them. 5. That there are rewards for good men and punishments for bad men, in a future state. Many answers to this work were published by Gassendi, by Baxter, in his *More Reasons for the Christian Religion*, and by the Rev. Mr. Halyburton, in a volume entitled *Natural Religion insufficient, and Revealed necessary to Man's Happiness*. A full account of this work, as well as of the treatise *De Religione Gentilium*, and the *Religio Laici*, may be found in Leland's *View of the Deistical Writers of England*. The ability displayed in these compositions was such as to excite the attention of Locke, who allows his lordship to be a man of parts, while Leland considers him as the most eminent of the deistical writers, and, in several respects, superior to those that succeeded him. It is highly singular, that a writer, holding opinions like these, should, when doubtful as to the propriety of promulgating them, look for a special revelation of the divine pleasure. In what strange inconsistencies may the human mind entangle itself! When on the point of publishing a book, which was to prove the inefficacy of Revelation, Lord Herbert put up a prayer for an especial interposition of Providence to guide him!

"My book, *De Veritate, prout distinguitur à revelatione verisimili, possibili, et à falso*, having been begun by me in England, and formed there in all its principal parts, was about this time finished; all the spare hours which I could get from my visits and negociations, being employed to perfect this work, which was no sooner done, but that I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who, having escaped his prison in the Low Countries, came into France, and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tieleners also, one of the greatest scholars of his time, who, after they had perused it, and given it more commendations than it is fit for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it; howbeit, as the frame of my whole book was so different from any thing which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had written formerly concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure, concerning the whole argument of my book; I must confess it did not a little animate me, that the two great persons above mentioned did so highly value it, yet, as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me a while to suppress it. Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate*, in my hand, and, kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:

"O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, *De Veritate;* if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came from the heavens, (for it was like nothing on earth,) which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book.

"This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

The observations of Dr. Leland, on this part of Lord Herbert's history, are candid and judicious.

"I have no doubt of his lordship's sincerity in this account; the serious air with which he relates it, and the solemn protestation he makes, as in the presence of the eternal God, will not suffer us to question the truth of what he relates; viz. that he both made that address to God which he mentions, and that in consequence of this, he was persuaded that he heard the noise he takes notice of, and regarded as a mark of God's approbation of the request he had made, and accordingly, this great man was determined by it to publish his book. He seems to have considered it as a kind of *imprimatur* given to it from heaven, and as signifying the divine approbation of the book itself, and of what was contained in it."—*Leland's View of the Deistical Writers*, i. 27.

The *Life and Reign of Henry the Eighth* has been termed, by Lord Orford, "a master-piece of historic biography." From the dedication (which is not given in Kennet's *Complete History of England*) it appears, that this work was written at the instigation and under the eye of James I. The chief error in this production is, that the noble historian is too favourably disposed towards his hero, and treats with too lenient and palliating a hand the cruelties and vices of that monarch. In other respects, the *Life of Henry VIII.* is a highly valuable work, and contains much information which is not to be found elsewhere. "The author," says Bishop Nicolson, in his excellent book, the *English Historical Library*, "has acquitted himself with the like reputation as Lord Chancellor Bacon gained by the *Life of Henry VII.*, having, in the polite and martial part, been admirably exact, from the best records that remain." To this it may be added, that he throws considerable light upon our legal history.

Lord Herbert's other works consist of *Occasional Verses of*

Edward Lord Herbert, Baron of Cherbury and Castle Island, who deceased in 1648, *Lond.* 1665, 8*vo.* a volume published by his younger son, Henry Herbert. Like his brother, George Herbert, whose poems we noticed in a former volume, Lord Herbert is often both rugged and obscure in his verses. The sword was much better suited to his hand than the lyre, and we shall not therefore, at present, favour the reader with any specimens of his verses.

The character of Lord Herbert has been ably drawn by Horace Walpole, in the advertisement prefixed to this volume.

"The noble family which gives these sheets to the world, is above the little prejudices which make many a race defraud the public of what was designed for it by those, who alone had a right to give or withhold. It is above suppressing what Lord Herbert dared to tell. Foibles, passions, perhaps some vanity, surely some wrong-headedness, these he scorned to conceal, for he sought truth, wrote on truth, was truth. He honestly told when he had missed or mistaken it. His descendants, not blind to his faults, but through them conducting the reader to his virtues, desire the world to make this candid observation with them: 'that there must have been a wonderful fund of internal virtue, of strong resolution, and manly philosophy, which, in an age of such mistaken and barbarous gallantry, of such absurd usages and false glory, could enable Lord Herbert to seek fame better founded, and could make him reflect, that there might be a more desirable kind of glory than that of a romantic duellist.' None shut their eyes so obstinately against seeking what is ridiculous, as they who have attained a mastery in it: but that was not the case with Lord Herbert. His valour made him a hero, be the heroism in vogue what it would; his sound parts made him a philosopher. Few men, in truth, have figured so conspicuously in lights so various; and his descendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, would perhaps injure his memory, if they suffered the world to be ignorant, that he was formed to shine in every sphere, into which his impetuous temperament, or predominant reason, conducted him.

"As a soldier, he won the esteem of those great captains, the Prince of Orange, and the Constable de Montmorency. As a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest founts of the Fairy Queen. Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his person would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when his prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals, as well as to ennoble them, the history I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament, that he did not complete, or that we have lost, the account he purposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with, and terminated by meditation and philosophic inquiries. Strip each period of its excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out, or dispose the life of a man of quality into a succession of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth, business of state in the middle age, contemplation and labour for the

information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life. This was Lord Herbert. The deduction he will give himself."

Before we conclude, we must say a few words respecting the different editions of The Life.—The MS. itself was supposed, for many years, to have been lost, but was discovered, about the year 1737, in a mansion which had belonged to the Herbert family. It was not, however, printed until 1764, when Horace Walpole struck off some copies at the private press of Strawberry Hill. In 1770, Dodsley published a second edition, in 4to., to which Horace Walpole added a dedication and advertisement. In 1809, a third edition in 8vo., "with a Prefatory Memoir," was given to the public by Messrs. John Ballantyne & Co., of Edinburgh. In the *Prefatory Memoir*, all the scattered information respecting Lord Herbert is industriously collected and judiciously put together. Unless we are much deceived, we recognize, in this edition, the hand which has illustrated, in various ways, the age of England's Solomon.

ART. VIII.—*The Revenger's Tragedy. By* Cyril Tourneur. 4*to. Lond.* 1607.

The Atheist's Tragedy; or, The Honest Man's Revenge. By Cyril Tourneur. 4*to. Lond.* 1612.

These two plays are the only fruit now remaining of Cyril Tourneur's dramatic labours, and although they are not sufficient to shew any great versatility of genius, they afford materials enough to judge of his capacity for the business of tragedy. He lived in the reign of James the First, but who or what he was is not known; but, from an allusion which occurs in one of his plays to the eight returns of Michaelmas term, we conjecture him to have had some connection with the profession of the law, that being a piece of knowledge which he would hardly have otherwise possessed. He was the author of another play, called *The Nobleman*, which was one of the victims of the anti-dramatic taste of Warburton's servant. A dramatist of those days did not content himself with writing three plays, if he had any tolerable success on the stage; and we accordingly find, from a couplet quoted by Winstanley, what opinion his contemporaries had of him:

> "His fame unto that pitch was only rais'd,
> As not to be despis'd, nor over prais'd."

The two dramas of Tourneur, which are now extant, are of the same species, but of very different degrees of merit. Our first impression on reading them was, that *The Atheist's Tragedy* was a very bad, and *The Revenger's Tragedy* a very excellent one. On recurring to them, however, we were disposed to think we had formed too hard a judgement of the first, and too high a one of the second, and we conceive that we are now in a fitter temper to form a calm and impartial estimate of their respective merits. We will previously, however, offer the few remarks we have to make on the general character of our author's mind; which, as collected from the two productions we have before us, appears to have been of a bold and vigorous cast, but he looked rather upon than through the deeds of men—he observed actions but did not penetrate motives. Those actions too which attracted him most, were of a gross and revolting kind. There is nothing in him but what is real, palpable, and obvious—he possessed no inclination for the chivalric in action or in character—no love for the marvellous in imagination. He displays, however, a manifest preference for fearful, forbidden things—an itching to touch that, of which the bare thought would make others shudder with horror—to form monstrous conjunctions and perform prodigious feats—to play with atheism and dally with incest. Although woman and woman's love, or that which usurps its name, form considerable features of his plays, he delineates the terrible and appalling rather than the amiable and tender in passion—he seems to dwell with delight on the grossest and coarsest sensualities, the feverish, burning indulgence of sense, without the purifying influence of sentiment—without any relief from imagination—without even the voluptuousness and rapture of enjoyment. Indeed we find in these plays, scenes and dialogues of the most open licentiousness—the most disgusting details, from the exposure of which, nature herself teaches us to shrink with shame. They are in parts, sepulchres full of dead men's bones within—but not white without—it is plain unvarnished sensuality, without gloss or embellishment. Of the highest quality of the dramatist he has only a small allotment—there is but one scene which possesses any considerable degree of pathos, and that is in the *Revenger's Tragedy*—between the two brothers, and the mother of Castiza, on her temporary estrangement from, and her return to, honorable and virtuous feeling. There are other places, chiefly in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, in which it peeps out like a flower in winter, just enough to convince us, that it inhales an ungenial air. He felt a difficulty, or want of power, of exciting emotions of a deeply pathetic kind, and thence a disinclination to exercise what he had, to the greatest degree of which it was capable.

"———————— quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit."

He possessed a vein of poetry rather exuberant, and somewhat metaphysical, and, to our minds, his dramas would have been more attractive, if they had been a little more garnished with its ornaments. He sometimes steps out of the circle of truth and nature—as for instance, when he makes Castiza's mother, who has just before expressed all the alarm of insulted virtue, yield her consent to her daughter's dishonour in these words:

"Men know, that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us."

He may be right in point of fact, as a philosophic observer, but is he not wrong as a dramatist, who ought not merely to observe but to *be* the person he represents? for although an observer might see the sophistry and folly of such arguments and persuasions as are urged to the mother, yet the person who yields to temptation would have no distinct perception of their weakness and fallacy; but on the contrary, the lines which separate right and wrong would have become for the moment, in her mind, uncertain and confused, and she would, in the temporary intoxication, have lost sight of the depravity, in the seductiveness of the vice. In the character of Vindici also, in the same play, there appears to be a want of consistency. In the early part of the drama he is represented as an honorable gentleman, who, from disappointment in his darling passion, is urged on to revenge the murder of his betrothed lady—and, in the closing scene, he attempts to fasten suspicion on another, for a murder committed by himself, and he does so without any apparent inducement for so dishonourable an act, for there is not the slightest suspicion of his being the perpetrator of the deed. When Antonio too, the new elected duke, is expressing his wonder how the strange murder of the old duke was effected, Vindici explains the mysterious circumstance, adding, that it was all done for his (Antonio's) good. The duke orders him to immediate execution, and still he remonstrates "it was for his grace's good." Now this is not at all consistent with the nice, honorable feelings which characterise Vindici in the early part of the play. It may be supposed, in explanation of this objection, that his feelings might, by the continual wear and tear of them, have driven him mad. But though he breaks out into jests and merry taunts, that have no mirth in them, it is obvious they emanate from the bitterness of his feelings, and not from the wandering of his mind—they are, in truth, like the forked lightning, at once playful and awful.

XUM

The plot of the *Revenger's Tragedy* consists of the contrivances of Vindici to revenge the death of Gloriana, his affianced bride, poisoned by the Duke of ——, some place in the heaven of invention, for the author has not thought it necessary to inform us of its name, because she would not consent to a dishonorable passion. Another cause of vengeance arises, in the course of the play, from the attempt of Lussurioso to dishonour Castiza, the sister of Vindici, who, disguised and unknown, is employed by Lussurioso to effect his purpose. This he undertakes before he knows the nature of his employment, and having undertaken on oath, he determines to make trial of the virtue of his sister and mother. These last mentioned scenes are the only ones in the play worth notice. Of that between the mother and her two sons, in which they upbraid her for, and she repents of her conduct, an eminent contemporary critic has spoken in a strain of high eulogium, much higher, indeed, than we should be inclined to bestow, although it is a really good scene, and the very best which Tourneur has written. Some of the language, however, addressed by Vindici to Castiza must have been quite unintelligible to her.

The scenes alluded to are as follow.

"*Enter to* Castiza, Vindici, *her brother, disguised.*

Vin. Lady, the best of wishes to your sex.
Fair skins and new gowns.

Cast. Oh they shall thank you, sir.
Whence this?

Vin. Oh, from a dear and worthy friend.

Cast. From whom?

Vin. The duke's son!

Cast. Receive that. [*gives a box o'the ear to her brother.*
I swore I'd put anger in my hand,
And pass the virgin limits of myself,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't;
Tell him, my honour shall have a rich name,
When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewell; commend me to him in my hate. [*exit.*

Vin. It is the sweetest box,
That e'er my nose came nigh;
The finest draw-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still hence-forward take the wall of this.
Oh, I'm above my tongue: most constant sister,

In this thou hast right honourable shown;
Many are call'd by their honour, that have none;
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, tho' I know,
A Siren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mass, fitly here she comes! thanks, my disguise—
Madam, good afternoon.

Moth. Y'are welcome, sir.

Vin. The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.

Moth. I think myself much honour'd, that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.

Vin. So may you, lady:
One that is like to be our sudden duke;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him,
E'en with any thing almost!

Moth. Ay, save their honour.

Vin. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in't: ne'er be seen in't, mark you,
I'd wink and let it go——

Moth. Marry but I would not.

Vin. Marry but I would, I hope; I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;
That man that must be all this, perhaps e'er morning,
(For his white father does but mould away)
Has long desir'd your daughter.

Moth. Desir'd?

Vin. Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter:
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; madam, I know you're poor,
And (lack the day!) there are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despis'd.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity.

Moth. O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to such a most unnatural task.

Vin. No, but a thousand angels can;

Men have no power, angels must work you to't:
The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive—still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others' daughters
Spring with the dew o'the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd—by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast;
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho' it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.

Moth. O heavens! this o'ercomes me!

Vin. Not I hope already? [*aside.*

Moth. It is too strong for me; men know, that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us:
He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate. [*aside.*

Vin. I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge,
I fear me she's unmother'd, yet I'll venture.

* * * * * * *

What think you now, lady? speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said,
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:
Did it not madam? but I'll swear it does
In many places: tut, this age fears no man,
'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.'

Moth. Ay, that's the comfort on't.

Vin. The comfort on't!
I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
[*gives her money.*
To forget heaven—and—

Moth. Ay, these are they—

Vin. Oh!

Moth. That enchant our sex:
These are the means that govern our affections,—that woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you:
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do.

Vin. O suffering heaven! with thy invisible finger,

E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself. [*aside.*
Moth. Look you, sir.
Vin. Hollo.
Moth. Let this thank your pains.
Vin. O you're a kind madam.
Moth. I'll see how I can move.
Vin. Your words will sting.
Moth. If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.
Vin. Spoke truer than you meant it. [*Castiza returns.*
Moth. Daughter Castiza.
Cast. Madam.
Vin. O, she's yonder,
Meet her: troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.
Cast. Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd man
In presence of you?
Moth. Why?
Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.
Moth. Dishonourable act?—good honourable fool,
That would'st be honest, cause thou would'st be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And 't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? poor people; ignorant people;
The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters' actions? oh, if thou knew'st
What t'were to lose it, thou would never keep it!
But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades.

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Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
Cast. I cry you mercy! lady, I mistook you,
Pray did you see my mother, which way went you?
Pray God I have not lost her.
Vin. Prettily put by!
Moth. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
Do you not know me now?
Cast. Why, are you she?
The world's so chang'd, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.

Vin. Most right, i'faith.
Moth. I owe your cheek my hand
For that presumption now, but I'll forget it;
Come, you shall leave those childish 'haviours,
And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you,
What will you be a girl?
If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.
Cast. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now
It does not show so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.
Vin. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less. [*aside.*
I wonder, lady, your own mother's words
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?
'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is so foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself? no,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
A maid that has small portion now intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends;
How blest are you! you have happiness alone;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with jewels; and petitionary people
Start at your presence.
Moth. Oh, if I were young, I should be ravish'd.
Cast. Ay, to lose your honour!
Vin. 'Slid, how can you lose your honour,
To deal with my lord's grace?
He'll add more honour to it by his title;
Your mother will tell you how.
Moth. That I will.
Vin. O think upon the pleasure of the palace!
Secured ease and state! the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when they're eaten!
Banquets abroad by torch-light! musick! sports!
Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em!
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—
Cast. Ay, to the devil.
Vin. Ay, to the devil! to th' duke, by my faith.

Moth. Ay, to the duke: daughter, you'd scorn to think o'the devil, and you were there once.

Vin. True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart, i'faith. [*aside.*

Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself,
Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts?—oh!
It was the greatest blessing ever happen'd to women,
When farmers' sons agreed, and met again,
To wash their hands, and come up gentlemen!
The common-wealth has flourish'd ever since:
Lands that were mete by the rod, that labour's spar'd,
Tailors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard;
Fair trees, those comely fore-tops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chastity, she lies a-cold.
Nay, shall I come nearer to you? mark but this:

Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer profession: that's accounted best, that's best follow'd; least in trade, least in fashion; and that's not honesty, believe it; and do but note the low and dejected price of it:

Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it:
But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?

Moth. Troth he says true.

Cast. False, I defy you both:
I have endur'd you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Moth. Where?

Cast. Do you not see her? she's too inward then:
Slave, perish in thy office: you heavens please,
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me, yet I've outgone you. [*exit.*

Vin. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities!

Moth. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone. [*exit.*

Vin. Indeed I'll tell him so.
O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward.

XUM

Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world?—why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon't?—oh,
Wer't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation.
Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen, without fire in't.
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man. [*exit.*

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Enter Vindici *and* Hippolito, *bringing out their mother, with daggers in their hands.*

Vin. O thou, for whom no name is bad enough!
Moth. What mean my sons? what, will you murder me?
Vin. Wicked unnatural parent!
Hip. Fiend of women!
Moth. Oh! are sons turned monsters? help!
Vin. In vain.
Moth. Are you so barbarous as to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?
Vin. That breast
Is turn'd to quarled poison.
Moth. Cut not your days for't! am not I your mother?
Vin. Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.
Moth. A bawd? O name far loathsomer than hell!
Hip. It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.
Moth. I hate it.
Vin. Ah! is't possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die!
Moth. Dissemble?
Vin. Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust?
Moth. Who I?
That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent! none lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander;—good son, believe it not.
Vin. Oh, I'm in doubt,
Whether I'm myself, or no—
Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be sav'd, when mothers have no grace?
[*resumes his disguise.*
Hip. 'Twould make one half despair.

Vin. I was the man ;
Defy me now, let's see, do't modestly.
Moth. O hell unto my soul !
Vin. In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Tri'd you, and found you were base metal,
As any villain might have done.
Moth. O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitch'd me so.
Vin. O nimble in damnation, quick in turn !
There is no devil could strike fire so soon :
I am confuted in a word.
Moth. Oh sons, forgive me ! to myself I'll prove more true ;
You that should honour me, I kneel to you.
Vin. A mother to give aim to her own daughter !
Hip. True, brother ; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Tho' many mothers do't !
Vin. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed ;
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother, it rains, 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.
Hip. 'Tis done.
Vin. I'faith, tis a sweet shower, it does much good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul,
Have been long dry : pour down, thou blessed dew.
Rise, mother ; troth this show'r has made you higher.
Moth. O you heavens ! take this infectious spot out of my soul,
I'll rince it in seven waters of mine eyes !
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep, is to our sex naturally given :
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.
Vin. Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother :
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honourably love her.
Hip. Let it be.
Vin. For honest women are so seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax ! do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead !
All mothers that had any graceful hue,
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you :
It would have grown to this, at your foul name,
Green-colour'd maids would have turn'd red with shame.
Hip. And then our sister, full of hire and baseness—

Vin. There had been boiling lead again,
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth o' silver slut,
To have her train borne up, and her soul trail i'th'dirt!
Hip. To be great, miserable; to be rich, eternally wretched.
Vin. O common madness!
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honour good.
Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son
In private; why she first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousand proves a whore:
'Break ice in one place, it will crack in more.'
Moth. Most certainly apply'd!
Hip. Oh, brother, you forget our business.
Vin. And well remember'd; joy's a subtil elf,
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.
Farewell, once dry, now holy-water'd mead;
Our hearts wear feathers, that before wore lead.
Moth. I'll give you this, that one I never knew,
Plead better for, and 'gainst the devil, than you.
Vin. You make me proud on't.
Hip. Commend us in all virtue to our sister.
Vin. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.
Moth. With my best words.
Vin. Why that was motherly said. [*exeunt.*
Moth. I wonder now what fury did transport me!
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.
Oh with what forehead can I look on her,
Whose honour I've so impiously beset?
And here she comes. [*enter Castiza.*
Cast. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.
Moth. Content, to what?
Cast. To do as you have wish'd me;
To prostitute my breast to the duke's son;
And put myself to common usury.
Moth. I hope you will not so!
Cast. Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be sav'd in.
Moth. Truth but it is.
Cast. Do not deceive yourself,
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.
What would you now? are ye not pleas'd yet with me?
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be.

Moth. Strike not me cold.
Cast. How often have you charg'd me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman? When you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me; that did more,
The mother's curse is heavy; where that fights,
Sons set in storm, and daughters lose their lights.
Moth. Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee, oh let my breath
Revive it to a flame!
Put not all out, with woman's wilful follies.
I am recover'd of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers; kind, forgive me,
Make me not sick in health!—if then
My words prevail'd when they were wickedness,
How much more now when they are just and good?
Cast. I wonder what you mean! are not you she,
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
In three hours' reading, to untwist so much
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me?
Moth. 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's past;
I'm now your present mother.
Cast. Pish, now 'tis too late.
Moth. Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou say'st.
Cast. No! deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poisonme!
What will the deed do then?
Advancement, true; as high as shame can pitch!
For treasure; who e'er knew a harlot rich?
Or could build by the purchase of her sin,
An hospital to keep her bastards in? The duke's son;
Oh! when women are young courtiers, they are sure to be
old beggars;
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thoud'st wish thyself unborn, when thou'rt unchaste.
Cast. O mother, let me twine about your neck,
And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips;
I did but this to try you.
Moth. O speak truth!
Cast. Indeed I did not; for no tongue has force to alter
me from honest.
If maidens would, men's words could have no power;
A virgin's honour is a crystal tower,

Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits."

This is Vindici's address to the skull of Gloriana.

"Thou sallow picture of my poison'd love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings,—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man, (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father fifty years had told,
To have consum'd, and yet his suit been cold."

The revenge which slowly but effectually falls on the head of the Duke, is of the most elaborate and refined kind.—Whilst Vindici is attending upon Lussurioso in disguise, he is employed by the Duke to introduce him to a lady. Vindici promises, and appoints the place of meeting, where he is prepared with the skull of the poisoned Gloriana, dressed in seeming like a woman. The Duke, with court gallantry, salutes her, and recoils with horror, but not before he had imbibed the poison which Vindici had spread around its bony mouth. There is another adjunct to the death-scene of this hoary sinner, which it is not necessary to mention. Vindici reads a fine lecture on mortality, on this "dome of thought, the palace of the soul."

"Here's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man——to serve God:
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All's one with us; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet?

Hip. Brother, you've spoke that right:
Is this the form that living shone so bright?
Vind. The very same.
And now methinks I cou'd e'en chide myself,
For doating on her beauty, tho' her death
Shall be reveng'd after no common action.
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon' fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing'? keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?
Surely we're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not: we mistake those;
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.
Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous out-side, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night? prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweet meats? All are hush'd,
Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antic amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself."

The Atheist's Tragedy possesses no scene of equal interest with those we have before quoted, nor indeed any scene of impassioned interest,—its value is in its insulated beauties, and they are not very thickly sown. Although the date of its being printed is posterior to the *Revenger's Tragedy*, it was probably his earliest effort.—The style is more measured and stately, and less natural than that of the latter.

We shall proceed to narrate the incidents in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, interspersing them with such extracts as are worth transplanting. D'Amville, (the atheist) in order to further his design of obtaining possession of his brother Montferrers' estate, for which he has an unhallowed affection, persuades his nephew Charlemont to go to the wars, and furnishes

him with a thousand crowns for his equipment. Charlemont's resolution goes sadly against the heart of his poor old father.

" *Mont.* I prithee let this current of my tears
Divert thy inclination from the war,
For of my children thou art only left,
To promise a succession to my house.
And all the honour thou canst get by arms,
Will give but vain addition to thy name;
Since from thy ancestors thou dost derive
A dignity sufficient; and as great
As thou hast substance to maintain and bear.
I prithee stay at home.
Charl. My noble father,
The weakest sigh you breathe, had power to turn
My strongest purpose; and your softest tear,
To melt my resolution to as soft
Obedience; but my affection to the war
Is as hereditary as my blood
To every life of all my ancestry.
Your predecessors were your precedents;
And you are my example. Shall I serve
For nothing but a vain parenthesis,
I th' honour'd story of my family?
Or hang but like an empty scutcheon
Between the trophies of my predecessors,
And the rich arms of my posterity:
There's not a Frenchman of good blood and youth,
But, either out of spirit or example,
Is turn'd soldier. Only Charlemont
Must be reputed that same heartless thing,
That cowards will be bold to play upon."

This resolution being immoveable however, he first takes of his friends and then of his mistress.

" *Charl.* My noble mistress, this accomplement
Is like an elegant and moving speech,
Composed of many sweet persuasive points,
Which second one another, with a fluent
Increase, and confirmation of their force,
Reserving still the best until the last,
To crown a strong impulsion on the rest,
With a full conquest of the hearer's sense:
Because th' impression of the last we speak
Doth always longest and most constantly
Possess the entertainment of remembrance;

So all that now salute my taking leave,
Have added numerously to the love
Wherewith I did receive their courtesy;
But you, dear mistress, being the last and best
That speaks my farewell; like th' imperious close
Of a sweet oration, wholly have
Possessed my liking, and shall ever live
Within the soul of my true memory.
So, mistress, with this kiss I take my leave.
Casta. My worthy servant, you mistake th' intent
Of kissing. 'Twas not meant to separate
A pair of lovers, but to be the scale
Of love, importing by the joining of
Our mutual and incorporated breaths,
That we should breath but one contracted life;
Or stay at home, or let me go with you.
Charl. My Castabella, for myself to stay,
Or you to go, would either tax my youth
With a dishonourable weakness, or
Your loving purpose with immodesty.

* * * * *

Casta. O the sad trouble of my fearful soul!
My faithful servant, did you never hear
That when a certain great man went to th' war,
The lovely face of heav'n was mask'd with sorrow,
The sighing winds did move the breast of earth,
The heavy clouds hung down their mourning heads,
And wept sad showers the day that he went hence;
As if that day presag'd some ill success,
That fatally should kill his happiness;
And so it came to pass. Methinks my eyes
(Sweet heav'n forbid!) are like those weeping clouds,
And as their showers presag'd, so do my tears,
Some sad event will follow my sad fears."

The avarice of the Atheist is not satisfied, and, as Castabella is the heiress to a large estate, he proposes a marriage, between her and his son Rousard, to Belforest her father, who describes beautifully the effect of the proposal on his daughter.

" *Bel.* I entertain the offer of this match,
With purpose to confirm it presently.
I have already mov'd it to my daughter;
Her soft excuses savour'd at the first
(Methought) but of a modest innocence

Of blood; whose unmov'd stream was never drawn
Into the current of affection. But, when I
Replied with more familiar arguments,
Thinking to make her apprehension bold;
Her modest blush fell to a pale dislike,
And she refus'd it with such confidence,
As if she had been prompted by a love
Inclining firmly to some other man,
And in that obstinacy she remains."

She is, however, eventually forced to marry Rousard; and on the evening of the ceremony, Borachio, a scoundrel in the employ of D'Amville, disguises himself as a soldier, and announces the death of Charlemont. After describing a battle, he proceeds in these pretty fanciful lines.

" Walking next day upon the fatal shore,
Among the slaughter'd bodies of their men,
Which the full stomach'd sea had cast upon
The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
Upon a face, whose favour when it liv'd
My astonish'd mind inform'd me I had seen.
He lay in's armour, as if that had been
His coffin, and the weeping sea, (like one,
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew) runs up
The shore; embraces him; kisses his cheek,
Goes back again and forces up the sands
To bury him; and every time it parts
Sheds tears upon him; till at last (as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him) with
A kind of unresolv'd, unwilling pace,
Winding her waves one in another, like
A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands
For grief; ebb'd from the body and descends,
As if it would sink down into the earth,
And hide itself for shame of such a deed."

This is too much for Montferrers, who is taken suddenly ill, and persuaded, by a hypocritical, pretended clergyman, to make a will in favour of his brother D'Amville. The Atheist now determines to consummate the business by a master-piece of policy, and, with the assistance of Borachio, contrives the murder of Montferrers. The thunder roars, and the lightning flashes around them; but D'Amville, believing in neither good

spirit nor bad, white spirit nor grey, exults amidst the war of elements in the success of his stratagems. To deceive the relatives of the deceased, he pretends excessive grief; and, to cheat the world, performs a solemn funeral over Montferrers and Charlemont. Meanwhile, the ghost of Montferrers appears to Charlemont in a dream, apprizes him of his father's death, and admonishes him to return to France. Charlemont awakes and endeavours to argue away his fears.

" *Charl.* O my affrighted soul! what fearful dream
Was this that wak'd me? Dreams are but the rais'd
Impressions of premeditated things,
By serious apprehension left upon
Our minds; or else the imaginary shapes
Of objects proper to th' complexion or
The dispositions of our bodies. These
Can neither of them be the cause why I
Should dream thus, for my mind has not been mov'd
With any one conception of a thought
To such a purpose; nor my nature wont
To trouble me with phantasies of terror.
It must be something that my genius would
Inform me of. Now gracious heaven forbid!
O! let my spirit be depriv'd of all
Fore-sight and knowledge, ere it understand
That vision acted; or divine that act
To come. Why should I think so?—left I not
My worthy father i' the kind regard
Of a most loving uncle? Soldier, saw'st
No apparition of a man?
Sol. You dream, sir, I saw nothing.
Charl. Tush! These idle dreams
Are fabulous. Our boiling phantasies,
Like troubled waters, falsify the shapes
Of things retain'd in them; and make 'em seem
Confounded, when they are distinguish'd. So
My actions, daily conversant with war,
(The argument of blood and death) had left,
Perhaps, th' imaginary presence of
Some bloody accident upon my mind;
Which mix'd confusedly with other thoughts,
(Whereof th' remembrance of my father might
Be one) presented all together, seem
Incorporate, as if his body were
The owner of that blood, the subject of

That death; when he's at Paris, and that blood
Shed here—it may be thus. I would not leave
The war, for reputation's sake, upon
An idle apprehension; a vain dream."

He, however, obeys the admonition, and on arriving at the church-yard, where his father's remains are deposited, he sees Castabella shedding tears over his own monument.

She thus addresses the Deity:

"*Casta.* O thou that knowest me justly Charlemont's,
Though in the forc'd possession of another,
Since from thine own free spirit we receive it,
That our affections cannot be compell'd,
Though our actions may; be not displeas'd, if on
The altar of his tomb, I sacrifice
My tears. They are the jewels of my love
Dissolved into grief: and fall upon
His blasted spring, as April dew upon
A sweet young blossom shak'd before the time."

The last lines are prettily said—of course the young soldier learns the wrong done to his love. Charlemont's appearance somewhat disconcerts the Atheist: he, however, puts a bold face on the matter, and throws Charlemont into prison for the thousand crowns he had lent him. Castabella solicits the mercy of D'Amville in favour of the prisoner, in terms which would melt any thing that had a heart.

"*Casta.* O father! Mercy is an attribute
As high as justice; an essential part
Of his unbounded goodness, whose divine
Impression, form, and image, man should bear.
And (methinks) man should love to imitate
His mercy; since the only countenance
Of justice, were destruction: if the sweet
And loving favour of his mercy did
Not mediate between it and our weakness.
Dear sir! since by your greatness you
Are nearer heav'n in place, be nearer it
In goodness. Rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth, rais'd by the comfort of
The sun to water dry and barren grounds."

From prison he is released through the means of Sebastian, the second son of D'Amville. Again foiled, he becomes kind in appearance, but rancorous in purpose, and employs his friend Borachio to shoot Charlemont while in the church-yard.

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Borachio misses aim, and falls beneath the sword of his intended victim. On the very day of Castabella's marriage, Rousard, it seems, had been struck with sudden infirmity, and D'Amville, whose hopes of posterity are now becoming fainter, persuades Castabella to walk into the church-yard, where he makes an attempt against her chastity, but his design is frustrated by the appearance of Charlemont, who had put on a disguise he accidentally found, and which gave him the semblance of his father's ghost. "Misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows." Charlemont and Castabella are found asleep in the church-yard, with each a death's head for a pillow, by D'Amville, who immediately accuses them of the murder of Borachio, and they are sent to prison. D'Amville now retires to rest, but is alarmed in his sleep by the ghost of Montferrers—he wakes, and soliloquizes on his superior wisdom to the simple honest worshipper of "a fantastic providence," and is exulting over the state of his posterity, when the dead body of Sebastian, who had been slain, is brought in, and he immediately afterwards witnesses the death of his other son Rousard.

The boasted reason of the Atheist gives way before these repeated blows, and he appears before the court, which is about to try Charlemont and Castabella, in a state of frenzy. They are both convicted on their own confession (for Castabella is nobly resolved to share the fate of Charlemont), and offer themselves with alacrity to death. D'Amville, in a fantastic mood, determines, that they shall die by no ignobler hand than his own; but as he raises up the axe to cut off the head of Charlemont, he strikes out his own brains—confesses his villainy, and dies. The two lovers are doubtless made happy, and so concludes the *Atheist's Tragedy;* and, with the following little extracts, so must we conclude.

Impudence.

"Impudence!
Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses,
To whom the costly perfum'd people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
Mine eyes to steady sapphires. Turn my visage;
And, if I must needs glow, let me blush inward,
That this immodest season may not spy
That scholar in my cheeks, fool bashfulness;
That maid in the old time, whose flush of grace
Would never suffer her to get good cloaths."

Horror.

"Our sorrows are so fluent,

Our eyes o'erflow our tongues; words spoke in tears
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguish'd."

Avarice.

" Here sounds a music whose melodious touch,
Like angels' voices ravishes the sense.
Behold, thou ignorant astronomer,
Whose wandering speculation seeks among
The planets for men's fortunes! with amazement
Behold thine error, and be planet-struck.
These are the stars, whose operations make
The fortunes and the destinies of men.
Yond' lesser eyes of heav'n (like subjects rais'd
Into their lofty houses, when their prince
Rides underneath th' ambition of their loves)
Are mounted only to behold the face
Of your more rich imperious eminence,
With unprevented sight. Unmask, fair queen;
[*Unpurses the gold.*
Vouchsafe their expectations may enjoy
The gracious favour they admire to see.
These are the stars, the ministers of fate;
And man's high wisdom the superior power,
To which their forces are subordinate."

ART. IX.—*Anecdotes of the Life of the* Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, *and of the principal Events of his time. With his Speeches in Parliament from the year* 1756 *to the year* 1778, *in* 3 *vols.* 8*vo. London,* 1790.

The character of Lord Chatham has been so often (and in many cases so ably) delineated within the last forty years, that some apology may be required for any attempt to throw upon it additional light. Every one knows, that all the political parties who, within that time, have divided the state, though differing in every thing else, have yet been emulous to admire and to quote Lord Chatham: that Burke and Grattan have left to the world sketches of his character, which do equal honour to him and to themselves; and that even the pen of *Junius* has conspired to praise him. Nor is his name heard

only in the senate, or familiar only to those who are acquainted with history and politics: the rawest schoolboy—*quisquis adhuc uno partam colit asse Minervam*—is taught to recite his speeches: the Walpoles, Winnington, Fox, are annually routed in some baby-senate; and the ghost of Pitt—like that of the unfortunate lover in Boccacio and Dryden—gains a periodical revenge upon those who formerly insulted and opposed him.

We are far indeed from insinuating, that the name of Chatham is one which Englishmen have without reason delighted to honour. On the contrary, we conscientiously and gladly acquiesce in that unanimous verdict, which all writers and all orators, since his death, have agreed to pass upon his fame. And it is only because certain works, which, though very recently published, were yet written in Lord Chatham's life-time, have had an unquestionable tendency to lower that opinion of his patriotism, which has ever since his death been general in this country, that we solicit the attention of our readers to some observations upon so trite a subject. It will be understood, of course, that the works to which we allude, are the posthumous publications of Horace Walpole and Lord Waldegrave.

This is hardly the place to inquire how far the strictures of Horace Walpole would have been deserving of any serious notice, had they not been confirmed, in some material points, by the far more trustworthy account of his noble contemporary. That he has calumniated almost every man whose name he mentions, is more than probable; that he should have misunderstood the character of Lord Chatham cannot appear strange to those who know any thing of his own. It surely was not for a man like Horace Walpole—a man of petty notions, of narrow views, and of very slender charity, to understand a character like that of the elder Pitt: as well might the ant attempt to judge of the symmetry of the elephant. Still less, however, was it likely, *à priori*, that if Walpole had, by possibility, understood such a man, he would have praised him. The stern and haughty virtue of Chatham, his austere patriotism, and that lofty decision of character, so regardless of all the forms of etiquette, and so hostile to every thing like political intrigue, were ill calculated to conciliate praise from the meddling, polished, timid, lady-like Walpole. Moreover, when it is considered that the power of the historian's own father was incessantly attacked, and at length overturned, by a parliamentary phalanx of which Mr. Pitt was a most conspicuous member, we shall be able to understand why the memory of that statesman is persecuted by a writer, who seems never to have forgiven an insult upon himself or his family.

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If, therefore, the character of Lord Chatham had been attacked by no one more deserving of credit than Horace Walpole, we should have felt it quite unnecessary to say one single word in his vindication. But it must be acknowledged, that the charges which have been brought against him, rest upon authority much higher and stronger. They are adopted by Lord Waldegrave,—a man, whose writings, brief as they are, seem to account most satisfactorily for the respect with which he was treated by all his contemporaries. Of plain but strong sense, of calm and clear judgement, of considerable penetration, and a candour the most remarkable,—we cannot but feel that the censures of such a man are not to be passed over lightly. We believe, however, that his opinion of Lord Chatham was unjust; and we shall trouble our readers with some of the reasons which induce us to think so.

In order to do this, it will be necessary to advert to some of the leading facts of Mr. Pitt's history. He entered parliament in the year 1735, a period at which the power of Sir Robert Walpole was at its highest. At that period, however, the Opposition, which had been long agitated by conflicting interests, and occupied in the pursuit of the most inconsistent views, began to form themselves into that compact and resolute body, which finally accomplished the minister's overthrow. Losing sight for a time of all differences among themselves, they directed their united energies against the power of Walpole; the most rancorous Jacobites, and the sternest of the Whigs—the narrowest bigots in politics, and the most romantic freethinkers—those who ascribed to the crown all power, and those who grudged it any—united against the minister, and vowed his destruction. Their joint efforts were at length successful: and that "greatest, wisest, meanest" of statesmen, was driven from the power, which, by dint of consummate ability and much corruption, he had held for upwards of five-and-twenty years.

And when the minister fell, what became of his opponents? Why, their fall was, if possible, still greater. Within one short month, Pulteney, their leader, from being the idol of the nation, became one of the most insignificant men in the country. Instead of union and confidence among those who had lately acted in so much harmony, nothing was to be seen but dissension and distrust. Mutual and incessant recriminations were heard on all sides; broken promises, forgotten pledges, deserted principles, formed the burden of every man's complaint. The discordant ingredients of which the late opposition had been compounded, became once more individualized; the black spirits and white, red spirits and grey, resumed their own colours, and fell asunder from the union in which they

had been so long blended. By and bye, however, in the universal scramble for places, all party distinctions, founded upon principle, were again lost sight of; not that parties, both numerous and bitter, no longer divided the state, but they were formed not so much from any similarity of principle, or any unity of purpose, as from accident and passion. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a period, at which all parties seem to have been actuated by motives so little, to have engaged in intrigues so mean, to have been divided by distinctions so petty, narrow, and personal, and so totally independent of every thing like principle or patriotism. Up to the year 1756, with little intermission, this political ferment appears to have continued; for though the Pelham administration lasted eight years, and seems to have been as strong, so far as the obtaining of majorities in parliament goes, as any administration that ever existed in England, yet it was discordant in itself, and appears to have owed much of its security to the more bitter dissensions which divided the opposition.

Such, then, having been the state of the political world at the time when Horace Walpole and Lord Waldegrave made their respective observations, we think it not unfair to suppose, that they may have been mistaken in their estimate of Mr. Pitt's conduct. Would it be candid to attach great importance to censures made in times of universal suspicion; proceeding, no doubt, upon partial knowledge and prejudiced observation; coming too from men, to each of whom Mr. Pitt must have been an object of personal and political dislike*? In such times of rapid change and universal confusion, a man might be branded with a charge of apostacy, not because he had left his friends, but because they had left him. "He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round."

We do not, however, intend to say, that some traces of inconsistency may not be discovered in Mr. Pitt's conduct, even by the most unprejudiced observer. But we think they may be accounted for, without any imputation whatever upon his good faith and patriotism. Some of them, we doubt not, are attributable to his having acted, during the earlier years of his public life, under the banners of a party. To that party he originally attached himself from the most conscientious and honourable motives, and, as it speedily appeared, in direct opposition to his own personal interest; for the minister, resenting his hostility, stripped him of his commission in the army. It is impossible, therefore, to doubt that he *began* his public

* He was a determined opponent of the administrations both of Sir R. Walpole and of Lord Waldegrave.

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career in sincerity and disinterestedness; for no one can believe, that talents like Mr. Pitt's, if they were ever marketable, would not have been immediately bought up by the minister, who happened, at the very time when they were first developed, to be in peculiar want of efficient assistance. But it cannot be denied, that there was something of vacillation in the conduct of that party with which Mr. Pitt originally connected himself. Before, however, we can agree to blame him for participating in their inconsistency, we ought to consider, with attention and candour, the situation of every person who honestly annexes himself to any political party. What is the nature of the compact into which men enter, when they agree to act together in politics? It is, that, holding certain elementary and fundamental principles in common, they shall earnestly endeavour to give effect to those principles, by co-operating with each other; that, for this great and leading purpose, each individual shall be prepared to surrender to the majority, his own views on matters of inferior importance, for the sake of preserving that harmony, without which, in assemblies like a British parliament, it is impossible to secure to any principles even a chance of ascendancy; and that, for the further advancement of this purpose, certain discretionary powers should be given to those, whom general consent designates as the leaders of the party. Without entering for a moment upon the debateable ground of Reform, or no Reform, (with which we have, professedly, in this publication, nothing at all to do) there can be little doubt, that, in an English House of Commons, as it is now constituted, and as it was constituted in the days of Mr. Pitt, no important results can attend any efforts but those of a party. The administration of the day—be it Whig or be it Tory—is sure to have a very formidable body of parliamentary supporters, whose exertions are rendered both zealous and consistent by the operation of very obvious motives; and it would be manifestly impossible for an opposition to give effect to the great principles which they hold in common, by any thing but a corresponding unanimity and earnestness on their part. Very nice questions, no doubt, arise now and then, as to the extent to which this allegiance to party is to be considered as binding; and a man may sometimes be called upon to inquire, under circumstances which render the inquiry very difficult, whether the general good consequence of adhering to his party, will or will not counterbalance the particular evil consequence of surrendering his individual conviction. Upon such questions the most dissonant opinions may be held by the most patriotic and conscientious men; and we do believe that this diversity of opinion, is one (if not the principal) cause of that suspicion under which every public

man in this country is nearly sure, at some period of his life, to labour. We are convinced that this was the great cause of all those attacks, which, in the early part of Mr. Pitt's life, were made upon the consistency of his public character. He had attached himself to the party headed by Lord Cobham; that party adopted some unpopular measures, in which Mr. Pitt joined:—might he not have joined in them, because he thought they involved no sacrifice of important principle, and because he was unwilling to weaken the bonds of an union, which he deemed a patriotic and honourable one? Again, that party adopted some popular measures, in which Mr. Pitt differed from them: might he not have differed, because he conscientiously believed that patriotism and truth demanded a public dissent? In short, might he not, in both cases, be acting an honourable, and even a consistent part?

And the true way of deciding this question is, by examining the context of his whole public life. When a statesman, or a private individual, adopts a measure which admits of two constructions,—a measure which, regarded in one point of view, may be considered as indicating an honourable motive, and, seen in another, may be evidence of a bad one,—we determine our opinion from the analogy furnished by the rest of his conduct. To a test like this, we cheerfully submit the few doubtful acts of Lord Chatham; and we feel convinced, that no candid man will interpret them against him, so long as we can refer to the remainder of his history. If it should be found, as we believe it will, by any one who examines the public life of this great statesman with ordinary attention and candour, that he sought, on all occasions, the honour of his country and her true interests; that with this noble purpose, he braved all opposition and resisted all allurements; that neither the bleak winds of unpopularity, nor the sun of royal favour, could make him throw aside that mantle of integrity with which he had invested himself; that, in times of almost universal corruption, he held on in the paths of consistency and honour, "faithful found among the faithless;" and that his life, though, during its progress, he had been often misunderstood and misrepresented, closed at last amidst the loud and zealous praises of every public man in the country;—if, we say, these things should be found to be true, then we apprehend that a clue is found, which will guide us among all the seeming difficulties and anomalies that may perplex our observations.

Most of our readers, no doubt, remember Lord Oldborough, in Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*. We have heard it surmised that the author had Lord Chatham in her eye when that character was sketched. No doubt there are many

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points of resemblance between the real and the fictitious statesman. There are, however, several important points of difference; and we recollect one sentiment put by Miss Edgeworth into the mouth of Lord Oldborough, which Lord Chatham, had he consulted his own quiet, would have done well to adopt. "Never," says the statesman in the novel, "never acknowledge an error—it is enough if you repair it." Unluckily for himself, Mr. Pitt was deficient in this species of prudence; for he sometimes laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency, and even of weakness, by the candour with which he acknowledged any political error of which he might have been guilty. To such a man as Horace Walpole, a candour so incomprehensible must have appeared to be the grossest folly, or even something worse; and accordingly we find, that he speaks of it in the following terms.

"Pitt was undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of ornamental eloquence. His language was amazingly fine and flowing; his voice admirable; his action most expressive; his figure genteel and commanding. Bitter satire was his forte; when he attempted ridicule, which was very seldom, he succeeded happily; when he attempted to reason, poorly. But where he chiefly shone was in exposing his own conduct; having waded through the most notorious apostacy in politics, he treated it with an impudent confidence, that made all reflections upon him poor and spiritless, when worded by any other man." —*Memoires*, i. 79.

We introduce this passage for two reasons: first, that we may appeal to our readers whether such a degree of frankness in Lord Chatham was not likely to expose him to misrepresentations, similar to that of which Horace Walpole has been guilty; and secondly, that we may ask whether it does not call for the praises, rather than the censures, of every unprejudiced man?

We think, that the considerations already urged are calculated to make us view with some distrust any censures which may have been thrown upon Lord Chatham by his political contemporaries. It will be observed, that we are compelled to confine ourselves solely to general observations; since the limits of a single article are obviously too narrow to permit any detailed or minute examination of a public life, so busy and so long. General observations, we are aware, can hardly ever produce conviction; but they may lead to it. They may furnish us with a rule by which our judgements should be guided in the examination of any doubtful question; they may guard us against error; they may indicate, though faintly, the path of candour and of reason, and may thus bring us, at last, to a rational and satisfactory result. When a reader enters

upon such a work as that of Lord Waldegrave, he is in imminent danger of adopting most of the opinions of a writer so obviously sensible and candid; he is likely to repose with peculiar confidence upon every account, which an author, so qualified, may give of those, of whom he must have seen, and heard, and known a great deal. Surely it cannot be superfluous to inform such a reader, that Lord Waldegrave, rational and candid as he was, nevertheless wrote in times of universal distrust; that he was himself a fallen minister; that many of those whose characters he has sketched (Lord Chatham among the rest) were violently opposed to his administration; and that with Lord Chatham he never seems to have had such a degree of intimate acquaintance, as could unfold to him that statesman's real character.

If it were necessary to assign any other reasons for examining with caution those sketches of Mr. Pitt, which have been left us by his political contemporaries and rivals, we might find them in the austerity (and perhaps harshness) of his public demeanour. That decision of character, which so eminently belonged to him, assumed, not unfrequently, an appearance of severity and dogmatism, which must have offended, in nearly equal degree, his opponents and his own partisans. His was the very character which has been so admirably depicted by a most nervous writer of the present day:

"A decisive man is in danger of extending but little tolerance to the prejudices, hesitation, and timidity, of those with whom he has to act. If full scope be allowed to this tendency, it will make even a man of elevated virtue a tyrant, who, in the consciousness of the right intention, and the assurance of the wise contrivance of his designs, will hold himself justified in being regardless of every thing but the accomplishment of them. He will forget all respect for the feelings and liberties of beings who are to be regarded as but a subordinate machinery, to be actuated or to be thrown aside when not actuated, by the spring of his commanding spirit."—*Foster's Essays.*

In speaking of his political opponents, he frequently assumed the language of mingled scorn and detestation, with a manner so authoritative and bitter, as would not have been tolerated for a moment in any man but himself. Nor was his conduct towards those with whom he acted in politics—especially towards his colleagues, when he was in office,—conciliatory or even respectful. Many instances of this impolitic severity of character are given in the volumes before us: we shall select two.

"The rule or custom is, the secretary of state sends all the orders respecting the navy, which have been agreed to in the cabinet, to

the Admiralty, and the secretary to the board writes these orders again, in the form of instructions, from the Admiralty to the admiral or captain of the fleet, expedition, &c. for whom they are designed; which instructions must be signed by three of the board. But during Mr. Pitt's administration, he wrote the instructions himself, and sent them to their lordships to be signed; *always ordering his secretary to put a sheet of white paper over the writing.* Thus they were left in perfect ignorance of what they signed; and the secretary and clerks of the board were all in the same state of exclusion."—I. 229.

On another occasion we find, that he contents himself with giving a bare opinion in the cabinet, and then threatens to resign if his colleagues refuse to adopt it. It will be observed, that he does not favour them with a single reason.

" When the fleet returned from Rochefort, a puerile scheme was proposed by those whose impolitic measures had given birth to the Baltic alliance against us, to send the fleet to the assistance of the Duke of Cumberland, who was flying before the French in Hanover. Mr. Pitt alone resisted the proposal; upon which the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, who had pressed it, gave it up. Mr. Pitt had not a thorough confidence in his coadjutors, and therefore he did not always assign his reasons for his opinion. On this occasion, he only said, that the assistance of a naval armament in the north had been frustrated; and therefore the scene, as well as the instrument of war, must be changed, before any hopes of success could be entertained; but if a contrary opinion prevailed, he would lay the seals at his majesty's feet, and retire from his situation. *The cabinet ministers from this time resigned their judgement;* in which they were influenced by two motives: one was, a dread of his superior abilities, which threw their minor talents into the shade; the other was, an expectation, that by permitting him to indulge in the exercise of his own opinions, he would precipitate his own exclusion from power, by drawing upon himself some capital disgrace."—I. 241.

This method of guiding a cabinet—so imperious, as even to remind one of the manner in which a point was carried by the Prince d'Anhalt-aux-Moustaches*—was not unfrequently

* " The King (of Prussia) appointed a council of war, composed of a certain number of generals, under the presidency of the Prince d'Anhalt-Dessau, known by the name of *d'Anhalt-aux-Moustaches* (d'Anhalt with the mustachios). Frederic was tried at this tribunal; and when sentence was about to be passed, the president, with his formidable mustachios, rose and declared, that on his honour and conscience, he, for his part, perceived no cause for passing sentence of death on the accused prince, and that none among them had a right to pass such a sentence; then drawing his sword, he swore he would

practised by Lord Chatham. And we may ask, whether every tittle of praise, which might be given to such a man in his lifetime, by those who had come into contact with him in almost any way, must not have been either involuntary or insidious? On the other hand, could he fail to incur, whether he deserved them or not, hostility the most rancorous, and censures the most unmeasured?

We lament, in common with all who can deplore the errors of a great and virtuous character, that Lord Chatham should have been deficient in even one of the requisites to a minister's success—we mean, some degree of complaisance to the feelings of others. Every other requisite he possessed in the highest perfection; for the history of his administration, from the year 1756 to 1761, will abundantly shew how eminently qualified he was to promote the honour and interests of his country. So much as the energies of a single individual could effect, certainly was effected. But it is undeniable, that the austerity and hauteur which characterized the minister, were considerably prejudicial to the country, inasmuch as they not only precluded any association of other men's talents, but also accelerated his own fall from power. Our last extract may shew the very natural discontents which prevailed in Mr. Pitt's cabinet of 1757; and the following passage will serve to indicate some of the difficulties in which the same failing involved him at a subsequent period.

"Before Lord Chatham had finally settled his arrangements, he made several offers to different persons of great weight and consideration, with a view of strengthening his ministry, and of detaching them from their friends. But that superiority of mind, which had denied him the usual habits of intercourse with the world, gave an air of austerity to his manners, and precluded the policy of a convenient condescension to the minutiæ of politeness and fascinating powers of address. He made offers to Lord Scarborough, Mr. Dowdeswell, and several others, but in such terms of hauteur, as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of refusal.* They were all rejected. He then waited upon Lord Rockingham, at his house in Grosvenor Square; but Lord Rockingham, who was at home, refused

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cut off the ears of any man who should differ from him in opinion. In this manner he collected the suffrages, and the prince was unanimously acquitted."—*Thiebault's Anecdotes of Frederic II. King of Prussia*, vol. i. p. 107.

* To the first, an abrupt message was sent, "that he might have an office if he would." To the second, "that such an office was still vacant." To a third, "that he must take such an office or none."—*Note by the author.*

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to see him. These circumstances chagrined him considerably. He now found, for the first time in his life, that splendid talents alone were not sufficient to support the highest situations."—II. 31.

At the time referred to in this passage, Lord Chatham was forming that administration which was characterized, above all others that have ever existed in this country, by the inconsistency of its principles, and the consequent imbecility of its conduct. It was this administration which Burke has immortalized, in spite of itself, by his famous description; "an administration, so checkered and speckled; a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet, so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on."*

Many, however, as were the inconveniences both to the country and to Lord Chatham himself, which were produced by his impracticable decision of character, we cannot help admiring the great and beneficial results which generally flowed from it. Decision of character, indeed, is a virtue which, above all others, commands the veneration of those who only witness its effects; though it is almost equally sure to excite the dislike, and even hatred, of those who are either its agents or its coadjutors. It is the very foremost of that class of severe and restrictive virtues, which—to borrow another expression from Burke—are at a market almost too high for humanity. So bitter is the reproach which a man of great decision almost tacitly casts upon the weakness and irresolution of those with whom he acts; so intolerable the contempt which he makes them feel for themselves; that he is nearly certain to provoke hostility, both open and concealed. It is difficult to say, what might not be done by the energies of a single powerful, collected, and daring mind, but for the clog which other men's jealousies are sure to fix upon its exertions. Such, however, is the lot of our nature, and in such a way do we act upon one another, for evil as well as for good, that when a man seems likely far to outstrip his species in any manner, he must count upon opposition from without, though all his own powers may be full of consistency and vigour.

The boldness and rapidity of Mr. Pitt's measures have never been surpassed. Active and unwearied in collecting all the

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* Speech on American Taxation, A.D. 1774.

information which could throw light upon the objects of his designs; sagacious in exploring both the difficulties of every enterprise, and the manner in which they might be removed or conquered; firm in his decisions; instant in their execution; he made the resources of his country and the powers of her minister felt throughout the world. During the last four years of George II. and the first year of his successor, England assumed an attitude more commanding than any in which she had formerly stood; not even during the protectorate of the mighty usurper, nor in the most "high and palmy" days of Marlborough, had her strength been so extensively felt, so tremblingly acknowledged. It was, indeed, a splendid sight to behold a single man—surrounded by treacherous friends and open enemies—extorting for his country a tribute of involuntary homage from every quarter of the globe.

In the work now before us, we find many anecdotes illustrative of the qualities which commanded this extraordinary success. We shall extract two of the shortest.

"A fleet and an army were assembled. The destination was kept a profound secret. Sir Edward Hawke was commander of the fleet, and Mr. Pitt corresponded with him. It is not a little remarkable, that when Mr. Pitt ordered the fleet to be equipped, and appointed the period for its being at the place of rendezvous, Lord Anson (then first lord of the admiralty) said, it was impossible to comply with the order; the ships could not be got ready in the time limited; and he wanted to know where they were going, in order to victual them accordingly. Mr. Pitt replied, that if the ships were not ready at the time required, he would lay the matter before the king, and impeach his lordship in the house of commons. This spirited menace produced the men of war and transports all ready, in perfect compliance with the order."—I. 231.

"Parliament had been appointed to meet on the 15th of November. Intelligence of the King of Prussia's great victory at Rosbach, over the French and Germans, arrived at St. James's on the 9th. The moment the dispatches were read, the minister resolved to prorogue the parliament for a fortnight, notwithstanding every preparation had been made for opening the session on the 15th. The reason of this sudden prorogation was, to give time to concert a new plan of operations, and to write another speech for the king. Whether there was any precedent for this extraordinary step was not in the contemplation of the minister. In taking a resolution that involved concerns of the greatest magnitude, he was not to be influenced by precedents."—I. 243.

And with respect to the successes themselves, we shall content ourselves with the testimony of Horace Walpole. Our readers will readily believe, that such a witness is not very likely to exaggerate them. Moreover, the following extract

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will shew in what manner the opponents of Lord Chatham contrived to qualify their reluctant praises.

"Mr. Pitt, on entering into office, had found the nation at the lowest ebb, in point of power and reputation. His predecessors, now his coadjutors, wanted genius, spirit, and system. The fleet had many able officers; but the army, since the resignation of the Duke of Cumberland, had lost sight of discipline, and was destitute of generals in whom either the nation or the soldiery had any confidence. France, who meant to be feared, was feared heartily; and the heavy debt of the nation, which was above fourscore millions, served as an excuse to those who understood nothing but little temporary expedients, to preach up our impossibility of making an effectual stand. They were willing to trust that France would be so good as to ruin us by inches. Pitt had roused us from this ignoble lethargy. He had asserted, that our resources were still prodigious; he found them so; and the intrepidity of our troops and navies; but he went farther, and perhaps too far. He staked our revenues with as little management as he played with the lives of the subjects, as if we could never have another war to wage, and as if he meant (which was impracticable) that his administration should decide which alone should exist as a nation, Britain or France. He lavished the last treasures* of this country with a prodigality beyond example and beyond excuse. Yet even that profusion was not so blameable as his negligence. Ignorant of the whole circle of finance, and constantly averse from corresponding with financiers, a plain sort of men, who are never to be paid with words instead of figures, he kept aloof from all details, drew magnificent plans, and left others to find the magnificent means. Disdaining, too, to enter into the operations of an office which he did not fill, he affected to throw on the treasury the execution of measures which he dictated, but for which he thus held himself not responsible. This conduct was artful, new, and grand, and to him proved most advantageous. Secluded from all eyes, his orders were received as oracles, and their success of consequence was imputed to his inspiration. Misfortunes and miscarriages fell to the lot of the mere human agents. Corruption and waste were charged on the subordinate priests. * * * The admirers of Mr. Pitt extol the reverberation he gave to our counsels, the despondence he banished, the spirit he infused, the conquests he made, the security he afforded to our trade and plantations, the humiliation of France, the glory of Britain carried under his administration to a pitch at which it never had arrived. *And all this is exactly true.* When they add, that all this could not be purchased too dearly, and that there was no option between this conduct and tame submission to the yoke of France; even this is just in a degree; but a material objection still remains, not depreciating a grain from this bill of merits, which must be gratefully acknowledged by whoever

* Last treasures! Our national debt is now ten times as great, and we are not bankrupts yet.

calls himself Englishman, yet very derogatory from Mr. Pitt's character, as virtually trusted with the revenues, the property of his country. A few plain words will explain my meaning. All this was done, but might have been done for many millions less.—Posterity thus see an impartial picture. I am neither dazzled by the blaze of the times in which I have lived, nor, if there are spots in the sun, do I deny that I see them. It is a man I am describing, and one whose greatness will bear to have his blemishes fairly delivered."—*Walpole's Memoires*, ii. 346-349.

Some of the censures which Horace Walpole has here mixed up with his praises, will remind our readers of the objections with which, about fifty years before, the Marlborough administration had been assailed by the faction of Harley and St. John. Whoever reads *Swift's History of the last years of Queen Anne* will find, that at that time England had nearly ruined herself by the exuberance of her successes, and that she was then expending her last—her very last—treasures. Indeed, there is another point of resemblance between the two cases; the Marlborough administration and that of Mr. Pitt were both checked in their courses of disastrous success, and timely remedies found in the substitution of men, who restored their country by copious draughts of calamity and disgrace.

We must refer our readers to this work itself for a minute account of the different measures adopted by Lord Chatham while minister. Our business is merely to sketch an outline, which we have neither time nor space to fill up. There is, however, one measure of his administration to which we must particularly allude; we mean, the recruiting for the British army in the Highlands of Scotland. Up to his time, the Highlands had been governed with a rod of iron. The successive administrations which had existed since the accession of George I. had agreed in one hostile and arbitrary policy towards the north of Scotland; the later ministries differing from the earlier only in the increased measure of their severities. Terror was the only specific in their pharmacy; and that failed. Lord Chatham, on the contrary, determined, on his very entrance into office, to abate the rebellious spirit of the highlanders by methods of conciliation. Instead of cautiously shutting them out from all participation in the duties and privileges of their fellow-subjects; instead of continuing to tell the highlander that he had and always would have the spirit of disaffection, and that he must therefore be watched with never-sleeping jealousy, fettered with endless restrictions, and terrified into a love for his legitimate sovereign,—Lord Chatham boldly threw the defence of the country upon him, gave him rights to maintain, and taught him to identify his objects, his

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hopes, and his prejudices, with those of his fellow-countrymen. A more decisive and more successful policy was never adopted. From that period, the highlanders have been regarded as the very flower of the British army; and we believe, that the success of the last great battle, in which the troops of this country were engaged, is in no small degree attributable to the descendants of those who, before the time of Lord Chatham, were branded with the stigma of hopeless and eternal disaffection.

Great, however, as we seriously believe Lord Chatham's merits, as a minister, to have been, we turn with still higher pleasure to his efforts as a leader of opposition. He was, indeed and emphatically, the man of the people. He was their constant, sincere, and most able advocate—their warm and zealous friend; ready to ward off any danger which might threaten their true interests, whether proceeding from ministerial encroachment, or their own imprudence. And never, certainly, were the people of this country in greater need of such a friend than during the first ten years of George the Third. Administration succeeded to administration with a rapidity quite unparalleled; each heterogeneous, discordant, and weak; all the alternate tools and victims of a single favourite's caprice. Lord Bute—whose influence was the curse of Britain for so many years—precipitated the court into many acts, so arbitrary and wilful, as to exasperate the country almost into rebellion. On the other hand, there were not wanting public writers to take advantage of the popular discontents, and to point out the most unconstitutional means of redress. Smollett, Mallett, Francis, Home, Murphy, Mauduit, on one side, and the North Briton and Junius on the other, dealt largely in language the most gross and inflammatory; the former seeking to goad the ministers into absolute despotism, the latter aiming to subvert the very foundations of the monarchy. At such a time, Lord Chatham stood forward to repress the violence of both parties; and while he vindicated the rights of the people in language the boldest and most eloquent, and with a zeal and manner to which (as contemporary writers tell us) no description could do justice, he rebuked the revolutionary spirit, and rescued multitudes from its unholy domination.

The very austerity which partly disqualified him for a minister, rendered his efforts, as the people's advocate, only more impressive and successful. Corruption, impudent as it was in those days, not unfrequently trembled before him. He kept apostacy and tyranny in seasonable awe. The scoffer at patriotism, the derider of human rights, the ignorant or interested partisan of intolerance, rarely ventured to encounter the thunder and lightning of his indignation.

In opposition, as well as in office, he supported all

measures which had a tendency to make his country respected abroad, and happy within herself. Several instances are recorded in these volumes, of his seconding even those who had supplanted him, when their propositions were of such a nature.

He was contented with the constitution as he found it; and though he believed that many abuses had vitiated it, and that some disorders had crept in, which, if not reformed in due season, would bring about its dissolution, he yet resisted every proposal to take away even one of the principles on which it was built. He thought that, so long as the influence of the crown was kept within moderate bounds, so long as justice was administered in purity, so long as the voice of the people could make itself heard in those deliberations which involved their interests, the constitution was a good one, and ought to be affectionately cherished.

He was no innovator: but neither would he submit to innovation upon the country's rights. His loyalty was unblemished —but it comprehended the people as well as the king. He discountenanced every thing like wanton resistance to any public authority; but, at the same time, he believed, with Lord Somers, that the highest authority might act in a way which would justify resistance.

Before we conclude this article, we shall say a few words upon Lord Chatham's eloquence. We have to lament, that not one of his speeches has come down to us without mutilation and disguise. Some of those which are generally regarded as his, were written by Johnson, during the connection of that author with the *Gentleman's Magazine;* others by Gordon*, who succeeded Johnson as reporter. Many, of scarcely higher authority, we believe, are to be found in Chandler's and Debrett's Collections of Parliamentary Debates. Unfortunately, in the days of Lord Chatham, reporting was an art which had attained very little of its present comprehensiveness and accuracy; and unless a speaker wrote out his own speech, either before or after delivery, and gave it to the world under his own auspices, he had a very bad chance of being represented with tolerable fairness to posterity. We regret that Lord Chatham never did

* How far Gordon's reports are likely to be accurate, may be judged of from the manner in which he obtained them: "His practice was to go to the coffee houses contiguous to Westminster Hall, where he frequently heard the members conversing with each other upon what had passed in the house; and sometimes he gained admission into the gallery; and as he was known to a few of the gentlemen, two or three of them, upon particular occasions, furnished him with some information."—i. 131.

this; and the consequence is, that though we have many striking passages preserved in the volumes before us, and though Horace Walpole furnishes a few more, we must despair of ever beholding a complete specimen of that eloquence, to the great success of which men of all parties have borne the most unqualified testimony.

The specimens, however, which have been preserved, are sufficient to make us understand the praises that have been heaped upon Lord Chatham's oratory; and, perhaps, this is all. For we cannot help thinking, that it is impossible to perceive, in any of them, even a probable resemblance to those wonder-working speeches of which they profess to give us a just notion. True, many limbs of fine orations are scattered up and down these volumes, which, taken separately, are worthy of the highest admiration; but when bound up and knitted together into bodies by the unskilful hands of the compilers, it is not easy to conceive figures more heterogeneous and distorted.

Lord Chatham seems to have been the only eloquent man of his time—at least of the earlier part of it. Sir William Wyndham, indeed, and Lord Bolingbroke, are said to have been clever and impressive declaimers; Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Yonge, Pulteney, Hume Campbell, Henry Fox, and, above all, Murray, were very able debaters; but Mr. Pitt was the only man who was always and unquestionably the orator. This is expressly acknowledged by Horace Walpole, who had often heard all the eminent speakers of his day. During the few last years of Lord Chatham's life, indeed, there were not wanting in the Lower House of Parliament men of the most splendid oratorical talents; for, in the language of one of those to whom we are alluding—"before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose other luminaries, and for their hour, became lords of the ascendant."

Perhaps no orator ever possessed a more absolute dominion over his audience than Lord Chatham. He owed it, no doubt, to the united influence of his great talents, and of the universal (in many cases, the involuntary) belief in his sincerity. Horace Walpole, who professed to disbelieve in his honesty, gives us some anecdotes of the effect produced by his speeches—some of them of such a nature, as to make us doubt whether Walpole himself could attribute effects so striking to any merits purely oratorical. We shall borrow from his work a single anecdote, which we select, rather because it is the shortest, than because it illustrates our meaning with the greatest clearness:

"1754. Nov. 25. Another petition being in agitation, the house

thin and idle, a younger Delaval had spoken pompously and abusively against the petition, and had thrown the house into a laughter on the topics of bribery and corruption. Pitt, who was in the gallery, started, and came down with impetuosity, and with all his former fire said, 'He had asked what occasioned such an uproar: lamented to hear a laugh on such a subject as bribery! Did we try *within* the house to diminish our own dignity, when such attacks were made upon it from *without?* That it was almost lost! That it wanted spirit! That it had long been vanishing! Scarce possible to recover it! That he hoped the Speaker would extend a saving hand to raise it! He only could do it —yet scarce he! He called on all to assist, *or else we should only sit to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!*' This thunderbolt, thrown in a sky so long serene, confounded the audience. Murray crouched silent and terrified. Legge scarce rose to say, with great humility, 'that he had been raised solely by the whigs, and if he fell, sooner or later, he should pride himself in nothing but in being a whig.'"—*Memoires*, i. 353.

A good deal, too, of the success which attended his eloquence, was probably attributable to his fine voice and person, and his most expressive and graceful action. In the latter part of his life, his very infirmities became subservient to the purposes of his oratory. It is well known, that he was a perfect martyr to the gout. He would often come to the house from a bed of sickness and pain; and, swathed in bandages, and propped by a crutch, he would make his most eloquent, and by far his most impressive speeches. Horace Walpole gives a striking description of his appearance on one of these occasions; though, as will be seen, he has the hardihood to pretend that the gout was all a fiction. "The weather," he says, "was unseasonably warm, yet he was dressed in an old coat and waistcoat "of beaver laced with gold; over that, a red surtout, the right "arm lined with fur, and appendant with many black ribbons, "to indicate his inability of drawing it over his right arm, "which hung in a crape sling, but which, in the warmth of "speaking, he drew out with unlucky activity, and brandished "as usual. On his legs were riding stockings. In short, no "aspiring cardinal ever coughed for the tiara with more spe-"cious debility." We need not point out the falsehood of this insinuation; it is as improbable that a man like Lord Chatham should have been guilty of such a piece of quackery, as it is that Horace Walpole should ever have deviated into candour. Moreover, he was unquestionably disabled for years by this disease, and died of it at last.

The great characters of his eloquence seem to have been plainness, boldness, sententiousness, dignity, and strength. His language corresponded with his mind; it was lofty and austere. He was not so fluent a talker as his son: it would

never have been said of him, "that he could speak a king's speech off hand." He had all the impetuosity and force which distinguished Fox, (Charles Fox we mean) without ever reasoning so accurately, or speaking with so little art. To Burke the resemblance is still more faint; though, in the brevity and point which characterized Lord Chatham, he sometimes reminds us of what may be called the philosophical parts of Burke's great orations. We believe that Demosthenes would have thought him superior to any of the three whose names we have mentioned—even to Fox; Cicero, perhaps, would have ranked him the lowest.

We had intended to lay before our readers several extracts from those speeches which appear to be the best reported; and also to enter into a much fuller examination of their merits. But we have left ourselves no space to do so. We cannot, however, conclude without giving two or three specimens, which we select, because they appear to us to convey the clear est idea of Lord Chatham's peculiar style. The first is upon the American Stamp Act, in reply to Mr. Grenville, the author of that ill-fated measure:

"'Sir, I have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this house imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise. No gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it. It is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. The gentleman tells us, America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. I come not here armed at all points, with law cases and acts of parliament, with the statute-book doubled down in dogs'-ears, to defend the cause of liberty: if I had, I myself would have cited the two cases of Chester and Durham. I would have cited them, to have shewn that, even under former arbitrary reigns, parliaments were ashamed of taxing a people without their consent, and allowed them representatives. Why did the gentleman confine himself to Chester and Durham? he might have taken an higher example in Wales; Wales that never was taxed by parliament till it was incorporated. I would not debate a particular point of law with the gentleman. I know his abilities. I have been obliged to his diligent researches. But, for the defence of liberty, upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, it is a ground on which I stand firm, on which I dare meet any man. The gentleman tells us of many who are taxed, and are not represented,—the India company, merchants, stockholders, manufacturers. Surely many of these are represented in other capacities, as owners of land, or as freemen of boroughs.

It is a misfortune that more are not equally represented. They have connections with those that elect, and they have influence over them. The gentleman mentioned the stockholders: I hope he does not reckon the debts of the nation as a part of the national estate. Since the accession of King William, many ministers, some of great, others of more moderate abilities, have taken the lead of government.'

"He then went through the list of them, bringing it down till he came to himself, giving a short sketch of the characters of each of them. 'None of these (he said) thought, or even dreamed, of robbing the colonies of their constitutional rights. That was reserved to mark the æra of the late administration: not that there were wanting some, when I had the honour to serve his majesty, to propose to me to burn my fingers with an American stamp act. With the enemy at their back, with our bayonets at their breasts, in the day of their distress, perhaps the Americans would have submitted to the imposition; but it would have been taking an ungenerous and unjust advantage. The gentleman boasts of his bounties to America. Are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. I am no courtier of America—I stand up for this kingdom. I maintain, that the parliament has a right to bind, to restrain America. Our legislative power over the colonies is sovereign and supreme. When it ceases to be sovereign and supreme, I would advise every gentleman to sell his lands, if he can, and embark for that country. When two countries are connected together, like England and her colonies, without being incorporated, the one must necessarily govern; the greater must rule the less; but so rule it, as not to contradict the fundamental principles that are common to both.

"'If the gentleman does not understand the difference between external and internal taxes, I cannot help it; but there is a plain distinction between taxes levied for the purpose of raising a revenue, and duties imposed for the regulation of trade, for the accommodation of the subject; although, in the consequence, some revenue might incidentally arise from the latter.

"'The gentleman asks, when were the colonies emancipated? But I desire to know, when they were made slaves? But I dwell not upon words. When I had the honour of serving his majesty, I availed myself of the means of information, which I derived from my office: I speak, therefore, from knowledge. My materials were good, I was at pains to collect, to digest, to consider them; and I will be bold to affirm, that the profits to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, are two millions a year. This is the price America pays for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come with a boast, that he can bring a pepper-corn into the exchequer, to the loss of millions to the nation!

"'The gentleman must not wonder he was not contradicted, when, as the minister, he asserts the right of parliament to tax America. I know not how it is, but there is a modesty in this house, which does not chuse to contradict a minister. I wish gentlemen would get the better of this modesty. Even that chair, sir, sometimes looks to-

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wards St. James's. If they do not, perhaps, the collective body may begin to abate of its respect for the representative. Lord Bacon had told me, that a great question would not fail of being agitated at one time or another. I was willing to agitate that at the proper season; the German war, my German war, they called it. Every session I called out, has any body any objections to the German war? Nobody would object to it, one gentleman only excepted, since removed to the upper house, by succession to an ancient barony, (meaning Lord Le Despencer, formerly Sir Francis Dashwood:) he told me, "he did not like a German war." I honoured the man for it, and was sorry when he was turned out of his post.

"'A great deal has been said without doors, of the power, of the strength of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valour of your troops. I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America, out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground, on the stamp act, when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

"'In such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? Not to sheath the sword in its scabbard, but to sheath it in the bowels of your countrymen?

"'The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America, that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behaviour to his wife, so applicable to you, and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them:

Be to her faults a little blind:
Be to her virtues very kind.

"'Upon the whole, I beg leave to tell the house what is really my opinion. It is, that the stamp act be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately.'"

Our second extract is one with which many of our readers are undoubtedly familiar. But those to whom it is not new will find no fault with us for bringing such a passage to their recollection; and they who have never seen it, are likely, we hope, to thank us for introducing it here.

"In the course of the debate, Lord Suffolk, secretary of state for the northern department, undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the war against the Americans. His lordship contended, that, besides its policy and necessity, the measure was also allow-

able on principle; for that 'it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands.'

"'I am astonished! (exclaimed Lord Chatham, as he rose)—shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country: principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

"'My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. 'That God and nature put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.—What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

"'These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution: I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord * frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-

* Lord Effingham was Lord High Admiral of England against the Spanish Armada; the destruction of which is represented in the tapestry.

hounds of savage war!—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war. Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

"My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this house, and this country, from this sin.

"My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

The third extract which we shall give, will shew how high and fearless a tone he could assume in opposition to the unconstitutional measures of the court. It is taken from a speech delivered in the year 1770, upon a motion of Lord Rockingham for an Enquiry into the State of the Nation. The debate turned chiefly upon two points—the American War, and the monstrous proceedings with respect to the Middlesex Election. Our extract refers principally to the latter topic.

"'My lords, I shall give you my reasons for concurring with the motion, not methodically, but as they occur to my mind. I may wander, perhaps, from the exact parliamentary debate; but I hope I shall say nothing but what may deserve your attention, and what, if not strictly proper at present, would be fit to be said, when the state of the nation shall come to be considered. My uncertain state of health must plead my excuse. I am now in some pain, and very probably may not be able to attend my duty when I desire it most, in this house. I thank God, my lords, for having thus long preserved so inconsiderable a being as I am, to take a part upon this great occasion, and to contribute my endeavours, such as they are, to restore, to save, to confirm the constitution.

"'My lords, I need not look abroad for grievances. The grand capital mischief is fixed at home. It corrupts the very foundation of our political existence, and preys upon the vitals of the state.—The constitution has been grossly violated — THE CONSTITUTION AT THIS MOMENT STANDS VIOLATED. Until that wound be healed, until the grievance be redressed, it is in vain to recommend union to parliament; in vain to promote concord among the people. If we mean seriously to unite the nation within itself, we must convince them that

their complaints are regarded, that their inquiries shall be redressed. On *that* foundation I would take the lead in recommending peace and harmony to the people. On any other, I would never wish to see them united again. If the breach in the constitution be effectually repaired, the people will of themselves return to a state of tranquillity—If not—MAY DISCORD PREVAIL FOR EVER. I know to what point this doctrine and this language will appear directed. But I feel the principles of an Englishman, and I utter them without apprehension or reserve. The crisis is indeed alarming; so much the more does it require a prudent relaxation on the part of government. If the king's servants will not permit a constitutional question to be decided on, according to the forms, and on the principles of the constitution, it must then be decided in some other manner; and rather than it should be given up, rather than the nation should surrender their birth-right to a despotic minister, I hope, my lords, old as I am, *I shall see the question brought to issue, and fairly tried between the people and the government.* My lord, this is not the language of faction; let it be tried by that criterion, by which alone we can distinguish what is factious, from what is not—by the principles of the English constitution. I have been bred up in these principles; and know, that when the liberty of the subject is invaded, and all redress denied him, resistance is justified. If I had a doubt upon the matter, I should follow the example set us by the most reverend bench, with whom I believe it is a maxim, when any doubt in point of faith arises, or any question of controversy is started, to appeal at once to the greatest source and evidence of our religion—I mean the Holy Bible: the constitution has its political Bible, by which, if it be fairly consulted, every political question may, and ought to be determined. *Magna Charta*, the Petition of Rights, and the Bill of Rights, form that code which I call *the Bible of the English Constitution.* Had some of his majesty's unhappy predecessors trusted less to the comments of their ministers, had they been better read in the text itself, the glorious revolution would have remained only possible in theory, and would not now have existed upon record, a formidable example to their successors."

One passage more, and we have done. It is the peroration of a speech on the subject of America, and is of a less austere character than any of the specimens we have already given. Though the whole speech has been a good deal mutilated, this extract has a great appearance of genuineness. To us, it seems very beautiful.

" ' This, my lords, though no new doctrine, has always been my received and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it to my grave, *that this country had no right under heaven to tax America.* It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy, which neither the exigencies of the state, nor even an acquiescence in the taxes, could justify upon any occasion whatever. Such proceedings will never meet their wished-for success; and, instead of adding to their miseries, as the bill now before you most undoubtedly does, adopt some lenient measures,

which may lure them to their duty; proceed like a kind and affectionate parent over a child whom he tenderly loves; and, instead of those harsh and severe proceedings, pass an amnesty on all their youthful errors; clasp them once more in your fond and affectionate arms; and I will venture to affirm you will find them children worthy of their sire. But should their turbulence exist after your proffered terms of forgiveness, which I hope and expect this house will immediately adopt, I will be among the foremost of your lordships to move for such measures as will effectually prevent a future relapse, and make them feel what it is to provoke a fond and forgiving parent! a parent, my lords, whose welfare has ever been my greatest and most pleasing consolation. This declaration may seem unnecessary; but I will venture to assert, the period is not far distant, when she will want the assistance of her most distant friends: but should the all-disposing hand of providence prevent me from affording her my poor assistance, my prayers shall be ever for her welfare.—*Length of days be in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour; may her ways be the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace!*"

We have suggested, in the course of this article, some reasons which we thought likely to inspire a seasonable distrust of the doubts that had been cast upon Lord Chatham's patriotism. But the speeches from which we have now been quoting suggest another reason quite as powerful as any of those already stated. Nobody can fail to perceive how strongly he spoke upon any measure which he disapproved, and with how very little qualification his censures were delivered. That he would necessarily excite the bitterest animosity in the minds of those to whom he stood politically opposed, by the manner and the success with which he held up their conduct to public reprobation, cannot be doubted for a single moment; and we have already adduced some reasons for believing, that the austerity of his character must have inspired his own adherents with occasional disgust. Such, then, being the case, we beg to ask, what is the inevitable inference from the proceedings which took place in parliament immediately after his death, and which are narrated in the following quotation?

"Intelligence of his death being sent to London, Colonel Barre (a principal member of Opposition), the moment he heard it, hastened to the House of Commons, who were then sitting, and communicated the melancholy information. Although it was an event, that had, in some measure, been expected for several days, yet the house were affected with the deepest sensibility. Even the adherents of the court joined in the general sorrow, which was apparent in every countenance. The old members indulged a fond remembrance of the energy and melody of his voice; his commanding eye, his graceful action. The new members lamented, they should hear no more the precepts of his experience, nor feel the powers of his eloquence. A deep grief pre-

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vailed. The public loss was acknowledged on all sides. Every one bore testimony to the abilities and virtues of the deceased. On this occasion, all appearance of party was extinguished. There was but one sense throughout the house.

"Colonel Barre moved, 'That an humble address be presented to his majesty, requesting that his majesty will be graciously pleased to give directions that the remains of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, be interred at the public expense; and that a monument be erected in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster, to the memory of that great and excellent statesman, and an inscription expressive of the sentiments of the people on so great and irreparable a loss; and to assure his majesty that this house would make good the expense attending the same.'

"While this motion was reading, Lord North (then prime minister) came into the house, and as soon as he was informed of the business, he gave it his most hearty concurrence; lamenting that he had not come in sooner, that he might have had the honour to have made the motion himself.

"The motion was agreed to UNANIMOUSLY.

"Lord John Cavendish said, that he hoped the public gratitude would not stop here. As that invaluable man had, whilst in the nation's service, neglected his own affairs, and though he had the greatest opportunity of enriching himself, had never made any provision for his family, he hoped an ample provision would be made for the descendants of so honest and able a minister.

Lord North coincided warmly in the noble lord's wish; and Lord Nugent, Mr. Fox, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Byng, and several other gentlemen, expressed the most sincere affection for the deceased peer, and pronounced the highest eulogiums on his virtue and talents; adding, that he had neglected his private interests by directing his whole attention to national objects. Mr. T. Townshend, now Lord Sydney, moved, That an humble address be presented to the king, expressing the wishes of the house, that his majesty would confer some signal and lasting mark of his royal favour on the family of the deceased earl, and that whatever bounty he should think proper to bestow, the house would cheerfully make good the same. The motion was agreed to UNANIMOUSLY."*

In concluding this article, we cannot but express our regret, that the life of Lord Chatham has never yet been written by any man qualified to do him justice. The author, of whose volumes we have been speaking, is anonymous; and though his work is creditable to the writer, with the limited means of information which he describes in his preface, it is

* As far as we know, a similar tribute of respect has never been paid to any other statesman. A motion to the same effect was made on the death of Mr. W. Pitt in 1806; but the house was by no means unanimous, and a division actually took place.

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altogether unworthy of the great subject of his biography. We do sincerely wish that some one who could appreciate Lord Chatham's virtues and talents, and who could, at the same time, dispel the clouds which rest upon the history of his earlier days, would undertake the task of representing this great man in his proper colours to posterity. It would be an honourable, and, we think, a patriotic undertaking. It would be discharging a debt that has been long due; while it held out a brilliant example to stimulate the honest independence and active patriotism of distant generations.

Englishmen owe it to themselves and their children to cherish the memory of such a statesman. It is matter of national importance that his fame should be preserved unsullied. Calumny, whether contemporary or posthumous, should be indignantly discountenanced. It is upon this principle, and because we desire that our readers should examine Lord Chatham's life for themselves, that we have made these few observations, and made them so perfectly general. We presume not to write the panegyric of such a man: it was never our intention to do so. We knew well enough, that that task had been executed already, in a manner so full as to leave nothing deficient,—so perfect, as to outstrip all competition. But we did feel a wish to deposit our humble wreath upon this altar: and we beg that the ardour of our devotion may not be measured by the value of the offering.

"Recorded honours (said *Junius*, long ago) shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it."

ART. X.—*The Poetical Works of* William Shakespeare; *containing his Venus and Adonis, Rape of Lucrece, Sonnets, Passionate Pilgrim, and Lover's Complaint.* 12*mo.* 1774.

In criticism, where we cater for a national taste, something more than the ordinary caution is desirable. If an author shine in one vein, it is odds but he will be coarse or dull in another, and the critic's acumen is sharpened by this foreknowledge of a probable infirmity, and sometimes (not unfrequently) rewarded. The writer of criticism, therefore, goes to his task with a somewhat objective spirit. However he may wish to be good-natured he must not be blind; nor is it well, either for his own sake, or for that of the author reviewed, that he should smear his page all over with base and un-

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relieved adulation.—We ourselves are, from our station, necessarily exempt from some of the impulses of modern criticism. We have no personal feeling to satisfy, no friend to help, no foe to vanquish. There can be no enmity between us and the grave. Oblivion and the dust of coffins neutralize all critical acidity. It is not in our nature to fight with shadows, nor to spurn at a forgotten renown. In truth, our confessed object is to rescue the wise (but not the dull) from neglect, and to show the beauties, while we glance at the defects, of the worthiest of our elder writers. To this fair and gentle dealing, the poets and writers of all times must consent to be amenable. Our sway is indisputable, universal, through the wide regions of learning, and over its motley population, from Settle to Milton,—with one great and solitary exception.

When we turn to SHAKESPEARE,—we scarcely know why it is, but—we seem to lay aside a portion of our critical spirit. We survey his rising, his falling, his eclipse, his brightness, and his impetuous power, with the wonder which belongs to inferior natures. We no more oppose ourselves to his genius, than we strive to beat back the great surges of the sea. We speak of the aberrations of smaller wits, and cut down, with a remorseless hand, their flourishing absurdities,—we analyze, we except against, we praise coldly, like patrons. But before the boundless wealth of our supreme poet we bow, as to a golden idol. We receive his great gifts and think it sufficient to be grateful,—taking the bad and the good together, with little scrutiny and no objection. We seem to feel, by some extraordinary intuition, the power and splendid grace of the creature before us, and without any of the old suspicion *(timeo Danaos et dona ferentes)* we cast ourselves into the arms of the great master of all the passions, and revel in his absolute abundance.

It is the fashion to admire Shakespeare before every other writer of our country:—and the fashion is good. He was beyond doubt the rarest spirit that ever spoke, uninspired, to man. The scholar and the antiquarian,—the Greek, the Roman, and the Italian, may contend for the high excellence of others. They may laud the originality and majesty of Homer, the grace of Virgil, and the terrible strength of Dante. We admit them all. Those great authors may (or may not) be more original than our own poet. They certainly possessed the doubtful advantage of having lived (and died) before him. But that the one is more original where *he* claims originality, or that the others surpassed him in occasional grace, or could compete with him in general power, we utterly deny.

Shakespeare was the profoundest thinker, the wittiest, the airiest, the most fantastic spirit (reconciling the extremes of ordinary natures) that ever condescended to teach and amuse mankind. He plunged into the depths of speculation; he penetrated to the inner places of knowledge, plucking out "the heart of the mystery;" he soared to the stars; he trod the earth, the air, the waters. Every element yielded him rich tribute. He surveyed the substances and the spirits of each; he saw their stature, their power, their quality, and reduced them without an effort to his own divine command.

There is nothing more detestable in literature than the system of rating an author by his defects instead of by his merits,—of estimating him by what he *does not*, rather than by what he *does* accomplish. Because Hercules was shaken by the shirt of Nessus, shall we strip him of his courage and his strength, while the story of Antæus is ringing in our ears?—The French (and the critics who follow the French) writers say that Shakespeare is guilty of extravagance, of anachronisms, of undue jesting, and of fifty other inconsistencies;—and so he is. But we do not build up his pyramid of fame upon such rotten and unholy ground. It is not because he has crowded tragedy and farce together, nor because he has laid prostrate the unities, that we worship him. But it is because he has outshone all writers of all nations, in dramatic skill, in fine knowledge of humanity, in sweetness, in pathos, in humour, in wit, and in poetry. It is because he has subdued every passion to his use, and explored and made visible the inequalities and uttermost bounds of the human mind,—because he has embodied the mere nothings of the air, and made personal and probable the wildest anomalies of superstition,—because he has tried every thing, and failed in nothing,—because, in fine, he has displayed a more stupendous intellect, a more wonderful imagination, and has atttempted *and effected* more than the whole range of French dramatists, from Corneille to M. ——, of yesterday, that we bow down in silent admiration before him, and give ourselves up to a completer homage than we would descend to pay to any other created man.

So great is our regard, however, that we would not lavish undue praise upon him, nor make him the theme of an insane idolatry. We respect him according to his power; we love him in proportion to his gifts,—no further. It is impossible to forget all that he has done for us, or the world that he has laid open. He was the true magician, before whom the astrologers and Hermetic sages were nothing and the Arabian wizards grew pale. He did not, indeed, trace the Sybil's book, nor the Runic rhyme. Nor did he drive back the raging waters or the howling winds: but his power stretched all over

the human mind, from wisdom to fatuity, from joy to despair, and embraced all the varieties of our uncertain nature. *He* it was, at whose touch the cave of Prosper opened and gave out its secrets. To *his* bidding, Ariel appeared. At *his* call, arose the witches and the earthy Caliban, the ghost who made "night hideous," the moonlight Fays, Titania, and Oberon, and the rest. *He* was the "so potent" master, before whom bowed kings and heroes, and jewelled queens, men wise as the stars, and women fairer than the morning. All the vices of life were explained by him, and all the virtues; and the passions stood plain before him. From the cradle to the coffin he drew them all. He created, for the benefit of wide posterity and for the aggrandizement of human nature,—lifting earth to Heaven, and revealing the marvels of this lower world, and piercing even the shadowy secrets of the grave.

It is quite impossible to estimate the benefit which this country has received from the eternal productions of Shakespeare. Their influence has been gradual, but prodigious; operating at first on the loftier intellects, but becoming in time diffused over all, spreading wisdom and charity amongst us. There is, perhaps, no one person of any considerable rate of mind who does not owe something to this matchless poet. He is the teacher of all good,—pity, generosity, true courage, love. His works alone (leaving mere science out of the question) contain, probably, more actual wisdom than the whole body of English learning. He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher. His bright wit is cut out "into little stars:" his solid masses of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs; and, thus distributed, there is scarcely a corner which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich. His bounty is like the sea, which, though often unacknowledged, is everywhere felt; on mountains and plains and distant places, carrying its cloudy freshness through the air, making glorious the heavens, and spreading verdure on the earth beneath.

Hitherto, the reputation of Shakespeare has rested almost exclusively upon his dramatic writings. Between those and his other poetry there is confessedly no comparison; or rather, it would be impertinent to institute one, seeing that both are so excellent in themselves.

It may be said that the *Poems* have been relinquished by several successive generations, to almost entire neglect. But the saying of Johnson, that nothing falls into oblivion which deserves to live, is not good here. Indeed, as a general theory, it is open to great objection. Fame is a thing of uncertain growth, and the great births of wisdom may sleep undisturbed for centuries. It is often accident which calls

them up, and fashion that preserves them: and they are destroyed again by sudden revolutions, or moulder away under the influence of luxury and refinement. It was probably so with Shakespeare. The importation of French fashions was, for a time, prejudicial even to him. The people were attracted by the glittering wit and gaudy fancies of their neighbours, and sunk into idolaters at once. They left the high spirit who was enthroned in the hearts of their ancestors, to kneel before the *Baal* which Nebuchadnezzar, the King, had set up In truth, the licentious habits of Charles's court were utterly inimical to Shakespeare's fame. He can live only in the imaginations of men, and then there was no imagination. Even Dryden, with all his great powers and stinging wit, can scarcely be brought forward as evidence that the *imaginative* faculty was then flourishing; and there was no one else to claim the distinction when Milton died.

But, to return to Shakespeare. The *Venus and Adonis* was his first work; and it is, with all its defects, and quaintness, and conceits, undoubted proof of a rare and poetical mind. The description of the horse, which has been usually brought forward as the best specimen of his minor productions, has little beyond mere truth to recommend it. It is like a catalogue. There are hundreds of finer descriptions scattered over his plays, and very many passages which excel it in the poems. The *Venus and Adonis* was first published in the year 1593 or 1594, and was dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, who has made himself immortal by his princely munificence towards our great dramatist. It is written in the six-line stanza, and is in a quiet vein, seemingly without effort, sometimes quaint, and, as was the fashion of the times, studded with bright conceits, and often exceedingly sweet and poetical. To our minds, it fails most in the parts which are intended to be pathetic. This is a natural consequence, however, of the use (or abuse) of conceits. Nevertheless, it is still somewhat remarkable, when we consider Shakespeare's great mastery over all our sympathies.—The story opens with Adonis going to the chace—

> "Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn."

He is way-laid, however, by Venus, who seizes upon him and his courser, in a style almost unprecedented in love annals:

> "Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
> Under the other was the tender boy,
> Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,"

which the amorous queen endeavours in vain to overcome. Her fascinations are useless, yet she perseveres in her advances, and twines her arms around him.

> " Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
> So fastened in her arms Adonis lies,
> Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
> Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes."

The lady altogether is sufficiently reprehensible; but the youthful coyness and boyish scorn of Adonis are delightfully painted. He is insensible to every blandishment; and her boastings and intreaties are equally wasted. Nevertheless, she still pursues her object, and vaunts her power over the " God of War."

> " Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
> His battered shield, his uncontrolled crest;
> And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance."
> * * * * *
> Thus him, that over-rul'd, I over-sway'd;
> Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain.
> Strong temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
> Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
> Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
> For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight!
>
> Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
> Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
> Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
> Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
> Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
> Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

During the colloquy the horse of Adonis escapes, and as the description of this steed has been much celebrated, we will not exclude it from our pages. It is the second stanza of the following which is commonly found in quotation:

> " Look when a painter would surpass the life,
> In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
> His art, with Nature's workmanship at strife,
> As if the dead the living should exceed:
> So did this horse excel a common one
> In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Th'n mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.
To bid the wind abase he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly, they know not whither.
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd wings."

Adonis pursues his courser in vain, and at last sits down fatigued, which Venus perceiving, approaches full of vexation.

" O! what a sight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and bye,
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels"—

And proceeds to caress him; but her caresses have no more effect upon him than her words, though they are eloquent at times.

" *O learn to love, the lesson is but plain,*
And, once made perfect, never lost again"—

She says, and listens for his reply: but his countenance augurs nothing but ill.

" Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field.
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.
This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
E'en as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,

Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, e'er his words begun."

He is determined, he says, to hunt the boar on the morrow. She is apprehensive, and argues at considerable length in order to persuade him to other amusement. For our own parts, we confess that her description of the hunted hare (which, by the bye, has more of pathos than any thing else in the poem) would tend rather to keep us at home, were we addicted to the low vice of *harrier* hunting. The following is the lady's advice :—it shows more love than taste.

" But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare;
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty;
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare,
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :—
* * * * *
Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way.
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For misery is trodden on by many;
And being low, never reliev'd by any."

The lady's eloquence is exerted in vain, and her love is avoided and despised. How beautiful the boy's scorn is:

" If Love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching, like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there."

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms, which bound him to her breast,
And homewards, through the dark lawns runs apace,"—

leaving the " distressed" queen of Love behind him—who thus

surveys his flight. The reader will see at once the perfection of the picture.

> " Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
> So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.
>
> Which after him she darts, *as one on shore*
> *Gazing upon a late embarked friend,*
> *Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,*
> *Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:*
> So did the merciless and pitchy night
> Fold in the object, that did feed her sight.
>
> Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
> Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;
> Or 'stonish'd, as night wanderers often are,
> Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood:
> Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
> Having lost the fair discovery of her way."

But we must come to a conclusion. The story ends, as is well known, with the death of Adonis. He is killed by the tusked boar; and the following is his queen's lament.

> " Alas! poor World, what treasure hast thou lost!
> What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
> Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
> Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
> The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
> But true sweet Beauty liv'd, and dy'd in him.
>
> Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
> Nor sun, nor wind, will ever strive to kiss you:
> Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
> The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.
> But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
> Lurk'd, like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.
>
> And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
> Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
> The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
> Play with his locks, then would Adonis weep:
> And straît, in pity of his tender years,
> They both would strive who first should dry his tears."

This has more than enough of conceit, it must be ad-

mitted. What follows is of sterner stuff, and full of passion. It is now, indeed, that the Queen of Paphos speaks, the amorous and vindictive beauty, foiled in love (by Death) and resolute to inflict on the many, the pains and penalties which were incurred by one offender. Let the reader admire a lady's justice. We are ourselves inveterate admirers of "the sex:"—nevertheless, we do not wish that these fair creatures should be troubled either with the balance or the sword.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophecy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, too high or low:
That all love's pleasures shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and the fool of riot,
Teaching decrepid age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just:
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

* * * * * *

Thus weary of the world away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid

Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is conveyed,
Holding their course to Paphos"—

where, we are told, she means to immure herself, to bewail the death of the slain Adonis.

We have quoted so largely from this first poem of Shakespeare, that we are unable to give much extract from the second, *The Rape of Lucrece*. The story needs no detail; and the poem, though highly passionate, and (as a fine earnest production) superior to the *Venus and Adonis*, cannot be shewn to advantage by any extracts that we could afford. It is the true tale of Tarquin, who "softly prest the rushes," and committed himself to one infamous adventure, by which he eventually lost his crown and life. It opens with the arrival of the "false lord" at Collatium, where he is welcomed by the Roman lady Lucretia. The time is midnight.

"Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls and wolves' death-boding cries
Now serves the season"—

And the compunction of Tarquin is awakened, and he communes thus.—

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her, whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness, that which is divine.
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair Humanity abhor the deed,
That spots and stains Love's modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms,
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have."

The debate, however, between honour and his lust, is brief. He goes burning to his purpose, and the ruin of Lucrece and his own eternal disgrace are accomplished. The victim's pleading is very touching.

"She conjures him by high almighty Jove;
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath;

By her untimely tears, her husband's love;
By holy human law, and common troth;
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both;
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

* * * * * *

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee,
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me;
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and, if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust thy rash relier;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal,
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

But, as we have said, her pleading is vain. The force of Tarquin prevails, and the white fame of Lucretia is stained for ever. The "Lord of Rome" departs, and the wife of Collatinus remains—"a hopeless cast-away." She utters her frenzy to the winds, and curses the hateful night.

"Since thou art guilty of my *cureless crime*,"

she says, and then she prays that the day may never behold her.

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
The light will shew character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet Chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cypher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks."

There is something to us very fearful in her curse, contrasted as it is with the ordinary imprecations of hate (where a *swift* vengeance is the only thing invoked), and her own gentle and immaculate nature. Her despair is profound, and so is her invocation.

" Let him have time to tear his curled hair;
Let him have time against himself to rave;
Let him have time of time's help to despair;
Let him have time to live a loathed slave;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one, that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools, to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes,
In time of sorrow; and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time."

This, however, yields in time to tearful sorrow, and she turns from such fierce wishes to gentler complaint.

" Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear.
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold;
Some dark deep desert seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; *and there we will unfold*
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

At last, she writes to her husband, requesting his presence. He accordingly comes, and finds his Lucrece " clad in mourning black," and in exceeding grief. He inquires why she is " thus attired in discontent."

" And now this pale swan, in her wat'ry nest,
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
' Few words,' quoth she, ' shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me more woes than words are now depending:

And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,—
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.'"

The tale concludes with the self-slaughter of Lucretia, and with Brutus's casting off his masque of folly. Collatinus and his friends are standing, full of grief, by the body of Tarquin's victim, when—

"*Brutus*, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's shew:
He with the Romans was esteemed so,
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.'"

He proceeds to offer advice suiting the necessity of the time, and with this (and an intimation, that the mourners are about to publish "Tarquin's foul offence" to the people of Rome) the poem concludes.

There are more things in this production which we should be tempted to extract, did not our limits forbid. In fact, Shakespeare's excellence lies oftener in solitary thoughts and striking images, than in any splendid sweep of verse, or sustained eloquence of diction. It is difficult to select these jewels of poetry, so as to shew them to advantage. They must be seen in their original setting, where, if the reader can forgive the antique fashion, he will find many things that are beautiful, and some that are rare and precious.

But setting aside the great dramas of our poet, the SONNETS of Shakespeare contain, perhaps, more absolute

XUM

thought than any other poems of the same extent in our language. They have often the closeness (though not the turn) of epigrams. A good deal of discussion has been wasted upon them, in order to shew, by some, that they were addressed to a lady, and, by others, to a male friend. This is not a very important question, perhaps: but, if it be, we think there cannot be a doubt but that they refer to at least two persons of distinct sexes. Indeed, the language of the 19th and 130th sonnets puts this opinion past doubt.

The poem, called the *Sonnet*, seems to have been used, if not intended, for the developement of a single idea. It is the only poem, that we know of, in the English language, which has a defined fashion and limit; its extent being fourteen lines, neither more or less. Of these the first eight lines must have only two different terminations, and the last six lines two or three, at the option of the poet.* This, we apprehend, is the established rule. Milton has invariably observed it, and Drummond, Sidney, and Warton, we believe, with scarcely an exception. Shakespeare himself has deviated from this system: and, indeed, his poems have little claim, beyond the mere number of lines which each contains, to the title of Sonnets. The character of the Sonnet seems to approximate in a manner to the epigram. It is not a loose desultory composition of fourteen lines; but is the developement of one single idea, which is generally personal to the writer. It may consist solely of

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* *Note.* Milton's beautiful Sonnet, addressed "*To Mr. Lawrence,*" will exemplify what we wish to say. He has chosen to use three rhymes (instead of two) in the six concluding lines.

SONNET XV.

"LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous *son*,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be *won*
From the hard season gaining? Time will *run*
On smoother till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and the rose, that neither sowed nor *spun*.—

What neat repast shall feast us, light and *choice*,
Of attic taste, with wine, whence we may *rise*
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan *air?*
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

an elaborate antithesis :—or it may be grounded on a position obvious or even common place, with a new inference deduced from it. In this case it partakes of the nature of a syllogism. In fact, it is a poem for a logician. Something must be made out in it, some feeling, or likeness, or moral. Even the compliment conveyed by it should scarcely be simple, but should be made out by comparison or deduction. In ordinary poems, the writer steeps his thoughts in the rich dews of imagination, or exalts his passion by the help of fancy, and it is all sufficient. They may be loose, wandering, unconstrained; so that they possess poetry and beauty. But a Sonnet requires more compact texture, more strength and precision; and it should have its crowning thought at the close, in the same manner as an epigram or a jest. Without this last mentioned peculiarity it may be a quatorzain, a poem, or what the reader pleases,—but it can hardly be called, in the strict sense of the term, a Sonnet.

Under this impression, we consider Shakespeare's Sonnets, *as Sonnets*, to be defective. Nevertheless they are beautiful poems, replete with airy fancy, and profound thought, and amorous desire. Or they are gentle and uncomplaining, sighing out Æolian music, or tinged with splendid colours, or dark with tears. They are, in brief, transcripts of the poet's mind, shewing it in all its changes from joy to sorrow; and never, throughout the whole range, bearing testimony of any ungenerous feeling, any base exultation, or bitter wish. There is certainly a sameness about them, from the circumstance of their being addressed principally to one person, and turning generally upon one subject. But it is not an easy thing, perhaps, to carry an ordinary reader through upwards of one hundred and fifty Sonnets, without his experiencing some little sense of weariness. Without narrative, and without event, the curiosity of the multitude is not very easily preserved.

The best writer of English Sonnets is, we think, Milton. There is too much coldness and quaintness about Daniel, Drummond, and Sir Philip Sidney; and Warton (though he was a graceful writer) was inferior in poetry and power. Of the present day, Mr. Wordsworth approaches nearer Milton, in his Sonnets, than any other writer whom we are aware of, although even *his* Sonnets, not unfrequently, want that particular turn which seems to us to belong properly to the poem.

In order to give our readers an opportunity of comparing, without trouble, some of these great writers with each other, we shall take the liberty of extracting, for their amusement, some Sonnets from those whom we have mentioned.—But our first attention is due to Shakespeare: and we shall begin our extracts with a defiance to Time.

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XIX.

" Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young."

The following is beautiful and pathetic. (The reader will keep in mind the low station of Shakespeare, whilst he listens to his musical complaining.)

XXIX.

" When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

This melancholy feeling is indulged again in one or two instances afterwards, on which account we shall extract parts of a couple of Sonnets, which otherwise would be somewhat out of place. He says in the 110th :

" Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.

Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end, &c."

And again in the 111th Sonnet:

"O for my sake do thou with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink, &c."

The three following are well known, and have not unfrequently been quoted. The first is something like a repetition of the 29th Sonnet, which we have already extracted. The second begins very magnificently, and the third has all the colour and odour of Spring.

XXX.

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end."

XXXIII.

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now,
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth."

LIV.

"O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their shew,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth."

In reading through the sonnets of Shakespeare, we cannot help being struck repeatedly with the sense which he appears to have had of his own immortality. There is no vaunting in this. It is merely a confidence in his own surpassing intellect, which seems to shine through all the mists of sorrow and evil fortune which surrounded him, and to cheer him on his way.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,"

he says, in Sonnet 55; and again, in the 81st and others, he speaks to the same effect. The next which we shall extract will be the 68th.

"Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;

Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To shew false art what beauty was of yore."

The divine humanity which shines through the following (the 71st) Sonnet was worthy even of Shakespeare himself. It fixes us his lovers and admirers more than either Hamlet or Lear. How delightful is it to be thus admitted to the innermost recesses of the great poet's mind. He was undoubtedly one of the *best* as well as wisest of men.

LXXI.

" No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love e'en with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

The next which we shall select has great pathos.

XC.

" Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

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If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might." &c.

We hope that we shall not fatigue our readers by adding a few more specimens from this store. Our object is, if possible, to enrich our pages with *all* that is best in the poems of Shakespeare. They are worthy of study. If they appear harsh or quaint to the reader at the first glance, let him be assured, that they contain high poetry and striking sense. He will like them better on a second reading, we think, and better still on a third. If, after all, he shall dislike them, the fault will be—(we must be candid, where Shakespeare is concerned)—in him—ay, even in *her*, though it be a lady.

We are exceedingly disposed to quote the 94th Sonnet, if it be only for the sake of two beautiful lines—

" The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die."

But we must pass on, at once, to the 98th and the 102nd, which we cannot leave behind us. They are as follows.

XCVIII.

" From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet, seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play."

CII.

" My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming:
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,

When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets, grown common, lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song."

CXVI.

" Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. *Love is not love*
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! *it is an ever-fixed mark,*
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd."

We will now enable the reader to draw his own comparisons between Shakespeare and some others of our famous Sonneteers. As poets and as profound writers, not even Milton can be placed by his side, and the others are far apart; but as writers of the Sonnet, they may, with less hazard, be brought into competition with him We will begin with a Sonnet of Drummond.

" Alexis, here she stay'd, among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair:
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines;
Here sat she by these musked eglantines;
The happy flowers seem yet the print to bear:
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugared lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear.
She here me first perceived, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face:
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,

Here first I got a pledge of promised grace;
But ah! what serves to have been made happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe!"

The next is one of Sir Philip Sidney. We transcribe it almost at random from the *Astrophel and Stella.*

LXIV.

"No more, my dear, no more these counsels try,
Oh! give my passions leave to run their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace,
Let folks o'ercharg'd with brain against me cry:
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye,
Let me no step but of lost labour trace:
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case,
But do not will me from my love to fly.—
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame,
Nor aught do care though some above me sit,
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart:
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art."

The reader may take a Sonnet, said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh. It is occasionally prefixed to editions of the *Faërie Queen* of Spenser, and is entitled a

"*Vision upon the conceipt of*
The Faërie Queen.

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay
Within that temple, where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn, and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair love, and fairer virtue kept.
All suddenly I saw the Faërie Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this queen attended, in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heav'ns did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst th' access of that celestial thief."

We now come to Milton. There is a high tone of dignity

about all his writings, and it does not desert him even in the Sonnets. Be they familiar or patriotic—Do they address the nightingale, or invoke the clemency of heaven—Do they call upon Cromwell or Vane, or warn the soldier from defacing the poet's home, they are equally and severely beautiful. There is a strength, a majesty, *an air* about them, which no other Sonnets possess. They seem (we make one exception) consecrated to a high design, and to come up fully to the intent of the poet. There is no weakness, or quaintness, or want of purpose in them: but they are engines in the poet's hand, and seem to accomplish whatsoever he wills. We will venture to extract two:—the first, "*When the Assault was intended the City,*" is sufficient, we should think, to deter any one from profaning the home of the Muses.

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the muse's bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

The second sounds like an inspiration. Milton was a religious enthusiast, as well as a grand poet. He was a partizan as well as a sectarian. His creed did not consist wholly in the milder virtues (though he had a fine resignation) nor in passive endurance, when the wound was from the hands of men. He fought with the Bible and the sword. He punished as well as convinced. In this case the wrath of the poet seems to be wide awake, and thus he utters his passionate anathema.

"*On the late Massacre in Piedmont.*

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not, in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

The next Sonnet is from Warton. He was an elegant writer, too much praised perhaps in his own day, and too much neglected now. There is a pensive air about most of his writings, and even a fine spirit when he touches upon the "olden time," to which he was more than ordinarily attached. He spent his life among colleges and black-letter books, and left some pleasant and useful records behind him. The following is addressed "*To the River Lodon.*"

"Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all thro' fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun:
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene,—
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd."

We will select two more Sonnets, and then return to bid farewell to our great author The first is from the pen of Mr. Wordsworth, and is entitled, "*Venice.*"

"Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice the eldest child of liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid,
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away."

The next is by the late Mr. Keats, and was written on the subject of his first reading Chapman's *Homer*. It is as follows:

"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

There still remain to be noticed two poems of Shakespeare: the one called, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, (being a collection of irregular pieces); and the other, *The Lover's Complaint*. From the first of these only, we shall make a couple of extracts. The first will speak for itself.

"As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;

For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd,
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
'*Pity but he were a king.*'

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear thee part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe."

The other consists of a dirge over the turtle and the phœnix. The poem from which the extract is taken, is sufficiently mysterious; but this is the sweet and melancholy conclusion:

> " Beauty, truth, and rarity,
> Grace in all simplicity,
> Here inclos'd in cinders lie.
>
> Death is now the phœnix' nest;
> And the turtle's loyal breast
> To eternity doth rest.
>
> Leaving no posterity:
> 'Twas not their infirmity,
> It was married chastity.
>
> Truth may seem, but cannot be;
> Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
> Truth and beauty buried be.
>
> To this urn let those repair
> That are either true or fair;
> For these dead birds sigh a prayer."

With these extracts, we shall leave Shakespeare and his poems to the gradual admiration of the reader. Like most writers of sterling excellence, he disdains to take us by a *coup de main;* but winds his way slowly and surely to the heart.—This great poet was beyond all others the master of the *affections.* Inferior writers have assailed our sympathies with perhaps as much success. The Germans have excited our terror, the moderns have drawn forth our compassion, equally with (and, it may be, more than) Shakespeare. But, to use a very hacknied word, his sway is more *legitimate* than theirs. It is founded upon a firmer basis, a better principle. It is an easy thing to drag forth the plain horrors of the hospital or the grave; but to throw round shapes that fine halo with which true poetry invests and illuminates its creations, is altogether a different task. In the first case, the violence of the feeling tends necessarily to hasten its destruction. We are startled into undue pity or apprehension, are afterwards fatigued, and at last disgusted. But in the bright atmosphere of poetry, its figures live for ever: it envelopes them, as the spices and cerements of the east preserved the bodies of Egyptian kings; save that the limit of the poets' offspring is not known to time, nor are they liable to be rifled or destroyed. They *exist,*

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without gold, or gums, or pyramids, superior to the common accidents of death and decay, unwithering and immortal.

Much of this, as well as a great deal of the power and delicacy which distinguish the dramas of Shakespeare, is perceptible in his poems. The quaintness of their age is upon them; but *that* is a mere husk, insufficient to deter the real lovers of poetry from seeking to taste the rich kernel beneath. There is a quaintness even in the plays of Shakespeare, as well as in the poems; but we are accustomed to it, and mind it therefore the less. Let us try to accustom our ears to the *Tarquin and Lucrece*, and to the *Sonnets*. They are, the reader may be assured, of great value,—a little old-fashioned, but still precious. We prize china which is old, and plate, and ornaments of many kinds. Even dress has its revolutions:—why not poetry? Fashion in general is but a silly matter. It serves only to fill heads which would be empty without it. But if it can be reduced to *use* (as well as ornament,) and made to bring back to a new renown the dusty glories of former ages, we shall be among the first to turn idolaters, and to vote for some statue or picture to its honour.

END OF VOL. VII.

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